The Junior Partners

G.V. STEVENS 1405

WRight III # 4439 gives
The S.F. Stuart, 1591.
of this he locates 3 copies:
HEH/LC/Y/.



"IT'S THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT THE PLACE' EVER HAD."

THE JUNIOR PARTNERS

BY

A. M. RAWSON

CHICAGO, ILL.
WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
1892.

COPYRIGHT, 1891
By A. M. RAWSON
San Francisco, Cal.

[*All Rights Reserved*]

Printed by Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

TO

H. O. ARMOUR

A FRIEND OF MY BOYHOOD, WHOSE ENTERPRISE, FORTIFIED BY HONOR, AND STRENGTHENED BY TEMPERATE HABITS, HAS WON FOR HIM A PLACE OF HIGH RENOWN IN THE COMMERCIAL WORLD, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

1782147

CONTENTS.

	Page
Chapter I—Celestine's Departure	3
Chapter II—Lowman and Stone's 'Place'	9
Chapter III—Mrs. Sharkey	27
Chapter IV—A Consultation	47
Chapter V—John Haldon Seeks Medical Advice	62
Chapter VI—Josephine is Warned	87
Chapter VII—The Professor Makes Progress	98
Chapter VIII—The Scheme Ends Disastrously	121
Chapter IX—Haldon's Commitment	139
Chapter X—The Delusion of Weapon and Fiend	145
Chapter XI—The Great Fire	161
Chapter XII—Judge Heron's Narrative	179
Chapter XIII—Josephine Heeds the Warning	200
Chapter XIV—The Debutante	212
Chapter XV—Celestine Makes Another Conquest	218
Chapter XVI—The Despair of Insanity	237
Chapter XVII—Exit Celestine	256
Chapter XVIII—The Love that Endures	281
Judge Heron's Investigations	301
Same, continued	323
Alcoholic Inheritance	353
Inebriety a Disease	371
Author's Comments	404

Index to Illustrations.

"It's the Best Advertisement the 'Place' Ever Had" *Frontispiece*

Social Agencies - - - - - *Page* xi

Celestine Folsom - - - - - - - 3

"Professor" Bentley Ware - - - - - 9

Licensed Vice - - - - - - - - 27

"Do Ye Suppose I've been in this Business Twinty Years and Don't Know the Ameenities av It?" - - 39

A Monument of Enterprise - - - - 47

John Haldon - - - - - - - - 62

He Lay Down by the Wayside - - - - 87

The Party was Unusually Hilarious - - - 98

Celestine Anticipates a Victory - - - - 117

The Professor Lay, with Mangled Throat - - - 121

"Is this I, John Haldon?" - - - - 125

A Lunacy Commission - - - - - - 139

The Alcoholist Sees Weapons - - - - 145

Judge Heron's Narrative - - - - - 146

Josephine Haldon - - - - - - 161

"There is No Pang to Leave the World and Go with Her" 177

In the Olden Time - - - - - - 179

"You Have the Answer; She is an American" - - 195

Leslie Montford - - - - - - 200

A Debutante, Eager in Enquiry - - - - 212

A Yacht was Rounding upon a Return Tack - - 218

"A Scene of Beauty, and a Song of Enchantment" - 220

"Thirty-two Years!" - - - - - - 237

Tears Fall in the Asylum as in the Home - - 249

She Had an Ample Wardrobe - - - - 256

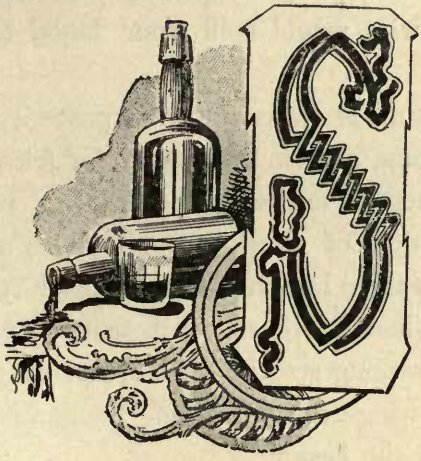
Dr. Horace Morton - - - - - - 281

"If We were in Burlington We'd All be Arrested" - 294

NOTE.

THIS work deals only with the Social and Mental Perils encountered by the use of Alcohol, and the writer has endeavored to illustrate all the phases of those perils in clean language, and with fidelity to truth.

INTRODUCTORY.



SOCIAL agencies of an ordinary character, whose influences are little suspected, are at this moment working towards the degradation of human nature.

"Each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow, and it is a duty we owe to humanity, to investigate that power, and to exercise it in a way that, without being unwise to ourselves, shall be most advantageous to future inhabitants of the earth." (Galton.)

In the consideration of the most powerful agency that impels to this degradation, the first proposition is: Alcohol overcomes the restraining power of the mind, and subjects it entirely to the influence of environment.

The next: The action of Alcohol upon the brain and nerve centers, produces mania, in intensity as the volume of Alcohol is increased. The man who stands before you, his face flushed with the excitement of Alcohol, has in his brain the same disorder, as he who stands over you with glaring eyes and uplifted knife, and who would spill your blood to satisfy a delusion.

Finally: This mania is transmitted to posterity, and it develops in some a periodical desire for Alcohol, which impels them to excesses and crimes. In others, it allows freedom of mind through youth to manhood, then leads them into the realms of insanity.

If this be true, where rests the responsibility of checking the ever-swelling streams that are pouring into those overflowing reservoirs of Dementia, named "Asylums for the Insane"?

A mighty sickness hovers over the land, and all its patients are not in asylums; but in the palaces and in the cottages, among the offices and in the schools, are to be found the doomed victims of this sickness of the mind.

THE JUNIOR PARTNERS

1782147

CHAPTER I.

Where pansies were, grew nettles;
Where lilies, deadly nightshade.



"SISTER Constance, we can only sorrow that this must be."

Sister Agnes' hand dropped to her side and sought the cross that hung amid the folds of her dress, as it did when thoughts endangering her soul's welfare entered her mind, or when calamity was threatened. Checking her hand as she remembered that sorrow for the loss of friends is sinful, and a rebellion against divine purposes, she placed it on her bosom to repress the sigh that love had sent to her relief, but it escaped with its burden of grief. Tears betrayed the sorrow of Sister Constance for the loss of the favorite pupil. She was much the younger, and to her the companionship had been as a heavenly indulgence, a pleasure without sin,

consecrated by the guidance of a soul to knowledge and, as she thought, towards Heaven. Her impulse was to question any reason that might be given for this unexpected separation.

"She has only been with us one-half of the time necessary for the completion of her education, and it is for the interest of her future life as well as for her soul's welfare that she should remain at least two years longer. She has not yet completed her musical education, nor her literary course, nor her study of languages, and just as we have the foundation finished for a lady's accomplishments, she should not be taken away. Sister Agnes, Celestine is only seventeen and her mind is immature," and Sister Constance went through all the argument necessary to refute imaginary reasons why her loved pupil should be called away. Sister Agnes only answered, "The world is thoughtless."

The sisters remained silent, each busied with the thoughts occasioned by the unwelcome decision that had been given to them by Celestine, in the form of a letter from her mother. Polite and decisive, it said, "For family reasons we wish Celestine with us; please arrange for her departure on the first of next month."

The convent bell told the hour for afternoon recreation and the song and laughter of girls filled the air.

The sisters had bidden Celestine to come to their

reception room at that hour, and as she slowly walked across the lawn fronting its entrance her beauty was intensified by the full sunlight that poured upon her and illumined her tawny hair with golden tints that changed as she came into the shadow of the building to a violet shimmer, and in the denser shade of the entrance to a deep brown gloss, a peculiarity which conveyed to the observer the sense of her sometimes being a blonde, again a brunette, and in a mild light a bewilderment.

In the arrangement of her hair there was a peculiarity consistent with that of its color. Cut to a medium length, a wave rolled from her low forehead, on either side, and fell over her head in ripples that broke to splashes about her ears and among the laces around her neck, as if at some time it had resolved to unfold from curls but had desisted when the intent was half accomplished; and the smile, that upon a side view, broke from a dimple upon her cheek and flashed across the full red lips in suggestive waves, became a confiding radiance in the full face, spreading around the soft brown eyes and filling their depths with a look of innocent trust.

The sisters had pointed other young ladies of the school to her modest deportment as an example for emulation. Her dress was high about the neck, admirably fitted, but its mission seemed to be a revealment of a perfect bust, a long and shapely waist,

and finely molded arms. It was of that fit, the nature and details of which are an unsolvable mystery to man, but which conveys the form to his knowledge, as of a statue unveiled.

These worldly thoughts had no place in the reflections of the sisters, who stood by the window and kept her company with loving eyes until she had passed from their sight within the entrance. They looked upon her as a loved pupil whose actions were obedient, modest and deferential, and who had studiously given them every reason for approval. Her classmates believed her to be insincere, and cited each to the others, instances of her duplicity, but as these were not observed by the sisters, they held a faith in her innocence and hoped for her entrance into the folds of their church.

During the afternoon Celestine had studied the proper thing to say when meeting the sisters in the reception room, and this, from among several forms, was her choice: "Sister Agnes, no words can tell my sorrow."

As she spoke a shadow of grief came over her face, she placed her hand upon the shoulder of Sister Constance and dropped her head upon it. Responsive tears were in the eyes of Sister Constance, but none were in Celestine's eyes. Sister Agnes thought her sorrow too deep for tears, but from childhood to

that hour tears had never brimmed the eyes of Celestine Folsom.

Advice for future good having been given by Sister Agnes, and wishes for happiness and friends without number by Sister Constance, full arrangements were made for her departure.

The day came, bringing with it genuine sorrow for the sisters and some of the pupils, but no striking manifestations by Celestine, except an appropriate solemnity of features and a low spoken goodbye. As the convent school was located in Indiana and her home was in Northern Illinois, she would spend a whole day upon the train and arrive at home in the evening. She would change cars at Chicago. The sisters had lovingly thought of her comfort and secured for her a place in a Pullman car as far as that city.

After arranging her dress and herself to advantage in the seat reserved for her, she looked around to see among what manner of people she was. To her, they were all commonplace except one. This was a gentleman of middle age occupying a section next below the one opposite hers, and who sat with his face toward her. She could look beyond him to the end of the car and still note every movement and glance. She soon noticed that she compelled his attention and she became interested. She knew that this attention was not of the vulgar sort. By his

dress as well as by his respectful manner and speech to those around him, she knew that he was a gentleman. By this speech, which from her position she could hear, she knew also that he was an educated man, and a merchant.

An inquiry of trivial moment, made by her her, led the way to an acquaintance, after which he gave her the courteous attention due to a woman journeying alone. In subsequent conversation he asked her name, which he repeated twice; asked her where she had been; who her people were; and he pleased her with delicate compliment. He escorted her to, and saw her seated in a favorable and comfortable position in the train that passed her home, and as he bade her goodbye he handed her a card. Her face lighted with a confiding smile. He saw that smile and the deep brown eyes in the memory of after years. The card read, "John Haldon, Chicago." Celestine put it away in an inner pocket of her reticule.

CHAPTER II

A decent place, my masters, yet in it men die, and are not buried.



"Prof. Bentley Ware.

"LOWMAN, is there anything to be got from that party, in my line?"

The man addressed, after deliberately admitting this proposition into his mind as being somewhat feasible and perhaps profitable, took a reflective position that assured his companion of the interest which his idea had inspired, and being confident of a satisfactory solution of the problem, continued silent, lighted a fresh cigar and made deep draughts upon its Cuban fragrance.

Upon the streets a vigorous north-easter was tossing the dry snow which had been falling all day, and piling it in huge drifts where cross currents checked the force of the storm. Street cars having fought their battle and suffered defeat early in the day, now

stood empty and disconsolate up and down the tracks. Suburban trains had continued the warfare well into the afternoon, then capitulated, and massed their engines which forced their way to the round houses and went to sleep, leaving business Chicago to remain down town, or to get home as best it might.

The cold winds of Michigan threw upon the piers and along the front icy breakers that drove their chilling echoes through the storm, from street to street. Herdics, hacks and omnibuses moved slowly and silently with clogged wheels and steaming and tired horses, conveying those who must or would reach home; but thousands, accepting the excuse which was sure to be recognized there, remained in the business centre for the night. Merchants and salesmen sought their customers in the hotels, or gathered in congenial coteries, and dinner mingled with wine laid the foundation for license of thought and action.

"Well, Professor," said Lowman, after a silence so long continued that this individual began to entertain doubts of his ability to reach conclusions, "there is something to be got from any party that drinks whisky, but these men are mighty particular who gets in with 'em, and if they knew just all about you, would give you the cold shoulder for good; might ask you to take a drink, if you was around when they was out for a time; they'd ask anybody they

thought wanted one; but as to getting to be one of the company, you might as well try to make a hot punch out of ice cream. You know enough about them kind of people to know they don't have to go searching round for somebody to chum with, but can take their pick as company comes along. They're educated way up, too; they've been brought up in business right here in Chicago, and you know what that means; it means they are sharp as tacks, and there ain't but one thing that will 'fetch 'em,' and that's whisky."

"Fetch 'em?" said the Professor, "just what do you mean by that? They do not drink such great quantities, are never drunk, and as they look pretty healthy and seem to stand it well, I do not exactly get the force of your term 'fetch 'em.'"

"Well, Professor, I forgot you'd never been in my line of business, and hadn't made a study of how that thing acts on that kind of men; and when I say whisky, I mean anything that will make a man drunk; they're all alike, only flavored different, and when I say fetch 'em, I don't mean kill 'em, or even to get 'em drunk. I'll just illustrate what I mean. You see that man Haldon out there. He come to this town when he was a youngster, and he was just as fine a looking youngster as he is a fine looking man now. He was just out of school, and a thurrer education he had, too. Well, he went clerking in

Stetson and Burley's, that big house over there on Wabash avenue. He's a partner there now, and he got to be a salesman in a little while after he went in, and used to do what them people call 'entertain customers.' Stetson, and Burley, too, associate with the church-folks, usually, and they never entertained; used to use liquor at home, though, 'cause when I kept the 'Thistle' over there on State street, Burley used to buy Scotch whisky of me in the winter, and Stetson bought lots of cognac brandy and Bass' ale at all times of the year. They both trade with me now, but never come here.

"Well, as I was saying about Haldon, when he was entertainin' he'd bring his customers around to the 'Thistle,' 'cause I had it fitted up nice and knew how to treat folks and kept the very best there was to be had. He didn't drink much then, but the way he'd fill up them countrymen, and show 'em things around town, and take 'em into the store next day and sell 'em all and more than they came to town for, was the remark of all the trade.

"He was sharp, too. He knew they was most all willing to mix pleasure with business, and if they went out with a man like himself, that they trusted, and knew never would tell things they said or did, they would be off their guard and sorter let themselves out, and then, you see, he had 'em for all they wanted. He spent lots of money on 'em, too, and

the firm never questioned his expenses for entertaining, and they must have known what the money went for, but you see the orders next day was what they was looking after, and as they always got 'em, they kept still.

"Well, you know it's natural if a man drinks every day, as he had to with his customers, and he had lots of friends too, that such thin drinks as ale and wine don't seem to touch the spot, so he got to taking whisky sours and such, and drank regular day times, and once in a while them country men and him would get on a regular time, but nothing was ever said of it, for money would pay all damages, and he had plenty. Some other house offered him big money, but Stetson and Burley couldn't spare him, so he was let into the firm, and then it was Stetson, Burley & Co. Haldon is the company.

"I never knew of his playing cards until about two years after he went into the firm. One night, it was about such a night as this only not so bad, him and the head salesman in a big wholesale clothing house, and a partner in a big dry-goods house, and a big merchant from Denver, came into my place about eleven o'clock; 'twasn't the first place they'd been in, and I see they was in for a time; the Denver man was a customer and they was entertaining him. I was on watch myself that night and was supposed to close up at twelve o'clock, but with a party like

that in my place I'd keep open all summer. They had money enough with 'em to buy out half a dozen such places as mine was then, and after they'd taken a round or two at the bar, went into the private room. They called for cards and ordered a half dozen 'extra dry' put on ice. When I took the first bottle in, it was a surprise party for me. They had the table half covered with bills and was playing poker. I had to stay and wait on 'em, of course, and at twelve I locked the door and went into the room to look on.

"Professor, the way them people played poker was a sight to look at. They didn't know nothing about playing for keeps, and if one of them lost a fifty on a hand it was all right, get it back next hand. If you'd been there you'd had every note on the table in an hour, and they play just that way now; don't lose much; if they do, don't mind it; plenty more where that came from.

"And the amount they drank, well, that don't surprise me, for you see I know how it is, nobody ever sees 'em drunk, they never get drunk. You see, they're well fed, and have strong brains; drink every day, year after year, making the doses bigger gradual, and they can always handle themselves. Why, Professor, I know men that come here and drink enough in a day to make me drunk a month, and their friends and families don't know they drink regular, but just think they take a glass once in a while when they

don't feel well. I could surprise some folks, I'm telling you, but it'll fetch 'em in the end.

"You see, whisky acts this way on a man, and I don't care how good a man he is either; he kinder seems to forget himself. Some folks think that it just brings out what's in a man, but I know that's all gammon, it only fixes him so he'll agree with anything that's going on around him, and just naturally does up his judgment, and the longer they drink, the easier it is to get away with 'em. Ain't stinginess natural with some folks? Well, I've seen them kind of fellers just throw away money when they got full; they most always do it. I tell you that whisky puts into a man what ain't naturally there, every time. I don't care if he only takes one drink, he's that far gone. What does a fellow drink for, when he goes to a ball? 'Cause he knows he'll feel just according to what's going on around him, and if the women are good, he'll be only lively and entertaining, but if they're bad, it satisfies him all the same, and he does according to their ideas; and a woman that drinks—well, she's just awful; and ain't women naturally good? Yes, a heap sight better than men, and where does it send them to?

"Now, it's as easy as nothing to get what you want out of that party, if you get about it right. I ain't got much eddication, but I know a heap about this business.

"If you can get in with 'em, so they'll think you are a man of some decent standing, you wouldn't want any better thing, but you'll have to be pretty slick. They're round a good deal; you'd meet 'em pretty often; and if, after a while, they should find out things about you, they couldn't shake you altogether, 'cause while they was learning you, you could be making points on them, and if you're smart, get 'em into some things they wouldn't like to have known, and then you'd have 'em.

"Now, I'll tell you, Professor, one thing, I ain't here just for fun. Them people all like me and wouldn't believe that I'd do anything that wasn't for their interest, and if I'd introduce you as a gentleman and business man, they'd consider you, and I am going to be plain with you. If 'twasn't for me, you couldn't get there at all, and whatever you make, I want a divvy. You can hold your own with 'em; you know about mining and western stock-raising; you know more about cattle than they do; you can be a stock man from—let's see, where you're from? It must be pretty far west, 'cause them people are well acquainted most all over the United States, and would be asking if you knew this one, and that one, in most any town you was a mind to mention, this side of the Rockies. I'll introduce you as a stock man from Idaho, and you hadn't better be from any of the larger towns, like Boise City, either. I'll just say

from Idaho, and when they want to know your location, you can tell 'em your range is near some little place in the territory, and you make that your headquarters, when you are at home. You mustn't pick out any place that's got more than a one-horse country store; if you do, they're sure to be better acquainted there than you are, and will get right onto you. False pretenses will have to have a fine edge if you fool them kind of people."

Much of this advice was not needed to strengthen the Professor's expected relations with the Haldon party. The habit of acquiring knowledge by observation, and its appliance by imitation, enabled him to deport himself agreeably among all classes. He was the son of a woman who called herself a widow, and who, in unguarded moments of self-laudation, boasted of relationship and former association with people of intellectual and social strength, but who avoided definite details when referring to her past history. He began life in the upper back-room of a Clark street tenement. Of his own family history he knew nothing. He knew that when his mother went to her work she left him with the woman next door, and that she paid the woman for services never rendered, but who, as soon as his mother was well away, allowed him free range of the halls and adjoining alleys, and even at the early age of four years he was shrewd enough to conceal from his mother the fact that her solicitude

for his welfare was being imposed upon ; for the company in the alley suited him, and the inattention of the woman next door pleased him. He knew that at the age of six he was sent away to school, and that before he was sent, was well dressed and had a nice reserve of clothing ; he knew that some one paid his board at school, but never knew who ; and, as the school did not suit him, he left it at the age of eight, and beat and begged his way to New York. He never saw his mother again, and she never sought for him.

Somewhere along the line of his ancestry there was a progenitor of great ability, and some of his qualities were transmitted to the Professor. In the same line must have been a black sheep, not of the family but of the race, be it Saxon, Celtic, or Gaelic, he knew not, and from him to the Professor there was a clean transmission of heredity, a sealed package expressed through ancestry and delivered in perfect condition, without the loss of an attribute.

His employment in New York comprised the whole line of light service, from errand boy to telegraph messenger. Anything in which a chance presented itself to get something for nothing was entirely in his line also. Various sums of money and articles of value, lying contiguous to his sphere of action, disappeared and no trace could be found of them afterwards. At the age of twelve, an adventur-

ess who had corresponded with a wealthy cattle rancher, near Denver, and who for the furtherance of her schemes had need of a son about his age, took him there with her, and so successfully did he assume the character that the old gentleman fell in love with him, as well as his supposed mother, and by the aid of their combined shrewdness, they swindled the rancher out of a fine sum of money, gracefully and effectually. He then used his knowledge to his own advantage, made the woman divide, left her and drifted, went on cattle ranges, into new mining towns, anywhere that promised a field for financial operations yielding large returns for small or no investment. A gentleman in appearance, suave and attractive in manner, and an adept at cards and all social games, he was enabled with the first qualities to enter wealthy circles, and with the latter to profit thereby.

He was supposed to be a geologist, and from this belief arose his familiar appellation of "Professor." He had learned from observation and some superficial study to know the different kinds of minerals contained in rocks of different colors and peculiarities. This constituted his full knowledge of geology. He would occasionally "grub stake" an impecunious or dissipated miner and cheat him out of the results of his find. In obedience to the cowardly instincts of men of his sort, he at one time took a revolver and

killed a man of his own class who, he feared, if opportunity offered, would do the same to him, and he shot him in the back. In his drifting he drifted to Chicago, and had plenty of money to invest in anything that would pay a handsome dividend. This was "Professor" Bentley Ware. Lowman knew of his history and his character; he also was full aware of his evil intentions.

What can be said of the influence and tendency of a business the members of which will present a man of Ware's class to the company of gentlemen who are customers and friends, for the ultimate purpose of illegitimate gain? With occasional exceptions, this, or other methods leading to the same result, is used among all grades of saloons, from the gilded palace of the city that pays a royal license to the skulking cabin in the mountains that evades the revenue. This is a feature of the business.

The foregoing conversation and scheming took place in the private office of what was popularly known as "Lowman and Stone's Place." This designation was grateful to the partners of the firm, especially so to Lowman, whose aim when establishing the business was not to cloak its real nature from the general public, but to eliminate as far as possible from the popular mind the idea of a common saloon. At various times during his career Lowman had transacted business under such names as "The

Office," "The Club," "The Thistle," etc., and always with the same end in view, that of giving an impression of a higher grade establishment, more respectable, and more worthy of the patronage of gentlemen than the hundreds of drinking places known as saloons. This was in deference to a recognized sentiment entertained by a class of citizens whose views on all subjects were far from broad, and whose ideas of their relation to the rest of mankind were not fashioned by thought. They maintained that a saloon could be conducted in such a manner as to be respectable, and from which none of the evils should emanate that had brought obloquy and disrepute upon the business by transactions in like resorts of a lower order.

The astute and experienced Lowman selected a room on ——— street, just on the borders of the wholesale trade, contiguous to the large hotels, and almost surrounded by retail houses. A plain gilt sign over the front announcing the firm name was all the information given to the public that business was transacted within. A convenient alley entrance gave secret ingress to those who feared the displeasure of employer, or the reproach of family.

Lowman was a master of his business. He was the ideal to which all of his class strive to attain. Alike in character and aims; varying only in degree of intelligence and tact; occupying a social position

just where the world of respectability and the world of degradation meet; belonging by right of nature to the latter, but striving to mingle with the former for purposes of gain. These men give much thought and ability to those things pertaining to the stability of their unique position.

In all of its appointments the "Place" was above reproach. Rosewood and cherry, gold plate and silver finish embellished the bar, the ample length of which was measured by mirrors of great dimensions, whose reflection presented to the eye a suggestion of immense space. Expensive cut and ornamental glass ware, nicely arranged to please the taste of cultivated patrons, was at the hand of deft attendants, who in clean apparel and well barbered stood awaiting orders. Upon the walls, in prominent spaces, hung paintings, rare blendings of merit and prurient suggestion, in which genius had spent its powers to degrade the form of woman.

In adjacent wine and lunch rooms, where indulgence in dinner or cards was privately accommodated, were drawings, wood-cuts and engravings of subjects grateful only to minds corrupt by nature or degraded by association and the deadening influence of alcohol. Some of the cuts and drawings were from the hands of local artists, who, for an indulgence at the bar, gave to immorality a certain piquant attraction, like Belot and De Maupassant in the latest French school

of novelists, and this was a fair exchange; poison for poisoned thoughts; sign boards pointing to degradation for degradation's choicest coin.

Haldon had left his companions, who were discussing the merits of a new painting that had recently been given a place opposite the bar, and which was the object of more than usual interest and admiration on account of the purity of the subject and the subtlety of its suggestions, and entering the office, requested Lowman to order served in one of the private rooms a generous dinner for four.

This was a convenient occasion for the introduction of Ware, and was also opportune, as it gave an appearance of being unsought, merely a courtesy. Haldon courteously responded to the pleasure given to Mr. Ware by an acquaintance with a representative Chicago merchant, and retired to the company of his friends with whom he entered the room selected for their entertainment.

The Professor had noticed that Haldon's eye sought his with a suggestion of inquiry, and felt its potency in discovering correct answers to questions regarding character and reliability. He had not held his own against that glance, and was fearful that any further advance towards an acquaintance would be politely checked, and suggested to Lowman that his energies might better be expended in the pursuit of smaller

game where experienced judgment would not be such an effective protection.

"Professor, that remark shows a weakness in you, or else you don't know so much about things as you ought to," said Lowman. "They's no man living that can hold his own against whisky in his own head and the brains in another man's who keeps his clear."

"Well, Lowman, you know that I have never had much experience with men of Haldon's class, and have always had an idea that they knew too much to be deceived by any one, and could always judge a man so quick that he would have no chance to work. Did you see the look he gave me? It seemed to me that it went all through me, and that he could tell what I was thinking about, and that, you know, gives a man an advantage over you."

"I admit, Professor, that you stand no chance with him under ordinary circumstances, but you see if a man drinks every day, that's different. You go right ahead, and if ever you don't know how to act, come to me, and if you do as I say and get bluffed, he'll be the first man I ever knew that could keep all right and drink whisky at the same time."

Ware put on his overcoat, saying that he would return in an hour, and went upon the street. Lowman rang for a messenger and sent this note to his partner:

"Stone, you needn't come down to-night. I'll take your place, though it's my night off. I've got something to tend to that you can't handle. LOWMAN."

It will not be necessary to give the conversation of Haldon and his party during the time of dinner and the subsequent enjoyments. A common interest presented agreeable subjects, and an equality of social and mercantile standing favored a freedom of speech that sometimes exceeded the license of propriety, especially during the later hours.

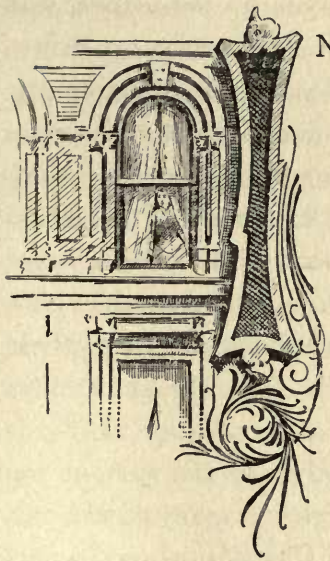
Ware returned to the company of Lowman and the evening passed on with them in smoke and in a silence broken occasionally by remarks about the storm outside, or comments on the party within, from whose room frequently came the sound of laughter and the report of champagne corks.

At eleven o'clock one of the party who resided in the city, not far out, felt obliged to bid the others "good night" and go to his home. As the rest were inclined to further enjoyment, Lowman, who had stepped into their room to enquire after their comfort, quietly suggested that the gentleman from Idaho might, if the party wished, take the place of the one who retired. Haldon asked if he was all right, and upon Lowman's assurance that he was a man of wealth and standing, assent was given. As the presence of a stranger was no restraint upon these men of experience, Ware was made to feel at ease, and

with reminiscences of the Far West contributed his share to the entertainment. He played cards in an unprofessional, business-man's way, sometimes lost, sometimes won, and only until near the close of the play did he have anything like what he called "a run of luck." This netted him a very nice sum, but as the figures were quite within those to which his new friends were accustomed, they made no comment, and he remarked that they would likely get it back, and more, should he have the pleasure of meeting them again. He had not drunk much, giving as an excuse that the alkali waters of the West had caused a physical disturbance and that his physician interdicted excess in anything. "In fact," said he, "my visit to Chicago is one for health, and I hope with the aid of your pure water and noted medical men to become quite myself again."

CHAPTER III.

The air was filled with odors
That went away and brought others,
Deeper and more noxious.



IN Chicago, as in all places where men congregate in numbers, there is a section pre-empted by immorality. In some towns it is a block, in some a street. In Chicago it is a quarter, bounded by State, Van Buren and Twelfth streets, and by the river. It encroaches upon the boundaries of a ward. On its pavements, over its hovels, and around its palaces, the black smoke of degradation from the fires of drunkenness and debauchery rests, and never rises. These fires consume men, women and children, and the fuel is alcohol. The stokers have commissions upon which appear the authority of the city and names of respectability. A noted lawyer, a successful banker, a merchant, a church member are

among these names that give assurance of protection and security, and under the magnifying glass of responsibility can be read, between the lines, the name of every voter who gave them his suffrage.

At night, footsteps from the areas of respectability turn towards this quarter, enter its borders and disappear in its blackness. Carriages with gay parties and cabs with the solitary skulking debauchee, who hides corruption from friends and family, are driven out of the light into the gloom and return empty. Youth, with the fresh imprint of a sister's kiss upon one cheek, turns the other to the temptress. Girlhood, with the crushed roses of innocence still exhaling perfume, follows the beck of folly and never again comes out into the light. Age and youth of both sexes and all conditions inhale the poisons from these fires and become fuel for the flames. The stokers use them all.

Adjoining the quarter, farther to the east, at the time under consideration, were still many of the pretentious residences of earlier Chicago, whose owners had sought more fashionable locations, leaving the old homesteads to the care of boarding-house mistresses or lodging-house keepers, some reputable, some doubtful. Others were rented to families not yet possessed of affluence sufficient to build homes of their own which should accord with their tastes or desire for comfort. It was a neighborhood not to be

called bad, certainly, not good in an æsthetic sense, but one in which an inhabitant might be either and not lose caste with his associates.

In this neighborhood the "Professor" selected rooms for his occupancy during his stay in the city. This stay promised to be somewhat extended, as he had already been successful in several light investments and began to believe in the town. He therefore took much time for observation and gave great consideration to the surroundings of his future residence, and his manner denoted serene satisfaction when he gave the first invitation to an acquaintance to call at his rooms, Number —— Wabash avenue, near Hubbard Court.

He was partially influenced in his choice by an incident that compelled his attention by unusual procedure. In his explorations one day he chanced to stroll into the Northwestern depot just as the western express rolled in. Waiting, through curiosity, to see the passengers alight from the train, he saw a lady of unusual beauty and grace step to the platform, and without looking about her proceed directly to the baggage car, and motioning to one of the hackmen who was calling carriages, directed him to attend to the transfer of her baggage. She had two very large trunks, two smaller ones and two satchels, besides a bundle, tastefully secured by ribbons, which she carried in her hand. As there was not room for

all this on the carriage, the driver hailed an expressman who placed it on his wagon and drove away. With little notice of those about her the lady hurriedly entered the carriage, drew the side curtain, and the driver with more than usual speed urged his horses across the bridge and disappeared among the mass of vehicles on the south side.

The Professor, noticing her manner and actions, judged by her dress that she was not a city lady, and by the same dress and the freshness of her toilet that she had not traveled far; by the absence of friends to meet her that she was among strangers, and by the numerous trunks and satchels, that she intended to remain in the city. He knew that she was not of the fallen classes. He had heard the number given by the driver to the expressman, but not the name of the street.

The next day he called to see the rooms on the avenue and left without decision, although this was his third visit, and as he came upon the porch he saw a curtain drawn aside in a second-story window opposite. Although it was suddenly dropped, he knew more from the movement and outline of form than from the features, which he could scarcely discern, that it was the lady from the train. To reassure himself, he went to the crossing above, then down the walk by the house, saw that the number was

the same given to the expressman at the depot, and hurriedly returned and engaged the rooms.

Several months had now elapsed since his introduction to Haldon and his party, and as yet, although he had used his best and most judicious endeavors, he had not been able to get beyond an ordinary around-town acquaintance with him. He knew that for the requirements of his customers, his friends and his own desires, Haldon had indulged in drink until his restraining faculties of reflection and of conscience were enfeebled, and that his finer perceptions of correct action were becoming subservient to the promptings of association.

Unwilling to admit that his knowledge of men and their mental changes under the influence of alcohol was in any manner inferior to that of the uneducated Lowman, he had not depended upon his advice for a plan of action, but had done that which seemed best to his own judgment in the way of bringing about a closer friendship. He had called upon Haldon at his place of business, and asked his opinion regarding investments; as to the feasibility of establishing certain lines of trade in the city, where ample capital could be employed; the most healthy and desirable place to build a home, and of other matters, in which the advice of a successful business man might be valuable; but beyond a pleasant and well considered answer he had gained no ground.

Occasionally, an invitation to step over to "Lowman and Stone's Place" was accepted. Sometimes, when they met there in the evening, the Professor was well treated and, as on the first night, invited to become one of the party. Upon one occasion he had been one of four, Haldon, two country customers and himself, to make a round of entertainment, and he had then noticed that in Haldon there was no admiration for the people, or their conduct, in any place of doubtful character, and that only after immoderate drinking did he manifest an inclination to participate in any act or conversation of a debasing nature. The Professor was in condition to carefully note all speech, actions, and tendencies, on this occasion, for he was not yet entirely rid of the alkali disturbance, and coincided with Lowman's remark that no matter how good the man, or how bright, whisky would "fetch him." But the question of the proper method of effecting his designs upon Haldon was still unanswered.

While at dinner, one day, after viewing his subject in all the lights presented by his observation and knowledge of Haldon's character, he remembered Lowman's injunction at the end of their first conversation regarding him, "and if you ever don't know how to act come to me." He afterwards strolled down to "Lowman and Stone's Place," where he found Lowman at leisure and pleased to see him. Although

conscious that a solution of his problem was beyond the scope of his own capacity, he was ashamed to admit that any possible aid could be given by suggestions from others, especially, one whom he considered beneath himself in mental attainments, as he considered Lowman, and hoped that the subject might be introduced by him, and his better ideas, if he had any, given voluntarily. Lowman suggested nothing pertaining to the subject, and the Professor talked of the last railroad accident, the coming political conflict, and the weather.

Lowman listened, made few remarks, and at last gave evidence of impatience and interrupted him in the midst of a prophesy that it would rain.

"Now, look here, Professor, I know exactly what you came here for, and they's no use of your bothering about what happened down on the Pennsylvania Central, or who's going to be governor, or whether it's going to rain, but come right to the point and own up that you ain't getting along with some of your schemes as well as you might, and would like to have me help you out. I know you're sharp, but you're floundering, 'cause you ain't dead sure, to begin with, that you're coming out all right. If a man's got confidence he's booked to win, he most always does, but you see in order to get that confidence he's got to know all about things in connection with what

he's doing, and he don't want to depend on guess work, either."

"Well, Lowman, I admit that I have given this matter of Haldon's very close attention for almost a year, and I don't seem to be able to get any advantage over him."

"It's because you're in too much of a hurry, Professor. You ain't going to get men like him where you want 'em until you get up to a certain point. 'Tain't natural for a man to jump from good to bad all to once. You take youngsters in this drinking business, for instance. Some of 'em will drink wine around in society and clubs, or get a bottle and take to their rooms, and may be it will be years before they ever go inside of a saloon, and then, only when they think nobody knows it, and then them youngsters will run along gradual until they get to spending all their spare money in 'em, and finally get so they have precious little money to spare for anything else but whisky, and then they're in for anything, and after a little while they're no good to anybody. If I had a boy that was getting into the habit of drinking I'd take a gun and shoot him, and he'd be a blame sight better off; but that's neither here or there; it's my business, and so long as folks do as they do, I'm going to stay in it. Now, you see, Haldon hasn't got far enough along yet to do any real fool business, such as you want to get him into, but he's getting mighty near it, and what

you want to do is this: just keep on with him, and when you find that he's been letting up for awhile you can expect that he's going to drink enough in a week to make it up, and that's the time to get in your work.

"You see it's this way; when a man gets drinking too much, his folks or his friends will speak to him about it, or he'll feel it himself, and then he'll quit. Well, you see, men don't have to drink many years before they can't get along without it; they think they can, and they think they can drink or let it alone, but not one in a thousand can; they've just got to have it, and will, unless they're locked up somewhere. Well, as I was saying, after about a week they feel as if they had all the diseases in the doctor book, and think they's nothing but whisky will cure 'em, and they want to give themselves some excuse for taking it, so they go to some doctor and tell him that they've been drinking too much, and although they've quit off, they feel terrible sick and alarmed about themselves, and ask the doctor if he thinks it's the right thing to chop off all at once, and the fool doctor will tell 'em, of course not, but not to drink any hard liquor, like brandy or whisky, but take claret or port wine, or such like drinks, and taper off on them. Well, the consequence is they don't taper, but get their systems just plumb full of that kind of stuff the doctor said, and they've got the worst drunk on they

ever had in their lives, and have to drink whisky for about six months before they get anywhere near in shape again.

"Now, if you can ketch a man after he's been follering the doctor's advice for a little while, you can do most anything with him. They all switch off. Haldon does, and so do all of his friends who come here; sometimes you won't see 'em for a week, may be two, but they make an average before the year is out, and come oftener every year. You come and see me once in awhile and I'll let you know when it's a good time to get in with him, and if you don't make it pay then, you never will.

"You needn't have any schemes or lay any plans as to what you want to do or what you should do, when the time comes; but just let things take their own course, and remember when anybody's full of whisky the man ain't to home and you can do anything you're amind to with the house. Professor, another thing I want to say, and that is, you've got an idea that you know as much as I do. Now I'm telling you that nobody knows the ins and outs of this business like a man who is in it and don't drink himself. So don't get conceited, but when you want advice, ask for it. You're smart, but you don't know it all."

The Professor, with better ideas of the general distribution of knowledge, took his way homeward

to prepare his toilet for the evening. The room on the lower floor back, in the house that contained his suite, was occupied by the woman called landlady, who rented the whole and sublet, adding the care of the rooms to her profits. Her room was at the same time office, parlor, sitting-room, library and sleeping-room, and should you at any time see a person there, it would be impossible for you to conjecture what was his or her mission, neither could you ever ascertain from the landlady.

These women, in Chicago, have risen far above the rank of a class and attained to the importance of a species. They never hear anything, they never know anything, have no opinions of their own and seldom use those of others. The crowning wonder is their loss of curiosity. They are of all ages and nationalities, but all have the same "don't know" forms of speech and action. On the witness stand they defy the ingenuity of lawyers; they dumbfound the acuteness of detectives, and even money fails to extract knowledge from them. Ware's landlady was Irish, and her name was Sharkey.

One day, as the Professor was ascending the stairs leading to his rooms, he chanced to look over the railing, down the hall and through the half-open door of the landlady's room, and saw the outlines of the face and form of the lady from the train, who was evidently holding earnest conversation with some one

within. From his room he saw her leave the house and return to her lodgings across the street. After dressing he went below and engaged the landlady in a conversation regarding the more complete furnishing of his rooms, and asked her advice as to colors and styles, which advice he did not get, and afterwards carelessly changed the subject by remarking:

"A fine looking lady that went out a while ago, Mrs. Sharkey."

"Do you say so, Mister Ware?"

"She is from the country, is she not?"

"She didn't tell me that, Mister Ware, an' if she's from the country or from the city I don't know, sure."

"Do you know if she is married?"

"She didn't say nothin' about that, nayther."

"She looks like an intelligent and well educated woman."

"Sure, she might be."

"What is her name?"

"Now, luk here, Mister Ware, if I'd be tellin' the gintlemin the names av all the ladies that come to see me, they'd be scoldin' me fer it, and they're all nice ladies an' don't be goin' round askin' after the gintlemin's names, ayther."

"And a great many women around here never use their own right names," testily replied Ware, who saw that he was gaining no ground.

"As to that I can't say, they behave thimsilves, an'

sure I can't tell that of all the min, Mister Ware."

"Now, Mrs. Sharkey, I know that she is a fine lady, and I should like to become acquainted with



"DO YE SUPPOSE I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS TWINTY YEARS AND DON'T KNOW THE AMEENITIES AV IT?"

her. If you could introduce me some time, when it comes right, I would remember you for it."

"Well, she might ask me to. If she did, I wud."

"Cannot you ask her if this would be agreeable?"

"Do ye suppose I've been in this business twinty

years, Mister Ware, an' don't know the ameenities av it?"

"But she is not a tenant of yours, and you are not under the same obligation as you would be if she roomed in this house."

"How do ye know who runs the house acrost the street, I want to know?"

"I am not informed, but I did not suppose that you had any interest in it."

"I didn't say I had, Mister Ware."

"Well, Mrs. Sharkey, you need not say anything to her about me; perhaps I can become acquainted without putting you to any trouble. Do not tell her that I mentioned it, will you?"

"I'm not interferin' wid anybuddy else's business, Mister Ware, an' if ye git to know one anither, it's not for me to worry about."

The Professor went away blaming his own stupidity for his failure to gain information. The fault was not his. He had met the unapproachable.

The lady from the train continued to call on Mrs. Sharkey and to go directly to her own rooms after the visits. The Professor had purposely gone out when he had seen her crossing the street, but when he met her on the sidewalk she was looking intently at the flowers in Mrs. Sharkey's front windows and passed him but did not see him. Her indifference annoyed him. She never went out shopping or rid-

ing, and had no callers. He speculated much as to her position in the world and her probable designs in life, but found no light. She was as impenetrable as the landlady.

One bright afternoon, Mrs. Sharkey, dressed in black silk and becoming millinery, and presenting withal quite a motherly appearance, left her house and walked down the shady side of the avenue towards the business part of the city. Occasionally glancing at the numbers and signs as she passed along, she at last hesitated before a store in which all was bustle and business, and where loads of merchandise on sidewalk and trucks impeded both pedestrian and street traffic. Stopping a moment to question a young man who was checking boxes and bales of goods, and who pointed her with his pencil to the door below, she left him and entered the office of the establishment.

Without hesitation, although she had never seen him before, she approached a gentleman who was engaged in conversation with others in the rear part of the office, and who as she came near him politely asked of her mission. With a low answer that she wished to speak with him regarding a matter that was not in the way of business, she enquired if he had a little time to spare. Handing her a seat near his desk, he excused himself to former company. and, while taking his seat, encouraged brevity by saying,

"What is the subject?" His question, manner, and respectful but expectant attention caused her to omit the conversational pickets usually thrown out by women to prepare the way for verbal engagements with men, and to come directly to the purpose of her visit.

"Mister Haldon, they's a lady in this city that somebuddy that's known to her shud give some help. Me name is Mrs. Sharkey, an' she has rooms in one av me houses."

"Mrs. Sharkey, we make a practice of giving a certain sum of money to the Young Men's Christian Association and other charities, and we expect them to attend to the details of distribution. If she is a Protestant, I will give you a card to the secretary; if a Catholic, to Father Burke, and immediate attention will be given her."

"Mister Haldon, it's not that kind av help she'd be wantin'. It's not ixac'ly poor she is, not widout money, but will be if she can't git some business papers fixed accardin' to the idees av the law."

"Why does she not consult an attorney and place her affairs with him?"

"It's takin' ivery dollar she has fer doin' av the work, she's afraid the leyer wud, an' it ain't anythin', she says, but what a good business man cud straiten out immegitly, widout costin' anythin', but she's only jist come here an' ain't a bit aquaintid, an' she's that

sorrerful that I had a pity fer her, an' I tried to console wid her, an' I come down to see ye cause she said she'd known ye a good many years gone, though she ain't much more than a girl yit."

"What is her name?"

"I don't know as she'd be thankin' me if I'd be tellin' her name, 'cause she didn't sind me to see ye at all, but she seemed to want somebuddy to talk to, an' she was that sorrerful an' pritty that I jist had an akin' heart for her, an' I come to ye unbeknownst to her, 'cause I'm sure, if she thot I was doin' sich a thing, she'd lave me house widout a word, an' I wan' to keep all the nice folks I git, 'cause I won't have any other kind in me houses; an', Mister Haldon, ye know it's very hard to fill 'em up wid that kind the way Chicago is now."

"I cannot see in what manner I can render any assistance or advice. It would be absurd for me to think of calling upon her without invitation, or even an intimation from herself that she was in the city and would be pleased to see me."

"That's jist it, Mister Haldon, if ye was the oldest frind she iver had, she'd niver give ye a hint that ye cud do her a favor, she's that particular; but if ye cud meet her, axidintal like, and yersilf aknowin' that she was nadin' advice an' incuridgment, ye cud draw her out like, an' she'd tell ye about hersilf. A smart man like yersilf always can tell how to get at what

he wants to know offen anybuddy, an' she always said when she was spakin' of ye, that ye was sich a nice man, an' whin I axed her why she didn't go to see ye, she frowned, sorrerful like, an' said she wasn't sure she'd be doin' right, she's that particular; but she said she wished her father was alive an' thin she'd have somebuddy to tell her what she shud do."

"I would most willingly advise her, Mrs. Sharkey, should she desire it, but I cannot conceive how any opportunity could present itself for me to take the action that you suggest."

"I'll jist tell ye, Mister Haldon, that a woman when she wants to be benivolent widout anybuddy aknowin' av it, can git more ways of goin' to work than all the min cud think of. Me two houses are jist up this same street a little this side av Hubbard Coort, an' me own place, where I live, is the wan on this same side, an' ye can call on me some avenin', or afternoon, sich as ye like, an' while ye're there she'll likely come in to see me, spechilly in the avenin', cause she gits lonesome-like an' don't be havin' any aquaintince an' no ither place to go, an' ye'd git talkin' with her, an' ye'd soon see that ye'd be of good to her; an' I think it's yer duty, too, an' fer all good min to advise thim as is nadin' av it, an' incuridgin' thim wid their strength, an' specially good womin, an' keepin' thim from bein' unfortunate."

"I have no business at your house. What possi-

ble excuse could I have for calling there, Mrs. Sharkey ?"

" Mr. Haldon, business min in Chicago go iverywhere an' nobuddy gives it their attintion nor thot, an' ye's cud go any place in the city an' so little wud folks consider it that it wud niver be remimbered through the day. But I'd know what yer business is, an' I'd rispect ye fer it—to do good to the best, the prittyest, and the most ladylikest woman that iver was nadin' kind words from some good man who'd have rispect for her an' who she'd trust."

" Well, Mrs. Sharkey, my business requires attention and I can give you no further time, but I will consider your visit and its object, and if I decide to call I will do so to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. Give me the number."

" Ye'll be doin' great good if ye come. Good day, Mister Haldon, an' I'm glad yer that good to be givin' attintion to what a poor woman like me wud be tellin' ye, an' if ye don't come I'll always rispect ye fer that, but fer the good av the poor lady I trust ye will."

After business hours Haldon's thoughts turned to Mrs. Sharkey's visit and its object. He could think of no one among his former acquaintances who would be likely to find herself in the circumstances described by the good-hearted landlady, but, as this lady was young, she might be the daughter of a schoolmate,

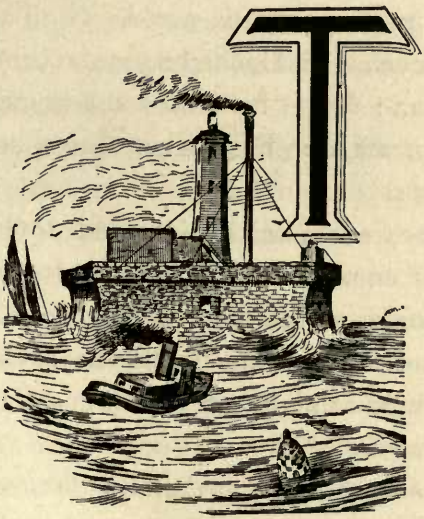
or even a closer friend of earlier days, and one who had known him as a man, while he had looked upon her as a child.

There is nothing remarkable in meeting any one in Chicago that you might have previously known, or seen, from any place in the country, or even from foreign lands, as its reputation and facilities for building and repairing fortunes are of world-wide notoriety. The resident meets old acquaintances from time to time of whom he has not thought for years; or their children meet him upon the street, or call at his home, and he hears his name spoken by an apparent stranger, in whom, however, after an introduction, he traces the resemblance of an old neighbor or dear friend. Of these, Haldon reflected, this lady might be, and one whom circumstances had directed hither, and who, from pride or diffidence, was restrained from asking advice from one whom she knew, but who might not even recognize her family resemblance should he meet her. That anything wrong was contemplated he did not mistrust. He was secure is his own integrity and never questioned that of others, except when it related to his business affairs. His reflections suggested that duty might require a visit and that no harm could result from one in any event.

Making a memorandom to call at Number — Wabash avenue at eight o'clock Wednesday evening, he passed out of his office and went home.

CHAPTER IV.

Had glimpses rare of heaven's delights,
From heaven's vestibule.



THE business men of Chicago stand upon an eminence builded by themselves, whose summit overlooks all the landmarks of progression's march, and on which is a monument of enterprise that throws a challenge to the financial world. If omnipotent endeavor had been directed to the production of a people who should accomplish a given destiny, commensurate in broadness and completeness with boundless ideas, it would rank little above the people who, gathered from all sections of our country, and from across the seas, took the little hamlet of a hundred and within fifty years led it to be the metropolis of a million.

Gigantic accomplishment! Who conceived it, and

what was the inspiration? Merchants and mechanics came; from the stimulating air breathed enterprise and industry, and inspired by their broad surroundings, had thoughts of vast undertakings.

A young farmer came, and saw the endless prairie dip into the horizon. Its limitlessness entered his brain, broadened his views and patterned his ambition. He began to provision the world.

A young minister came, and looked upon the broad expanse of Michigan; forgot his creeds and humble desires; brought forests from her farther shores and built cities and towns.

An engineer came; put aside his instruments for the measurement of cuts and fills, and laid his rails on the gradeless bosom of the royal valleys of Mississippi and Missouri; at morning found the Indian and the buffalo, where at night he saw the puffing engine and the piling freight.

An architect came, and finding that no direction presented obstacles to the eye, went far toward earth's center for foundation; raised ornate structures to the clouds, hoping that from their towers he might view all of Chicago's vast inheritance, but when he had finished he learned that her domain was the world, and he waited for affluence to conduct him over it.

Mercantile honor from a thing of policy grew to the measure of a principle and became their highest attribute, pervaded heredity and endowed sons with

conscientious wealth. When calamity crumbled their city into ashes the world confidently builded them commercial palaces, strained the foundations of their warehouses with merchandise, and their vaults with coin.

The opinion of mankind regarding their integrity exceeded belief, and stood on the broad ground of an absolute knowledge of existing truth. History denies a repetition and claims for this record a matchless page.

Among this class, by right of intellect and like aspirations, John Haldon held an average mercantile rank. With a clear brain, well educated, and a generous heart, made more liberal by the opportunities of a competence, he attracted the regard and consideration of his business friends and the admiration and adulation of social acquaintances. Quick to see and apt to seize upon all points of vantage in the war of competition, he excelled in the ability to win and to hold the favors of those with whom he wished to deal, and from the impulse of an open heart, more than from thoughts of policy, he treated them generously. Having no natural tendency towards evil, and with ample restraining powers, he had mingled with all classes and looked upon immorality as an object lesson for himself, and its demonstration as an occasional recreation for his customers.

With broad views of woman's sphere, and the

deference due to her, he had put the good upon the highest places in his regard and had given them honorable thought. At home, comfort brought him an appreciated rest, and in the family he was an emperor of love. Beauty, culture and accomplishments in the highest order of domestic womanhood embellished his home and helped to emphasize his loyalty.

Before the time in which he first came under our consideration no absence from that home was known except that of business requirements. Neither for his own pleasure nor for the demands of business had he ever spent the later afternoon hours away from the companionship of his family, and for the purpose of more fully enjoying with them the time not necessarily devoted to his affairs, he had recently completed a dwelling in a pleasant locality across the river, north from the business centre, and but a short walk distant. Other families of ample competence and like domestic tastes had also selected the same section of the city for permanent homes, completing a neighborhood covering several squares, near the lake, slightly elevated and intensely home-like.

Although in society which is indefinitely termed the best, these families preferred the circles of older acquaintance and similar tastes, in which personal friendship is strengthened by a knowledge of character and mental worth. Frequent reunions of unpreten-

tious requirement and familiar association extended a modified home sentiment from each family to the boundaries of the neighborhood, which stimulated a general care for, and interest in, the welfare of all the younger members. Especially were the girls aided in all the graces of social life, and confirmed in honorable integrity by frequent and unconstrained association with these men and women home lovers.

Upon reflection, you will remember some locality in every city where you are acquainted, the inhabitants of which are pre-eminent for their observance of the better and finer requirements of correct action, where the social atmosphere is always pure and where summonses for divorcement seldom come. Upon further reflection you will remember that these localities are only an easy walking distance from the trade centers, and, should you take the trouble to investigate, you will discover that the homes were built by men who, because of their love for family, were impatient with distance and jealous of time, and that they are graced by women who appreciate that love and who, with intelligent companionship and home attractions, nourish it to a passion.

Women of this class are not seen obtrusively upon the street or in the stores, and their faces are not familiar to the public, no matter how long their residence may have been. Some there are noted and even famous for benevolence and philanthropy, whose

names receive public recognition, although they may be personally known to only a limited circle. Their pleasures comprehend finer and higher enjoyments than do those of women who encourage extensive acquaintance, and who are usually gratified by general and public admiration, which admiration, as if in response to an inexorable law, is not well established in the individual admirer, when shared by the many, and becomes one relating to physical attraction only.

Thoughtful women recognize this, and concentrate their efforts to the home circle and the boundaries of congenial association, and achieve a success in domestic and social life, fully equal in result and permanency to that of their husbands and fathers in their best examples of professional or financial effort. Their life is a perpetual object lesson for the correct education and training of daughters to a perfect knowledge and intelligent understanding of duties to be performed, and benefits to be expected in future family relations. These girls seldom give themselves in marriage for monetary considerations, but prefer to grace the homes of intellectual equals and assist in reaching a social position by their own efforts.

Thoroughly educated in scholastic and polite accomplishments, and with correct views regarding her own deportment and aspirations, John Haldon's daughter, Josephine, commanded more than usual

consideration from the women within whose circles she moved.

For a girl to be highly commended by women of the class we are now contemplating, means, not only that her speech and actions may be pure and without reproach, but also that her thoughts and impulses must be immaculate, as a moral laxity of the mind will appear in a movement of the body, a glance of the eye, in the folds of a dress, or the shape of a hat. A rose upon a pure bosom will reveal an unconscious exaltation. Good women note and comprehend this.

So completely did she direct her thoughts to the cultivation of home amenities that her action covered all the range of courtesies, from those of self-denial to the more minute considerations for the interest and pleasure of her family. Her manner towards her father, and her regard for his personal comfort and mental entertainment, were remarked by her intimates as being akin to that of a loving wife. She had said to them, when discussing the subject of marriage and its uncertainties, that should a man ask her to be his wife, whom she knew to be her father's equal in all things that a woman admires and loves, she would accept him without a thought of future regret; but in her heart there was always a reservation; the unuttered thought was, "all but one thing," and from that she wished her husband to be free. Her com-

panions noticed a shade of sadness upon her face, and one of them afterwards remarked, "Josephine is so sad when we talk of marriage that the thought seems a dread to her rather than a pleasure."

Upon Haldon's position as junior member of the firm of Stetson, Burley & Co. fell the duties of entertaining the customers of the house, and securing and cultivating the acquaintance of other merchants who might become desirable patrons. As these men were at leisure in the evening and usually engaged with business affairs during the day, these duties compelled him to spend a portion of his evening hours away from home, at hotels or other places that his friends might wish to visit. By request of his daughter Josephine, he had consented to give an evening to her society, and, as she said, "listen to something that is of interest to us both, and deeply so to me."

After dinner, music and general conversation was enjoyed for an hour, when Josephine took her father's arm and led him from the parlor to what she called the branch office, in which were the library, easy chairs and settees, and also a commercial desk at which Haldon spent many morning hours in special correspondence, and which with its files, its pigeon holes and memorandum books, gave to the room a mercantile air. She needed no encouragement or questions to bring her subject into discussion, but startled her father with the announcement, "I shall

soon receive an offer of marriage from Leslie Montford, and I must know all about him."

"Are you becoming prophetic, Josephine? How can you be so confident that this will become a fact?"

"Father, our acquaintance dates from childhood, and as you are aware, I have often been in his company during that time, especially so in the past few months, and he now gives to me all those delicate attentions that a girl can feel comes from the heart of the man who gives them, but which, being new to her experience, are difficult of definition or communication to others. Her assurance is strengthened by a knowledge of her inclination towards him, and she believes her own sentiments to be a response to those which really exist in him. I feel myself drawing more closely to him, and before I give him the full love of my soul, I must know all, everything about and of him, that I may be able to recede without overwhelming sorrow to him, or to myself, should he not fulfill the requirements of my approval."

"Surely, Josephine, there can be no reason why you should not know, to quote yourself, all, everything, about and of him. Perhaps I can give information and satisfy you that further investigation may not be necessary. He was born in this city, and his whole life is before us. He was educated in Harvard and graduated with much honor; afterwards took a position in his father's business, honorably held it

and received advancement; and now he has a large interest, ample in income to maintain a high social position. He is an only son and will, in time, inherit a large estate, but in the meantime, with the knowledge that I have of his qualifications, I should predict for him great success without that aid. His attractions are apparent to yourself, and I know of none in the city who would be more grateful to the pride and admiration of a girl of your character than Leslie Montford."

"Father, I know all this that you have said to me and more. I know and appreciate his fine mental attainments, and approve his moral tenets, in which I believe him to be inflexible. I know his admiration and respect for all that is good in women, and his just appreciation of the duties of men in their relation to them. I know his regard for their intellectual attainments, and his recognition of their mental equality with men; that his conversation elevates and never depresses any woman who may enjoy his social attention; that his association enhances her self-respect and confirms her integrity; but what I do not know is the nature of his social intercourse with men."

"This line of investigation carries you somewhat beyond that enquiry which is usually considered necessary for satisfactory information regarding the character and desirability of a possible husband. The

man who marries is supposed to abandon his former social habits, and, with the exception, perhaps, of retaining a place at his club, will become a stranger to his old ways of enjoyment. Your remark indicating a desire to know all, everything, savors somewhat of espionage. A blind and unquestioning trust is better than that, my dear Josephine."

"Father, I have no thought of a personal supervision over his affairs, nor have I any interest to know of matters that will not affect the happiness of a married life; but there are shadows cast over the enjoyments of many homes which are the direct result of tendencies acquired by ante-nuptial associations of men with men. These shadows deepen with time, and are seldom dispelled. I would only know upon what ground he, with whom I may spend a life, has stood, and especially whether his tendencies are to an indulgence in the ever-present wine or its demon brothers of other names, and whether a foundation is being laid for the future need of a thing, the use of which chills the warmth of family firesides."

"You mean *abuse*, no doubt?"

"No, father, I said *use*, meaningly. I would that the later years of my married life should be spent in the same beautiful companionship and higher enjoyments that the earlier ones promise. I would look upon the feeble old man who will then sit by my side, with the same love for his clean heart, and the same

honor for his clear brain and its elevating thoughts, which I have for those of the vigorous one who stands beside me and receives the adoration of my youth. I would that he should carry to the end all the finer perceptions of the beauty of a life intimacy made glorious by loving acts and gentle words, and I pray that no disturber may intervene.

"This thing of many names that men use to cheer their brains and emphasize their enjoyments, is making vast inroads into the beautiful and elevating purposes of life. By it, the woman of taste and culture, as well as the one of humble attainments, is being wrongfully deprived of her right to aspiring and ennobling companionship, and by it the better impulses of her heart and the higher longings of her soul are deprived of their daily sustenance. Its use first deprives her companion of all the more delicate shades of thought which direct his mind to their mutual advance in intellectual paths; next it takes from him the finer perceptions of correct action and causes him to be polite where he should be loving, and indifferent where he should be polite; next his sense of justice is obscured, and he forgets the right of the wife to his sympathetic encouragement and cheer, self obtrudes, and things of life that before had interest, become distasteful; he retrogrades mentally until he will fully comprehend but one thing; that, with a man of character, is usually his business. He

is then a social monomaniac ; returning, always returning, from the unfinished discussion of general interest to the all-absorbing reiterations of trade or profession. There can be nothing more dreadful to a woman of clear brain, fine attainments and varied thought than to have given the love of her soul to such a one. It is said that a woman's love once given clings to its object through all vicissitudes, and what must be her anguish to love and to pity the same man through all the long dull years of her declining life!"

"Josephine, your apprehensions have enlarged the danger. I have indulged in what you call 'a thing with many names' since my youth, and I cannot feel that I have become unfitted for the intimate society of a good woman."

Loving arms were around John Haldon's neck, and a loving kiss upon his cheek.

"No! no! my father, not now, not yet. Forgive me, father, but what it has already done to you causes my fear."

There are times in every life when a few words fall upon the ear, a short sentence, perhaps spoken by a neighbor or a stranger, perhaps by a child or a servant, that at first have an unfamiliar sound as of a new language, but which, as they sink into the chambers of the brain, develop into volumes of revelation which throw light into all the crevices of the soul.

You see that it is not what you had thought, and feel a strange tenant taking possession of your existence. The old one never comes back to you again.

John Haldon felt that he was that which he had not known. His heart did not rebel against her words, and his tongue gave no protest. No need for her to tell him that when a child she was taken to his arms on all occasions when they met and lavishly gratified in heart by caresses and loving words, or that with childlike interest he noted all her little gems of action, was sad when she grieved, and rejoiced with her smiles and laughter. No need to tell him that when a girl she had his patient aid in all her mental tasks, and by his gentle constant care her path to knowledge was strewn with flowers; that he was ever mindful of her higher needs, and with pleasant history and charming story directed her thoughts to elevating themes. No need to tell him that her younger sister, fairer than she, had never known him thus.

No word of trouble, no gesture of impatience, had ever been known in the family life of John Haldon, yet he sat by his daughter's side with silent conviction of a wrong too great for the mediation of repentance. Perhaps he could mitigate his punishment and restore to her the jewels of her childhood by the endearing words of other days, but they came to his tongue in sentences of strange construction

and he suppressed their utterance. Perhaps a look of love, such as she used to say the angels must have sent him, would bring her heart's forgiveness and open the doors of his imprisoned affections, but when he raised his eyes his soul refused them luster.

"Father, have I offended?" aroused him from a reverie that had nearly become a trance. He had forgotten the present and the things about him; forgotten the daughter by his side, and gone back to visit the John Haldon of his early manhood, who refused him recognition and taunted him with unworthiness.

"No, Josephine, but I cannot give this subject any further thought, not to-night. I will investigate as you suggest, and we will resume it upon some future evening not far distant. Will you sing for me?"

She went to the piano in the parlor and sang; new compositions, gems of opera, old home songs, and verses of love. An hour passed and no word of request or approbation came from her father, who still sat at his desk in the library. When her songs were ended he came out and gave her a good-night kiss, and without turning, as usual, to the locker in the dining-room, went to his chamber.

CHAPTER V.

"I can use it or let it alone," is the motto of millions. The crest is a grinning devil's head.



HALDON'S serious manner the next day caused many inquiries from his business associates and friends regarding his health or possible perplexities, they having observed that something of an unusual nature was claiming his attention. Josephine's thoughts, expressed the evening before, were revelations of his retrogression in family and social action, and his own conclusions suggested a proportionate decline of mercantile acumen.

Fifteen years had now elapsed since his partnership admission into the house of Stetson and Burley, and during that time he had used liquors for the purpose

of furthering the interests of the firm, and for social enjoyments. He had not considered their use to be an injury to his mental or physical powers, and had, in common with others who indulge, supposed that an application of will power was all that would be necessary to enable him to discontinue that use. Holding this opinion, and being convinced that this would be better for his family, himself, and his business, he resolved to "let it alone," and started upon that journey of abstinence which harbors along its route, giants who resist, and sirens who lure. Few there are who escape and reach their destination.

During the afternoon his mind was disturbed by close attention given to business, unaided by the usual stimulant to spur his endeavors, and without his memorandum he would have forgotten Mrs. Sharkey, and her number, —— Wabash avenue. While he questioned the propriety of a call, in the evening he felt much depressed and reasoned that perhaps an act of kindness to one in need might also be of benefit to himself, and at the suggested time he rang the bell of that lady's door. He was received graciously.

"Ah, Mister Haldon, it was so good av ye to come. I could see ye was a good man whin I was at yer store."

She then led the way to the first floor room back, and lighted other gas jets in the chandelier.

"It's hersilf has been wid me the day a-fixin' over some dresses she said she wore whin she was goin' to school, an' the way she tuk thim in here, an' let thim out there, an' made thim luk exac'ly like they was jist away from the dressmaker wud be astonishin' to ye. She said she liked old dresses if they was dacent an' didn't be shabby, 'cause they was a-remindin' her of times whin she didn't be knowin' they was anythin' in this world at all but to be j'y'us. Poor dear! She's been actin' that ankshis and low spirited that I cud a cried fer her, an' I've done the bist I cud to cheer her up, but I'm a poor woman widout much eddication, an' I belave that somebuddy that's more her kind an' wud know how to advise wid her, wud make her be jist as happy as she iver was, but she don't be wantin' to crowd hersilf onywhere, she's that particular, and she's that pritty she cud git in any society in the world."

"If she has been with you during the day she will not be likely to come in the evening."

"Ah, Mister Haldon, that she will; she left some av her things on the sewin' machine, beyant, a whole pile av thim, an' wud not be lavin' thim in me way the night, she's that particular;" and even while she spoke the outer door was heard to close lightly. "That's hersilf now; she don't ring the bell, 'cause I told her we was that aquainted 'twas like mesilf comin' in. I'll go to the hall and tell her somethin'

why a gintlemin like yersilf should be callin' at me house in the avenin'."

The low conversation of the women in the hall was interrupted by the clang of the door-bell. Haldon heard Mrs. Sharkey say to the other, "Ye go right into the room, the gintlemin will not disturb ye, an' I will anser the door bell."

The lady came in, closed the door behind her, and without a glance to that part of the room in which Haldon was seated, she walked to the sewing machine and began to arrange her work as if to remove it.

A remembrance of youth, and innocence, and beauty, came upon John Haldon. He arose from his seat with the impulse of recognition and went towards her. She turned as he approached and stood before him in the full light of the chandelier. He saw the soft brown eyes, the confiding smile, and the enticing form of Celestine Folsom; the eyes more tender, the smile more alluring, and the form more enchanting than those of girlhood. He took her hand respectfully and told her of his surprise in words of pleasure, and of the memory that had kept with him since their first meeting.

Celestine said, "Then you have sometimes thought of the school girl that you met on the train?"

"Quite often, and I am pleased to meet the woman that she has become, and would know, should she consent to tell me, if the intervening years have

brought happiness, or whether unmerited troubles have appeared."

Celestine arranged his seat and sat before him, still keeping herself in the full light of the chandelier, and told him that her pleasures had been few; that she had married soon after he saw her on the train, because of the advice and solicitation of parents and friends, and supposed that her husband was a man of brains, as her mother told her that any man who had the means that he possessed, must be, and that because he was not vivacious and brilliant, she must not suppose him dull, but would, with longer acquaintance, find in him much merit. As she was young and inexperienced, she had taken him and found that he had inherited wealth and had already lost the most of it by injudicious ventures. She did not care so much for that, as she could bear anything for the sake of a brainy man whom she could look upon with pride, but she found him to be of the lower order in intellect, and a while after marriage, gross in habits. That he died three years after their marriage, and she could not mourn, as she could see nothing to grieve about.

She went home to her father, and as she detested everything connected with her married life, she had resumed her old name and was still Celestine Folsom, and would so continue, except when she might have some law business and was obliged to sign her mar-

ried name. Her father died and her mother married again; then the old home seemed a strange place, and she came to Chicago because she had supposed that the little her father had given to her and the remnants of her husband's inheritance would support her in a modest quiet way, and that she could see more of the attractive things of life, and find better facilities for completing her musical education, unfinished at school. Besides, she had so much unsought attention in the town where she lived, and received so many offers of marriage that she was annoyed. She did not believe that she would ever marry again, as it seemed to her that all the men of brains, and other qualities which attracted her, were already married. Latterly she had found a difficulty regarding payments from people who were in her husband's debt, and this had caused anxiety regarding her future income. She had sorely felt the need of an adviser since her father died, and could not afford to employ an attorney.

Haldon's sympathy impelled him to say, "I would be pleased to aid you with any advice that may be safely given without professional legal knowledge."

Thanks beamed from the soft brown eyes and gave greater assurance of gratitude than the pleasant words from her tongue. After a further conversation relating to her affairs she said: "My rooms are opposite, and all my papers and letters are there. I

have a comfortable parlor. If you can give me a little time, we will go there."

Upon Haldon's consent to accompany her she led the way to the street and forgot the bundle on the sewing machine.

A room is the outward manifestation of the intellectual furnishment of its occupant, and gives suggestions of character and tendencies. Some rooms present to the mind a symmetry and completeness of character and personality, while others suggest peculiar and prominent qualities. In these, articles and arrangements obtrude themselves upon the sense of a visitor.

Upon entering Celestine's parlor Haldon was conscious of a different impression from that received upon entering the rooms of his intimates or social friends. Had he been a philosopher, he would have seen her character scattered round about him, but he was a merchant with finer perceptions dulled by alcohol, so that what he did see was, individual articles obtruding themselves upon his notice, and that they were endowed with the potency of suggestion. The first that compelled his attention was the large easy-chair with cushioned arms; it seemed to expect his use; he did, in fact, approach it before Celestine requested him to be seated, and after she had retired to the dressing-room to remove her wraps and arrange her hair, which the wind had disturbed,

his attention was claimed by other articles with the same force of obtrusiveness as by the easy-chair.

He noticed one footstool of three, which was made lower and broader than the others; he knew that she would push it to his feet when she came in; his eyes rested upon the lounge covered with crimson silk; it suggested the outlines of Celestine's form reclining on its length; and in the pier glass, between the windows, Celestine's confiding smile came and went with the flicker of the grate fire opposite.

The curtains hanging across the arched opening to the sleeping-room swayed to and fro, parted in their motions, held their edges back and wantonly invited observation of luxurious privacy. Embroidered pockets of shining beads were deftly caught by ribboned meshes to the door-knobs and obtruded their unfamiliar uses. An armless bamboo chair, with low seat and back, seemed looking for its hiding-place behind form and drapery, and proclaimed its intention to aid in display of outlines and unrestricted movements, and the painting that hung over the mantel obtruded its assertion of the owner's regard for purity and innocence. All else in the room seemed to shrink from observation.

Celestine soon returned, bringing with her a bundle of papers, well arranged and secured by ribbons neatly tied in double bows, laid it on the broad-cushioned arm of the easy-chair in which Haldon was sitting,

pushed to his feet the low footstool of the three, placed the bamboo chair close by it, and seated herself, the light from the gas jets above his head shining full upon her, showing all the finer details of perfect features and complexion and the rounded and supple lines of form.

She took the bundle and opened it, handing to him the papers which perplexed her. They were what she had called the remnants of her husband's inheritance. As he died childless, and no other heirs appeared or could be found, she was allowed all the benefits of what remained. Mortgages on small holdings in a western town, deserted by the reckless boom that conceived it, with partial, remote, and a few recent payments indicated on the notes, constituted the principal value. A certificate of stock, covering one-fourth interest in a silver mine, the name of which was not familiar to Haldon, was the remainder. She also informed him that she had some things relating to her father's estate, of which her mother was the executrix. She did not wish to consider them with one who was almost a stranger to her, but might do so in the future. A very delicate family matter was involved with these.

About the mortgages upon which she depended for present needs, she wished that she could know whether foreclosure was the better course to pursue, and feared that this might deprive her of all income,

perhaps for a year; and she did not know how she could maintain herself were she deprived of it.

Haldon proposed to take them and correspond with parties whom he knew in that section and ascertain particulars, and would also take the mining certificate and ascertain its value.

With thanks so fervently given that Haldon felt over-paid for his attention, she began to arrange and secure the papers in convenient form for reference. As she did so, a card fell from among them to the cushioned arm of the chair. With delighted gestures Celestine said, "I am so glad to find it; I feared that it was lost and have looked everywhere for it."

She took it from the arm of the chair and placed it among the leaves of a copy of Byron that lay upon the table to her right. In the instant that it remained on the arm of the chair, Haldon had seen his own name and city written upon it. He had noted her pleasure when it fell upon her sight and the care she evinced for its future safety. The subtle flattery of its careful preservation for many years aroused his selfhood and pointed to his many claims for admiration.

"What could I have said, Miss Folsom, that you should remember our interview and preserve its memento with such care?"

"Mr. Haldon, you came to my seat in the car and when you spoke to me it seemed that I had been a

long time acquainted with you. You talked about things I had thought about and took an interest in those I was engaged in, and I felt like telling you everything I knew. I felt that you knew all about me, and I even felt astonished when you asked me what my name was and where I lived. I never met anybody else like that, and you won't blame me for thinking about you sometimes."

"Miss Folsom, I supposed that you would ascribe my effort to please simply to the admiration that all must have had for your manner and personality."

"I did not believe so about you, Mr. Haldon, and I was not thinking of my own attractions, either, when I was talking with you."

Haldon was impressed with that sense of being appreciated which is the essence of companionship, and he forgot about Celestine's unknown social rank, her tangled grammar and her unfinished training in the school of thought, and with words of intellectual strength he gave her pleasure for an hour. At the end of a conversation relating to the sociabilities of a domestic life, she said:

"It was always my ambition to marry a brainy man, but I was so disappointed that I shall never think of marriage again. I have admiration for intelligence and am so thankful to you for the gratification that you have given me this evening, and I cannot bear to think that this is only an acquaintance which

will end when your charitable object shall have been accomplished in my favor. I do not believe women generally appreciate the value of intellect in their husbands, but keep up associations with other women and spend most of their time in society, and it seems strange to me. If I had such a husband, I would give him and his home every moment of my life. I would look for new ways to minister to his pleasure and keep him always by me. There is nothing that I would not do to make him love me."

While speaking, she had rested her arm upon the cushioned one of Haldon's chair and brought her beautiful face near to his. He saw innocence in the eyes and frankness in the smile, but the outlines of the drapery and form seemed about to enfold him.

Rising, he said, "I shall see you occasionally with pleasure, and upon receipt of information regarding the mortgages I will call upon you again. The requirements of my business are of such a nature that I can see you only in the evening, and I will send you a message the day before that you may be at home when I call."

"Mr. Haldon, that is not necessary. I never go out, except across the street, and never stay there through the evening. You know that I have no acquaintance here and do not encourage any, and you will always find me ready to hear what you may have to say."

The remembrance that John Haldon took with him upon the street was that of an enticing personality—Celestine's eyes, her face and form.

When in his chamber he thought with pleasure upon his forgetfulness of the usual evening stimulant and complacently regarded himself beyond the influence of desire for further indulgence ; but the night was restless and the morning brought annoyances. As the conversation during the family reunion brought none of its wonted interest and pleasure, he went earlier than usual to his office, and immediately upon his arrival there, to his work, with correspondence and other duties. Just before the noon hour he made a remarkable discovery. His work, that had usually occupied the whole day and sometimes invaded his hours for recreation, was finished. Attention to occasional customers or solicitations from importunate brokers there might be, but the solid work of the day was done and the amount was the usual average.

He thought of Celestine's mortgages, and that he could use the spare time of the afternoon in correspondence regarding them, which he did by writing a letter to a valued customer whose place of business was in the same town in which their claims were recorded, requesting him, as a personal favor, to make a close investigation, not only as to value, but also regarding the probable disposition and ability of the different mortgagees to pay in whole or in part,

and whether such payments could be expected in the near future; asked his advice relating to the best course to pursue, and covered all the range of enquiry that he would require of an attorney who was employed in his own affairs. He took the certificate of stock in the silver mine, and, without expecting valuable information, read it to the end, and found among the signatures of other official names that of Bentley Ware, Secretary.

Haldon credited him with the control of large means, as the business in which he said he was engaged required it; also, with the possession of good judgment, as he had often come to him for advice. He did not believe that Ware would invest in anything unless it would bear investigation, and found himself rejoicing that Celestine's one-fourth interest in the "Silver Star" mine might be of great value, and thought of an immediate interview with Ware regarding it.

Every man who has been long engaged in business is sometimes conscious of an influence that leads him away from the line of action that has the full approval of his reason, and an impulse, as from the air about him, suggests another course, and he acts upon it. So Haldon, instead of seeking Ware as the most reasonable source of information, directed a letter to an attorney in Tucson, near which city the "Silver Star" was located, enclosed a small check as a

retainer, and made enquiries regarding the mine, and incidentally of the financial and social standing of the officers, especially the Secretary.

As there was still an hour before the usual time for his family dinner, he left the office and went to one of the principal hotels, examined the register and found among the recent arrivals the names of two valued customers from the Far West. He was astonished to feel a regret that they had come. He must be with them during the evening. They were more than customers, they were his friends of long acquaintance; they were liberal men who loved good cheer, and from him they expected aid in their enjoyments; they were convivial, especially so when they were in Chicago, so far away from home, and as they came only twice a year they expected much pleasure. They were heavy buyers.

Haldon was perplexed. What should he do? He could not avoid a meeting. The interests of his house demanded that they should be properly entertained. This, to him, meant the use of wine.

The desire for drink includes nothing of the nature of a habit. It is a demand of the whole being, corporeal and mental, caused by the effect of previous indulgence in the use of a poison, and this demand is graduated in strength by the volume of that previous indulgence; but about the gratification of that desire cluster habits of life that hold the man to certain

lines of action in all his relations to other men, and when suddenly compelled to different methods he feels himself to be a student where before he was a master. This applies to all social, political, professional and business methods, with the greater force upon all lines where money-getting is the absorbing object.

Haldon sent his card to his customers, and after the usual ceremonies of greeting, an interchange of views upon business prospects, and comments regarding things of general interest, one of his friends proposed a visit to the hotel bar. At this instant there came upon John Haldon that inexplicable impulse towards falsehood which is experienced by every one who uses intoxicants; truthfully let it be stated, and plainly; an impulse to give false reasons for their use, and false reasons for the discontinuance of that use. Within these poisons is the subtle chemistry of lies. The plea of ill health was upon his tongue: "Stop; John Haldon is not a liar, neither is he a coward." With this thought for a guide, he told them the exact truth—that he had drank so much with customers and friends that he felt an injury and had resolved to discontinue the use of liquors.

He imagined a coldness in their acceptance of his invitation to be his guests during the evening, and when he met them at the appointed time his sugges-

tions for the evening's entertainment were received by them with a seeming indifference.

The play at the theatre was dull. Where he had before found food for thought and inspiration for a spirited conversation between the acts, he now heard only stale dialogue and looked upon common situations. Hoping that a supper after the theatre might break the restraint of the evening, he escorted his friends to his club and drew upon its resources for all which might be desirable to the taste of an epicure. The table conversation was spiritless. His friends declined wine in deference to their host, and as their mentalities were also dependent upon stimulants for ordinary action, a mental depression seized upon the party that made their parting a grateful relief. He heard tones of reproach in their "good night," and when they assured him of a business call upon the following day he imagined traces of sarcasm in their speech.

As he passed by "Lowman and Stone's Place," he heard the cheerful words and laughter of a rival who was entertaining his customers royally. He had met one of the giants who resist, and was not the conqueror. This giant came to him daily. He went to bed chiding himself for doing a foolish thing that would alienate friends and trade. He was nervous and sleepless. Strange tremors ran along his nerves, and strange pains were in his vitals.

This was only the second night. A week passed; its days full of vexations which seemed to have been sent purposely to weaken his resolution. The necessity for excuses, explanations and apologies, regarding his change of habit, annoyed him, and even the commendation of valued temperance friends disconcerted him.

His senior partner, during a business interview, called his attention to the fact that a regular customer from Laramie had favored a rival house with a division of his patronage, and that latterly others did not seem to buy as freely as usual, and said, when speaking of the sharp competition of the times, "We should increase our vigilance, and each in his sphere of action use all means within reach to retain and extend our trade."

Haldon accepted all this as referring to himself, and felt his partner considered his change of habit to be ill-advised and something that was likely to affect the interests of the firm.

His nights had become almost sleepless and filled with weird imaginings. To the short intervals of sleep came strange dreams of calamity and fancied indulgence in burning wine, the odor of which on a sudden awakening seemed to fill the room.

A family invitation came to attend a formal society reception, and he hastened to write an acceptance, hoping in the display of beauty and adornment to

change the tenor of his thoughts, but the sound of uncorking champagne and the tinkle of glasses drowned the silvery laugh of women and obscured their charms, took his mind from the requirements of gallantry and obligations of fellowship, and left him alone in the contemplation of a desire. Fair women offered him the coveted wine and pressed his acceptance; with discomfited manner he refused and made excuses for an early departure.

His daughter Josephine, who had noticed his refusal, gave him a good night kiss with more than usual fervor. He knew her reason and was annoyed that he had accepted her suggestions.

He went to bed, not to sleep, but to struggle with a desire that was now taking possession of every fibre of his being. Arguments against his resolution thronged his mind; repeated, became more convincing, and discussed, became unanswerable. In the still hour of early morning he arose from his bed and went to the locker in the dining-room. It opened with a creak that brought pain to every nerve. He closed it again without partaking of its contents, and returned to his bed, trembling and in perspiration. Pains as of fatal diseases shot through his heart, his lungs and brain. Strange quivers seized his muscles, and strange fears, his mind. This was the twelfth night.

In the morning Josephine found him at the desk

in the library. She had previously noticed his appearance, as of fatigue or depression, but now in the trembling form and pale face she saw cause for alarm. In answer to her anxious enquiries, he told her of his long denial of indulgence; his fears that abstinence, without a tonic to sustain the normal condition of his system, had proved to be an injury; that he thought best to consult a physician and follow his advice. She suggested Dr. Davis, whose home was near by.

This man was one who told what he knew to be the truth and regarded not popularity or income. His name should be endowed with immortality. Exhaustive in enquiry, and broad in his conception of consequences, with learned tongue and honest pen, he had told of the danger and impotency of alcohol as a medicine, and of its fearful ravages in mind and body as a beverage. Haldon, who had thought him an enthusiast, and prejudiced, said that a physician's visit was not necessary, but that he would go to his business, and should he then feel a necessity, he could seek medical advice during the day.

Interest in his correspondence and the usual morning duties led his attention away from himself for a while. He also received a letter concerning Celestine's mortgages; all of which employed his time until the noon hour. With the thought of luncheon came a recurrence of all his desires. He had eaten

very little for several days, and now he had no appetite. He sent a message to Dr. Mallows, who lived on Wentworth avenue, and who was a member of his club, saying that he wished to consult with him. The Doctor reserved for that purpose the hour of four that afternoon.

At the appointed time Dr. Mallows gave him a graceful reception, and said: "I am somewhat surprised, Mr. Haldon, that you should make me a visit. I had always looked upon you as one who would pass through life completely ignoring gentlemen of my profession; one whose vigor was unassailable; but, our climate! Mr. Haldon, our climate! It is at times what we might call—er—pugnacious, and even you do not seem to be altogether exempt from its attacks. Nothing very serious, I trust? Overwork, perhaps. Busy city, this."

"Doctor, my condition is entirely new to my experience. I am unable to sleep soundly and have strange feelings of dread, as if something terrible was imminent; nervous tremblings in the night; also, during the day."

"Accompanying pains in any part of your body, Mr. Haldon?"

"Pains everywhere, transient and local, but which seem to be transferred suddenly from one organ to another, and are constantly felt in some part of the body."

"What is the sensation produced by them—er—nausea, and occasional flushings?"

"Flushings frequently, and a tendency of the blood to the head. No nausea, but no desire for food; when I see or think about it, I am impressed with a feeling that I shall never require any more. A peculiar sensation, or rather a series of sensations, possess me as the pains locate. In whichever organ they appear, I cannot resist the belief that the most dreaded disease to which that organ is subject has begun its ravages; if in the lungs, pneumonia; if in the stomach, cancer."

"Nervous! nervous! Mr. Haldon, and perhaps somewhat climatic; possibly, a slight indication of malaria. May I ask you regarding your previous habits of—er—labor, sleep, diet, and so forth?"

"Regular in every respect, except perhaps a little excessive in business attention, but not more so than my unusual powers of endurance would warrant. I have used liquors during the whole of my mercantile life, not, as I believe, to excess, but freely, and have recently abstained. Two weeks have elapsed since my last indulgence."

"That is just the trouble with you, Mr. Haldon. One should never be too impetuous in the discontinuance of any habit, more especially one of long indulgence, and which has become necessary to the proper action of the physical organs. Should you

wish to abstain wholly, which I do not consider necessary or even advisable for a man of your age, the indulgence should be graduated so that the different organs receiving sustenance might become accustomed to the deprivation without injury. Alcohol—the materia medica classes all wines, liquors, cordials, and so forth, as alcohol—delays the disintegration of the tissues and strengthens their capabilities for the resistance of waste; this aid suddenly removed causes a breaking down, as it were, of these tissues, and usually precipitates a disaster to some one of the many organs requiring its support. This fact is proved by the wandering pains that you have experienced in the different organs, caused by the effort of disease, climatic or otherwise, to effect a lodgment which nature resists. Had you been less vigorous, the consequences might have been serious."

"Your advice would be to 'leave off' gradually, by using a less quantity daily?"

"If you intended to discontinue its use wholly, Mr. Haldon, yes; but from a medical standpoint, we should question the advisability of—er—total abstinence. For a man of your age we should hardly advise it. Your indulgence is a habit of long continuance, and, Mr. Haldon, a diagnosis of our climate indicates stimulant; it is almost irresistible in its deleterious effects without the help of something to generate warmth. We eat oleagineous foods which

aid, but the extreme variation, especially from heat to cold, seems to compel the use of alcohol in some form. The bracing atmosphere from the lake mitigates whatever adverse physical effects may be noticed from over-indulgence, which helps to prove our proposition, that a reasonable use is of positive benefit, and that the climate requires it, especially so from middle age to senility."

"Well, Doctor, I shall be governed by your decision, as my present condition is simply intolerable, and I would ask your judgment regarding future indulgence."

"Mr. Haldon, we will first hand to you a formula of sedative action that will induce sleep. Take as directed. If you have used whiskies and that class of liquors, we would advise a change; use wines; claret at your meals would be our selection; the others, should you feel a need in the interim, as your own good judgment would dictate. A little good brandy occasionally, during the extremes of cold, will not harm; and, by the way, in the state that we at present find your nerves, would suggest that you take a fair drink of brandy now, or soon, and another as you retire. You will find yourself quite yourself again in the morning. We will see you at the Club, no doubt, within a day or two, wondering why doctors are necessary."

In every city and in almost every village or town

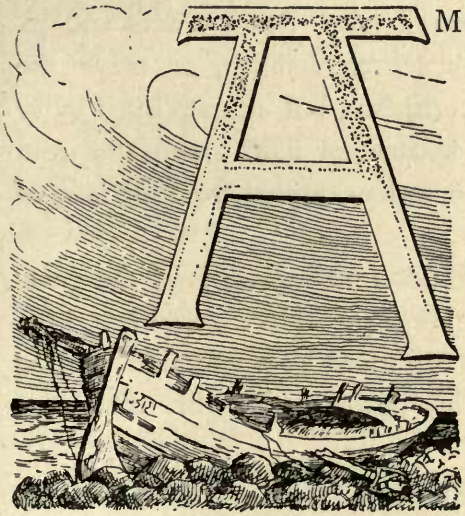
in this land, are physicians who argue and advise as did Dr. Mallows. These men are efficient aids in spreading the disease of inebriety. The manifold weaknesses created by the use of alcohol are the sources of their greatest revenue, hence the advice that belies their knowledge of chemistry and physiology.

As Haldon stepped into his carriage he directed the driver to stop at "Lowman and Stone's Place." He remembered that Lowman had sent word to his partner, Stetson, that he had received some of that very old and very fine Cognac brandy. As he anticipated his coming pleasure in tasting, its pungent and grateful odor seemed to fill the carriage and intoxicate his thoughts. The setting sun appeared to laugh and bless the world with a benign good night. Every man whom he met was driving steeds of air, and every woman's face was wreathed in the smiles of a seraph; and on every side were palaces where before were houses. As he came towards the centre of the city, streets broadened, sidewalks were thronged with joyous multitudes, and happiness beamed everywhere.

Arriving at "Lowman and Stone's Place" he went hastily to the bar and asked for the best brandy. As he poured it out his hand held the glass as in a vise; his eyes drank deeply in anticipation, and he raised it to his lips with the greediness of that terrible power, which is not a thirst, but an irresistible desire, that overwhelms and impels to its gratification with an impulse of greater force than that of all other human desires combined.

CHAPTER VI.

Take heed! A wreck is on the inner reef,
Hard by the harbor's channel.



AMONG merchants of liberal education and comprehensive views, friendships of a close and often confidential nature are not uncommon; this also among those whose business interests are in direct competition. Affairs, even of a personal character, are discussed, and advice and information of delicate moment given freely and with confident completeness.

Haldon's genial nature had secured for him universal friendship, notably among men in his own line of trade, who held him in honorable regard. This was especially true of one who was several years his junior and whom it had been his pleasure to assist

at a time of business peril. This gentleman was a member of a club to which Leslie Montford had been admitted soon after his return from college. To this friend Haldon directed the inquiry promised Josephine regarding the character and tendency of Montford's associations with men.

Among the inconsistencies of thought is one that no philosopher comprehends. Specific acts and inclinations of others are condemned, or made the subject of adverse criticism, but accomplished by or found in ourselves become of light account or even commendable. We feel exempted from the laws of consequence.

In this manner Haldon now considered the question of indulgence in liquors. He excused it in himself, but if found in Montford he would abhor it, and place every bar in his power against his union with Josephine.

His inquiries were searching and exhaustive; so much so, that his friend divined the real object, although he was not otherwise informed. His friend, who had associated with Montford for several years, said that he had never known him to taste wine at the Club, or in social circles, but had never heard him express any sentiment relating to it, and did not know what views he held regarding its use. He also said that Montford's relations with men were honorable and above reproach. With this Haldon was

not entirely satisfied. He wished to hear that Montford was almost fanatical against its use, and was so grounded in his principles that he would not taste it, except to save life, if that were possible.

He informed Josephine of the result of his enquiries, saying that Montford did not use the "thing with many names," and gave his authority, but added that he appeared to have no convictions for or against its use, and said that there was only one young man in all their acquaintance who she could be perfectly sure would never taste it, and that one was Dr. Horace Morton.

Color came to Josephine's face upon the mention of this name. His parents lived only a block away; he was her classmate in girlhood, and the only one who had kept pace with her advancement. She had corresponded with him during his collegiate course; had taken great interest in his ambitions and cheered him when beginning the work of his profession in their own neighborhood. She had been much in his society and revered the good woman whom he called mother. Her own mother had not encouraged closer relations, and she did not consider her regard for him to be inspired by love, but by an admiration for his strength of mind and purpose.

Leslie Montford proposed, was accepted, and with Josephine Haldon entered upon that mysterious beatitude called love, which is supposed, in its first

stages, to bring unity of thought and purpose, and in the later, unity of soul.

Congratulations to Josephine upon her engagement were many and sincere, but she felt a need of sympathy. One day, amid the beaming pleasure and joyful words of several school companions, a thought came to her with the force of a conviction. "These girls should reserve their congratulations until we are old women." The thought lingered and made suggestions.

* * *

Every good woman of social and intellectual rank holds a life friendship and interest in some other woman who, through misfortune or misjudgment, occupies a sphere beneath her capabilities. She may have been a schoolmate, or may be the daughter of a neighbor; perhaps, a sister, who has been stranded upon the rocks of social disaster, and, whether by her own fault or by that of others, she wraps around her the mantle of consolation.

The teacher of her earlier years, now Helen Temple, had need of, and received Josephine's sympathy and cheer, and, as in childhood, her confidences. She yet called her Miss Helen. Helen Temple's marriage had promised affluence, comfort and happiness. Her young husband had acquired an interest in the factory where he had been long employed, but with plenty came a change. A habit that to this

time had received occasional gratification, became a daily indulgence. Absence from duty and careless supervision exasperated his partners, who absorbed his interest but gave him a place to work. His skill diminishing, lower duties were assigned to him, and now the thick black smoke from the chimneys of the mill that might have been his settled around a lowly cottage by its side. A cultured girl had taken his hand; he had led her to its door and put the chill of its poverty around her. Her love for Henry, her boy of ten, and the friendship of Josephine Haldon were all the higher pleasures that life gave to her. This was much; but much was denied.

Soon after her engagement Josephine went to Helen Temple and showed her the glittering ring upon her finger. Helen looked at her in silence.

"Miss Helen, are there no pleasant words for me, no wishes for happiness? Speak to me."

"Josephine, this brings to me a fear."

"I will not forsake you, Miss Helen. I will see you more after I—afterwards, than I do now."

"My thought is not for myself, Josephine, not for myself; but I should not throw gloom upon your life. I do wish you happiness, joy, and every good thing the world can bring to you; and that these may be with you to the end."

"To the end!" Josephine repeated. "This is only

the beginning. I wish that I might look upon all to-day."

"No, Josephine, do not ask this. If we could see to the end, many would take the life God gave them. If only one thing was removed from the world a joyful ending would be almost assured, and the best wish that one woman can give to another I give to you—may your husband never take alcoholic drinks."

"Miss Helen, I know the value of that wish, and have seen the ravages made in a mind that I love."

"Josephine, you have seen little of what might be. Your father is not what he would have been in his appreciation of elevated thought and the better aspirations of life, but his impulses are those of a gentleman. He has brought upon you neither poverty nor shame; only heart-aches, and regrets for loss of companionship. If you wish to hear the story of unmitigated misery, ask the educated wife of some man whom drink has brutalized, to tell it.

"Ask her to tell you how sweet flowers of anticipation carpeted her steps to the altar; how she took into her being another soul, and garnished it with beauties from her own; how the ecstatic joys of wifehood expanded her heart, and furnished within it chambers for cherub guests; how celestial attendants came to the mother's couch and whispered words of love and hope, and gave her reverence; as their God had created so had she given life; revealed to her

the joyful unity of the glorious earthly trinity of love—husband, wife and child—and showed to her an illuminated pathway through a world of pleasant scenes to their home above. Then ask her to tell you why, when only a short journey on that pathway, her footsteps became heavy and the pleasant scenery was obscured by tears.

"She will tell you that her husband went into by-paths and drank from noxious pools whose waters degrade; that they first deprived her of his encouragement, then of his sympathy; next of his consideration for her mental needs and physical necessities; further on came upbraidings and false accusations; he pierced her heart with contempt, threw all of his burdens upon her shoulders, and goaded her to unaccustomed tasks; turned aside to the thickets of immorality and wrapped her womanhood in shame; struck her with the hand that should protect; took their earnings and threw them into the stony fields of poverty; lay down by the wayside in drunkenness, and brought upon her and her child the ridicule of decency."

Josephine Haldon held in her arms a form that trembled with the emotions of despair. There was nothing to soothe but silence. Helen Temple hid away her sight from the things around her amid the enfolding love which softened the anguish caused by reality and the thought of what should have been.

What should have been! As the famished traveler on the desert, she saw fields of pleasure and limpid streams of happiness. To Josephine, the mists of romance were rising, and the world of fact was spreading out before her with all its ghastly possibilities.

"Mother, you said when I got a place you wouldn't be sorry any more; now I've got it and am caring for you, what makes you cry so? Miss Josephine, what have you said to her? You musn't say anything. It's bad enough now, and we want to be happy again."

The time had passed unnoticed and the boy had come in unobserved.

"Henry, Miss Josephine cheers us and never brings sorrow."

"Then why do you feel so badly when she is here? I always feel better when she talks to me, and I'd be just happy now if you wasn't so sorrowful. Mr. Montford, that's Mr. Leslie's father—that's where I work, Miss Josephine—told me to-day that I was an extraordinary—ex-tra-or-di-nary, yes that's it—good boy, just because I asked him if there wasn't something else I could do for him, when I'd just got back from an errand. That wasn't so very much, was it, mother? 'cause I thought you wouldn't like it if I should go and earn money, and didn't keep busy; but I think he likes me anyway, 'cause if he didn't he'd just have said yes or no. And he talks to me about

the business, and tells me how to do my part the same as he does with the men in the office."

"You are a good boy. He likes you and wishes you to learn," said Josephine.

"And Mr. Leslie, he helps me, too, and says if I do right, and learn everything I can, some time I will get a place where I will get a big lot of money, and I hope I can, 'cause then mother can have nice things, and we will be happy, won't we, mother?"

Mother could not reply and the boy chattered on.

"And then I can have nice things like Mr. Leslie does, nice horses to drive and go out riding with. I saw you riding with him last week, Miss Josephine. He don't have to take his mother out, 'cause Mr. Montford rides out with her every afternoon, when it don't rain; and Mr. Leslie can take you as well as not. I'd take mother, 'cause—'cause— He's got nice guns, too, and goes hunting. He, and Mr. Horton, and Mr. Rayton, went down to Kankakee once, and they brought home such a lot of ducks— Mallard ducks they said they was; the best kind; and they said Mr. Leslie shot the most. I don't believe I'll ever learn to go hunting, 'cause I'll have to work and won't have time, but I guess I can go a-fishing sometimes, 'cause I learned that down at Aunt Martha's last summer; she lives in Aurora. Mr. Leslie's going fishing up in Wisconsin pretty soon. He's got such nice fish poles with little wheels on them; them's

reels ; and they pull the fish in by winding them up. I should think it would be easier just to lift them out with the pole and throw the fish over behind you ; that's the way I did. I caught ten in just a little while. Maybe they get bigger ones. You won't go out riding with him next week, Miss Josephine, 'cause he's going to be gone ten days ; I heard him tell Mr. Montford so to-day—and there's several gentlemen going, and they are going to camp. What's that, Miss Josephine?"

"That means, they will take a tent and put it in a grove near some stream or lake, and eat and sleep in that; not at a hotel."

"That's nice, and they're going to camp, and now I know they're going to eat in the tent, 'cause Mr. Leslie had such a lot of things sent to the store, most all of it in cans ; some wasn't. He had a funny-looking basket; I thought it was to bring fish home in. It was a willow basket, and had such funny colors and stripes all around it, and on the cover it said 'Cli-quot.' The porter was packing everything in a big box, and I asked him what Cli-quot meant, and he said it was sham-pain. Ain't that funny? I guess the porter was joking me ; but I can't see what it was about. Why, Miss Josephine, what's the matter? You're just as white——"

Set lines as of approaching age crept around her mouth and about her eyes, her arm went out from

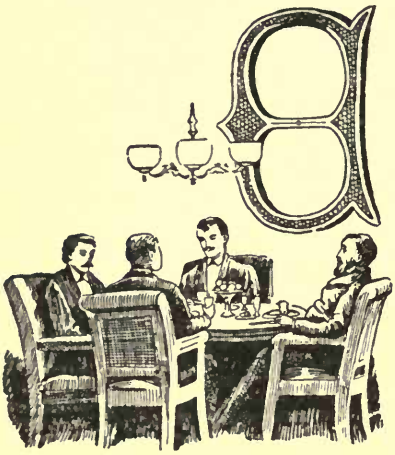
its side and put the hand upon the air, and the fingers wandered in helpless tremors, seeking support.

Helen Temple stood before her. The tears were gone and the anguish stilled.

"Josephine! Josephine Haldon! Arouse yourself and think, and hear me tell you that if he is thus, never go through your life with him. Better to tear the love from your heart and give it to the flowers that poison and the weeds that flourish; to take his picture from among your treasures and put in its place that of a coiling serpent; to turn your face away from the world and all of its beauties, build you a hut in a churchyard and commune with the dead, than to be in the arms of one whose soul is dying, day by day."

CHAPTER VII.

Integrity is a trusty foil
That wards the thrusts of unseen blades.



CELESTINE Folsom reclined on the crimson lounge, fully dressed to entertain expected company. She had received a note from John Haldon, saying that he would call upon her early in the evening with information regarding her mortgages. She had spent much of the afternoon in the arrangement of her toilet, and during the remaining time she was turning the leaves of different books lying upon the table, and transcribing couplets, quotations of rounded period and bright sayings, from them to neat slips of paper. After she had gathered a sufficient quantity, she wrote on other slips, transposing the authors' words into language and constructions of her own, and contemplated them.

Her dress was the color of Australian gold, and had the appearance of being embossed with golden vines, leaves, and flowers of other shades. It was cut high around her neck, and close over her shoulders, bust, and long, shapely waist. The skirt, which opened to the feet, showed a petticoat beneath, embellished by an artistic hand with autumn leaves, rare blendings of their more modest tints. Within the open sleeves was the same effect in spangles of autumn ferns and grasses, on dainty lace clasped to the wrist by slender golden lizards with eyes of garnet. Garnet eyes were in the golden dove that held the laces at her throat, and its mate was among the waves of fine brown hair that rippled back from her forehead and splashed about her ears and neck. At her left side, an embroidered sachet of censer shape was suspended by a silken rope looped about her waist, and as she stood before the pier glass and slowly swung it sidewise, back and forth, the reflected eyes and smile approved the perfection of form, pose, and drapery.

As Haldon entered the room he was aware of another sensation that requires a philosopher's aid to analyze. The things that before obtruded, had retired, and he looked only upon the tinted beauty of face and drapery before him. He knew that Celestine would sit upon one end of the crimson lounge and rest her arm upon its scroll; she did push the

easy chair with cushioned arms before it for his use, and seat herself opposite, the light from the gas jets over his shoulder falling full upon her. With a startling impression that the scene had somewhere presented itself to him before, he looked upon the blended beauties, then to the wall above, as if to see why the painting had dropped from its place and become entangled in the laces, silks and furniture below.

Holding the silken rope in her hand, she rolled the censer sachet to and fro across her lap, and with the deep, dark eyes that saw but did not reveal, she studied the effect of her attractions upon Haldon. What she saw was quiet admiration only, and with a tinge of impatience she mentioned the mortgages.

"You were so long getting information, Mr. Haldon! I was almost in despair that I should never see you again. I almost expected that you would come a few evenings after your first visit and let me know what you had done. I looked for you so often."

"I had not thought, Miss Folsom, that this was necessary until something of a satisfactory nature was ascertained."

"Mr. Haldon, men always look upon the business side of everything:

> 'Dollars and cents get into their minds,
> And the dollars never get out.'

Could you not have thought that I would be pleased to talk with you, even upon other subjects, or rather listen to you? Your visit was an oasis in the desert of my loneliness, and I am impatient with you, because,

'Deprived of its verdure of mind,
The landscape is solemn and drear.'

I know that none other can feel the comfort and happiness that even a short visit, from one that is appreciated, will give to a woman who is deprived of congenial company."

"Miss Folsom, I did not presume to think that I was of any interest to you whatever, except to aid you in your affairs."

"My father used to call me Celestine, and I don't think it would be any harm for you to call me Miss Celestine, at least.

'Words we are used to hear
Are grateful to the ear,
And soothe and captivate.'

I believe that I am entitled to all the pleasure words can give me, especially when they harm no one."

"Miss Celestine, I certainly would not deprive you of that pleasure. I have always thought of you as Celestine, since as a school girl I met you on the train. It is a beautiful name."

"Now, Mr. Haldon, if you think it so beautiful how can you bear to spoil it by putting on a Miss? I

would like it, and you, all the better if you said, just 'Celestine.'"

Haldon hesitated, felt an inability to make a suitable reply, and opened the letter from his friend referring to the mortgages.

Celestine changed her position to one of half reclining, and adjusted herself to listen to its import. It said that foreclosure was the only course to pursue in the interest of the mortgagee; several worthy families would be oppressed, but such things were not usually considered. Celestine interrupted, and said, "The money means my very existence; they cannot be reduced to that." Haldon discussed this feature of the case quite at length and with the usual business conclusions. The friend advised that the papers be sent to a young lawyer, a personal friend, for whose reliability he would vouch; and that immediate action be taken thereon.

"O, Mr. Haldon! that means a year. What will I do? If I only knew somebody who would advance me enough to meet my expenses."

Her smile was driven away by distress.

Good men may get themselves into more trouble through generosity than bad men do through knavery, and John Haldon opened the door to his by saying:

"Celestine, I can relieve your anxiety. You may assign them to me and I will advance to your needs as

occasion requires. Upon their payment you can remunerate me."

Celestine rose to her feet; placed her hand on his as it lay on the cushioned arm of the chair; and, as once before, the form and drapery seemed about to enfold him; the confiding smile had lost its frankness and flashed in bewildering suggestions, but innocence was still in the soft brown eyes. She gently raised his hand, and stooping placed a kiss upon it.

Beyond the limits of computation is the value of a pure woman to her family. To the imagination of John Haldon there came the presence of his daughter Josephine, bearing the record of a life of correct action and self-control. In contrast lay spread beside it a memory of Celestine's methods, the impressions from which were now crystallizing into a knowledge of character still dimly defined, but obtruding its darker lines. As he turned his face away from her his sight fell upon the pier glass, and there, far back in its mirrored depths, the pictured tableau, of which he was a passive figure, reflected shame.

He took Celestine's hand in his and led her to her seat on the lounge; walked away from her and away from the pier glass; down the room towards the entrance door; turned, and while walking, talked of her mortgages; of the details relating to their collection; of her probable needs in the meantime; of

her musical studies and their requirements; and hurriedly accorded the usual courtesies preceding a departure. He forgot about the certificate of stock in the "Silver Star" mine, and Celestine did not mention it.

As he went out and down the street a full moon threw its light upon the side on which he walked. In the shadows of the other side the Professor was going towards his rooms. He had seen Haldon come from the house opposite; stopped and looked at him as he walked away, then turned and walked on. As he placed his foot on the first one of the steps leading to the sidewalk, he again looked down the street at Haldon; presently went up the steps to the landing, turned about and looked at the shaded light in the second story opposite, then down the street; again upon the light, and again upon the street; swung his bunch of keys reflectively, opened the night latch and passed in.

Early the next day he sought Lowman, and eagerly related to him the incident of the night before. Lowman listened to him, but soon, with a gesture of impatience, interrupted:

"Now look here, Professor, what's that got to do with you or what you want? As I understand it, all you're after is to find him, or his friends—it don't make any matter which—when they are full and ready for anything, and get into play with 'em, and

of course pick up whatever you can get; or if you can get 'em into any side speculations that will pay, that's all right, but you want to keep in with 'em as a gentleman should, and not go to doing things that will get 'em disgusted with you and make 'em think you're a flat. They'll throw you right overboard. You go to getting your fingers into their private affairs, they'll have nothing more to do with you; besides, you might get hurt. Now, it ain't a-going to be a great while before he'll be in shape so you can handle him, and when he does, you want to get out with him; and sometimes, if you can, when there's none of them country people along, but just him and one or two of the city crowd. He's drinking a lot of stuff now that'll get him in good shape for anything, mighty quick. I guess he's been around some doctor. If they'd come to me and pay me according to the value of the advice I'd give, 'twould make me rich and I'd retire from the whisky business."

"Well, 'Dr. Lowman,' what should you advise that would be so valuable?" asked the Professor.

"Drink water."

"That would spoil your trade."

"What would I care if I had all the money that advice is worth? and besides, I'd like to see the world once when half of it wasn't crazy drunk, and see how 'twould seem."

"What I cannot understand," said the Professor,

"is why such men as he, who have will and determination to do anything they set out to, never just say, Stop! and make an end of it."

"Professor, that's where you're in the same haze that most folks get into. I've noticed, when a man quits for good, it's generally the weakest ones that give in to what somebody else wants 'em to do. You don't seem to understand that whisky changes a man all around, and that if he's got a strong will he'll be only the more determined to get what he wants, and all his will goes to getting whisky, instead of getting rid of it. Some folks think whisky destroys a man's will, but that's all nonsense. It just destroys his sense, and his will goes swimming in whisky; but this kind of speculating ain't going to pay us. You come around here evenings, regular, and something will turn up pretty soon to your advantage. I've got to go to work and can't talk any more, but you do just as I say and things will be all right."

The Professor went away feeling like a silent partner in a fishing interest equipped with only one line, but he still had ideas of his own as to how the business should be conducted.

* * *

If a man eats, he satisfies his hunger; when he is sick and takes medicine that improves his condition, he has no thought of unlimited doses; but when he drinks alcohol, in any of its many forms, he desires

a repetition. To this, as in the case of all rules of general application there is one exception. That physical organism which is entirely free from any inherited alcoholic taint will repel the repetition of a toxic poison with nausea, and can only accept its repeated ingestion in weak dilutions made grateful by sweets, acids or flavors. In all other cases, under all circumstances, and with all men, the rule governs with omnipotent inflexibility. In the beginner, this is a tendency; in the moderate and occasional drinker, a positive inclination; and in the daily imbiber, an overwhelming desire, that regards not health nor intellect, neighbor nor society, friends nor family. The man lives not who can truthfully claim exemption from this rule, either in the beginning, the continuance, or the degraded climax.

John Haldon was nearing the end. As the regimen advised by Dr. Mallows was too weak to satisfy the ever-increasing desire for more, his allowance of wine decreased and of brandy increased. "Brandy," the bar-keeper said, "is a good drink, but a man should not take it regular; it's too heating. I find for myself, that nothing fills the bill so well as good old whisky," and to any mind clouded with the fumes of either, a bar-keeper's advice is as good as a doctor's, and sometimes better, for the bar-keeper, not the proprietor, has been known to advise a trembling customer to "let it entirely alone."

Haldon gradually fell back into his former habits with a noticeable increase of indulgence. His hours were again too short for his business requirements, and Celestine's affairs had become a task to him. As he had proffered advice and assistance unsolicited, he felt an obligation to continue his care for her interests until the time that she might realize from her effects. Correspondence with the young lawyer, in whose hands her mortgages had been placed, made frequent conferences with her a necessity, and he had spent several evenings in her parlor. He had always found her attired with the same care as at first, and always with the same tendency to lead the conversation away from the consideration of business. He was not displeased with her solicitude for his comfort, or with her efforts to please him, but often thought, after leaving, that he would have a higher regard for her if she was not so confiding or so thankful for his interest in her welfare. Her gratitude for his company and subtle praise of his intellectual and personal qualities, flattered the vanity that is ingrained in all men, and caused him to patronize while he did not approve, and he sometimes found himself in her company because it would please her.

Some months after Lowman's last lesson to the Professor, upon a pleasant moonlight evening, a barkeeper noticed that a party in one of the private rooms of "Lowman and Stone's Place" was unusually

hilarious, and went to the office and held a short conference with Lowman. What he said was received with evident satisfaction. Lowman wrote a note and rang for a messenger, giving him an extra coin to encourage unusual speed. With evidence of haste the Professor soon appeared and asked Lowman the reasons for a summons which had interrupted the enjoyment of his dinner. Lowman calmly answered:

"Professor, you never mind your dinner. You'll get enough to eat before the night is out. Haldon and two of his city friends are in one of the rooms and having a big time. Bar-keeper heard 'em say they'd been to the 'Tremont' and give some of their western customers a big dinner and a good send-off for home, and they left on the six o'clock express. You see they've got started and haven't got enough, and come around here to wind up. Three ain't a full party for them people, they always like four, and I want you to get in before some other friend of theirs comes along. That's what the hurry is about. Now, Professor, you've got to drink some to-night; that excuse of yours won't always go down. While you're here, bar-keeper will fix it all right so your drinks are light, and if you go anywhere else you will have to look out for yourself—spill part of it, or something. I'll tell you, take gin, and you can drink the water instead of the gin and they won't notice it. I'll go in and fix things, so that you can get in with 'em without they're

thinking anything's done a purpose." In a short time Ware was one of a party of whom the rest were gentlemen, and they supposed that he was.

If any one should here be impressed with a suspicion that this is a manufactured situation, and that the writer has drawn upon his imagination for material, let him interview any honest gentleman who is an habitual drinker at bars and he will say that its duplicate, in multiples, can be found in any city, village, or settlement, where liquor is sold over the bar.

Ware brought a clear brain in contact with those of a higher order, but injured by the blows of the brain's worst enemy. He was in a condition to observe and profit thereby; in a position to direct movements, and they, in a state that consents to environment. He noted the characteristic action of each one and studied to adjust himself in proper equilibrium. Haldon was frank, genial, and inclined to intellectual exuberance. The Drygoods-man was nervous and hasty in speech. The Clothing-man was jolly, robust in laughter; and in action, inclined to imprudence. Were they sober, Ware was out of his class; as they were, they could not be classified.

In the course of a game of cards, Ware suggested an increased value of counters and limit. The Clothing-man urged it, laughed immoderately, and called for a bottle of champagne when he reaped the first benefit. The Drygoods-man said that he did

not want champagne; the "usual thing" was good enough. The "usual thing" was agreed upon, and the bar-keeper brought it to them on a silver tray, passed it first to Ware, indicating with his thumb which glass he should take, then served the others. The game passed on with play that would have alarmed their sober judgment, but which was now unnoticed.

From time to time Lowman was called upon for cash on bank checks, and the time between the call for drinks grew shorter. Presently the Drygoodsman said:

"I do not know who is winning, but do know that I am losing all the time, and I propose that we take a ride and play afterwards, if we wish to."

To this proposal Ware gave an eager assent and requested that their ride might include a visit to the various places of immoral entertainment, giving as a reason for this desire, that he had never obtained a full view of the darker side of Chicago, and courteously added, "I would be pleased to do so in the company of respectable gentlemen."

Upon their order for a carriage, Lowman said that he had sent a messenger for Tom. Tom was a hackman who knew every business, professional and official man in the city, but who, should you ask him if he took Judge Portly home from court that after-

noon would say: "Judge Portly? Don't believe I know him; what sort of a looking man is he?"

Tom stood by the door of the carriage, and as he closed it upon the party he said to the Clothing-man, "As usual?" The Clothing-man nodded and he drove them away.

* * *

A magnificent suite of rooms with tapestry carpets and gorgeous furnishings; paintings from the brush of genius, and sculpture from the chisel of inspiration; over all, a soft incandescent light; quiet, almost noiseless, except one sound—the music of ivory counters; a music that enchants the banker, who empties his vaults to hear its siren notes; that soothes the merchant, who gives his capital for its melody; that entices the working-man, who gives the sustenance of his family for its fascinations; and side by side they sit around its sounding-board and help to swell its volume. Alcohol in a profusion of forms upon the mahogany side-board in an alcove shuts from the ear its jarring notes or opens to its harmony. Those who tarry long are dragged away by the hand of penury and the music sounds for other ears. They are in the home of that Lorelei of fortune—Faro.

They did not come to hear her music, but to see her abode. They partook of her solace and drove away—drove through the bright moonlight, up State street, to the place of deeper sinfulness.

Red lights, shining above street doors, send forth a glaring welcome. Wine guided the women within to these portals, and now drowns the anguish of remorse and unavailing repentance. We cannot enter.

Long rows of saloons; painted faces and gaudy dresses flitting in and out, that sometimes stop and talk to unsteady forms, with mingled ribaldry and curses, and then hail the party of respectability with loathsome words. Strains of music from a basement, a huge cave, under-ground. A gaudy stage opposite the entrance; elevated stalls with cloth curtains covered with lace, along the sides; narrow tables flanked by heavy chairs cover the room from door to stage; a bar near the entrance; one on the right side under the stalls; one on the left side; in the den behind the stage, another. For these a license is nailed to the wall, signed by men who pray to God to keep their own sons away from temptation and their own daughters from evil.

Thick clouds of smoke from a thousand cigars and cigarettes rise to the ceiling and are drawn out through the long narrow sidewalk windows in heavy curving streams. The floor is damp from dribblings of beer, wine and whisky, and a hundred gas jets light the scene. The usher is affable to the party of respectability and makes a place for convenient observation and enjoyment. Other parties of respectability

are grouped about other tables, and their nods are answered by recognition, half ashamed.

The room is densely filled with men; the young man, he of the cigarette; the middle aged and the gray haired. To the enticements of drink are added the blandishments of women; the more attractive attend the more respectable, and with smiles and familiarities they persuade to excess. A part of the profit from the sale of wine, beer and whisky is theirs.

A scene opens on the stage. Attractive forms with suggestive tongues flit back and forth in dance and dialogue. Men shout and clap their hands to honor stars of indelicate accomplishments, who afterwards come to the stalls, in paint and tinsel, to extend acquaintance.

The Clothing-man said, "Let's go behind the scenes."

The Dry-goods man was willing, but said, "They are a contemptible lot, who ought to be drowned." Haldon and Ware followed.

Fathers, hold fast to your sons; and mothers, put your arms around your daughters to keep them from such as this. He of the cigarette was there, and she of the indelicate accomplishments, with the flush of youth still upon their faces, and around them both was the aroma of the wine glass. A father's watchfulness had not availed to keep the son from the line of bars

that he had helped to erect on every street; a mother had allowed her daughter to cheer his visits with wine, and they were here—here, where the goodness of women is not and the decency of men never comes. Immodesty walks with ribaldry and shame sits by the side of drunkenness.

These are called Concert Rooms and Varieties. Satan is astonished when a new license is nailed to the wall.

The air was heavy with rank perfume and the odor of liquors. Haldon went into the audience room, rested his arm upon the corner of the bar and looked upon the stage.

The illusions of alcohol had entered his brain and bewildered his sight. The stage seemed afar off, the glittering entrance to a funnel, and about it dwarf figures made motions in the air. Where the audience was, he saw dead men, and the smoke above them was the blackness of a pall. The usher called his friends, who tried to arouse him, but he was oblivious to their efforts. He did not reel and they were astonished that he did not know them.

The Drygoods-man said, "We must get him right home," but the Clothing-man said, "Any other place but that. Never take a man home when he is that way." Ware proposed to take him in a carriage to "Mrs. Sharkey's," and procure him a room. The others consented to this, and the party separated,

leaving unvisited other and lower places of sinfulness which abound and are nurtured by the same thing that had conquered Haldon's manhood.

Arriving at "Mrs. Sharkey's," Haldon was assisted up the steps, and into the hall upon the settee near the door. He walked steadily, without speaking or manifesting a desire to control his direction, and Tom said, "This is one of them drunks that go to a man's head but don't down him. Lots of men that way. No young fellows."

Ware rapped on Mrs. Sharkey's door, then shouted; finally it was opened, just a little, and that lady's voice came out in unamiable tones:

"What are ye doin', wakin' me up this time av night, I want to know?"

"Mrs. Sharkey, I have a friend here who wants a room. He has been drinking too much."

"It's not keepin' a transient I am, and ye know it well, Mr. Ware. If ye've brought a drunken man wid ye, take him to your own room and sleep wid him."

She had opened the door a trifle farther to give emphasis to her decision, and the form on the settee was in full view.

"As I'm a live woman, it's Mister Haldon! Wait till I dress mesilf."

The snap of a match, the rustle of clothes, the stamp of a foot to adjust a shoe, the rattle of a hair



CELESTINE ANTICIPATES A VICTORY.

brush thrown on the marble top of a dresser; and Mrs. Sharkey appeared in the hall with a shawl on her arm.

"I have no empty rooms, but there is one across the street. Can he walk, is it?"

"He can walk well enough, Mrs. Sharkey."

"Go across wid me, Mr. Ware, and I'll see him well treated. Dear! dear! Sich a good man."

"Do you know him, Mrs. Sharkey?"

"No, I don't know him. Everybuddy knows him. Why shud I be knowin' him specially?"

They reached the hall of the house opposite and Mrs. Sharkey politely remarked, "Mister Ware, it's not wantin' any more help I'll be, and I am obliged to ye for comin' wid me across the street. I'll see Mister Haldon gets a comfortable place to sleep. Good night, Mister Ware; I'm obliged to ye."

* * *

A strange perfume wafted into his face by puffs of soft air; an opening of the eyes which upon a first awakening see nothing around them but dwell upon their latest vision; then, closing in a half somnolence, mingle the past with the present; and Haldon looked down the long funnel of the concert-room over the dead men, and under the pall. Upon the stage, surrounded by streams of light and filling its tiny space, sat Celestine Folsom dressed in white; in snowy laces and clinging silk; with sparkling diamonds and

ornaments of gold. The waving of her feather fan disturbed the pall above, and it parted in inky folds that covered the men below. The stage with its enchanting vision and its streamers of light, passed over and drew near to him. He saw the limpid beauty of her soft brown eyes; the enticing flashes of her confiding smile; the fine brown hair in ripples and splashes over her beautiful head and among the laces around her neck. The form bent forward and the drapery touched him. The midday sun flashed his rays around the edges of the drawn curtains and lighted the reality by his side, waving the feather fan to cool his face.

He looked from her to the back of the crimson lounge on which he lay; to the strange figures on the sleeve of his dressing-gown; to the embroidered quilt of many designs spread over him; to the curtains waving in sidewise undulations before the arch, and to the pier glass.

His brain searched for memory of the time between the concert-room and the awakening on the lounge, but it was gone, and he turned to her for aid:

"Celestine, why am I here?"

The question came as a messenger of reproach and shame, and drove the smile from her face.

"They said you asked to come."

"They said!" and through his weakened brain flashed thoughts of consequences; low whispers in

the air, bearing his name; glances of sorrow and reproach; words of scorn, and movements of contempt.

"Why did you not turn me away?"

"Would that repay you for all your kindness to me? Would it repay your interest and advice in things that I could not comprehend? Would it repay you for all the pleasant hours you gave to me when no one else could cheer? Nothing that I could do would give what you deserve."

The smile returned.

Haldon arose from the lounge and removed the dressing-gown; put on his own coat and overcoat, which Celestine brought from the dressing-room, and stood by the easy chair.

Sometimes, when a soul has gone far down into depths of degradation and finds itself upon the edge of deeper pits, it rises out of the blackness and for a time hovers above in the radiance of purity.

Haldon looked at the beautiful girl who now sat upon the crimson lounge, and giving no thought to his own imperiled reputation, said to her:

"Celestine, a woman's life is either of heaven or of hell. As men are, she is not. Their existence lies between. They can partake of her heavenly goodness and be refreshed; they can sip with her the cup of sinfulness and not be overcome; they have not the strength to scale her heights, nor the help-

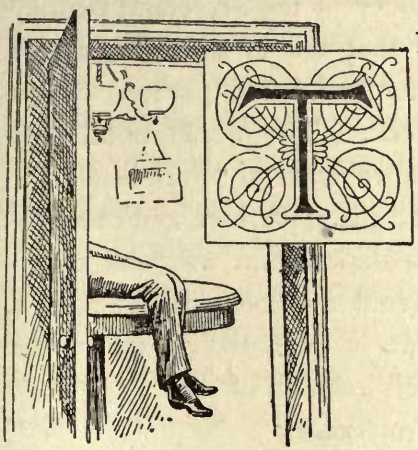
lessness to remain in her depths. Men sustain her who stands above; they trample upon her who goes below, and there is no help for her. Away from the gates of paradise, opened by repentance, they push her to the desert of despair. You have come among men. Go back above, and when one climbs towards you with shortening steps but unflinching eye, put out your hand and help him to your side. Touch not the hand of him who leads below."

They went to the door. She laid her hand on his as he touched the knob, put her arm around him, and said, "You have made me love you. Come to me again."

He looked into the soft brown eyes and innocence was not there. He went away, and, without sin, John Haldon felt himself covered with shame as an enveloping wave.

CHAPTER VIII.

What is a life? A rushlight dim;
Its death, a darkness where it shone.



THE next morning Haldon received a letter from Tucson. His impulse, at first, was to send it to Celestine unopened, with a note of explanation and a request to be relieved from further interest in her behalf; but he thought of his proffered assistance and could not clearly see his way to a retreat.

He opened the letter, which read:

"MR. JOHN HALDON, Chicago.

"*Dear Sir*—Answering your enquiry regarding value, etc., of 'Silver Star' stock, I regret to say that it is worthless, and trust that you are not as yet financially interested in it. The 'Silver Star' is one of a numerous class in this territory that require an

expenditure of one dollar and fifty cents in labor to realize one dollar in coin. Specimens of rock can be found that will assay good value, but as a whole, for working purposes, it is not remunerative.

"This information I received from an expert mining superintendent, who was at one time offered a considerable sum of money by the Secretary, Bentley Ware, for his affidavit that ore in sight would give an assay value of one hundred dollars per ton; this to aid in floating the stock. The whole outfit was Bentley Ware; the other officers, figure-heads for small pay. Ware placed the stock here and there by the help of misrepresentation, and was obliged to leave this section to avoid the homicidal tendencies of several citizens. He is undoutedly a man to be avoided in any and every relation of life.

"Very truly yours,

"H. M. SHERMAN, Att'y."

"A boon companion of a rascal, and an associate and adviser of an adventuress!" With this thought Haldon looked about the office, feeling himself an object of general notice.

Again his mind dwelt upon consequences which included his family, himself, and his business; and he thought of Josephine. His hand trembled; he delayed his correspondence, went to "Lowman and Stone's Place," and took deep draughts of brandy; with steadied nerves returned and resumed the duties

of the day. A whirl of disgraceful possibilities went through his brain; again his nerves relaxed their tension; again the brandy, and often repeated during the day.

In the evening he felt morose and ugly, and went to "Lowman and Stone's Place" for something to overcome that. The Professor came in and saluted him pleasantly, even affably. Haldon forgot the publicity of the place in which they were; forgot his station as a gentleman, and went back to the impulses of his barbarous Saxon ancestry. "You are a dog! Mr. Ware, don't speak to me."

The Professor looked upon a powerful man in anger, with discretion overcome by stimulant. He looked at the broad chest, the clenched hands and flaming eyes, and receded from him two steps backwards; although Haldon did not advance, he held a hand before him and took other steps back.

"You are a cowardly one; a sneaking one, who creeps into the company of gentlemen and licks their hands; a contemptible one, that they should not strike, but kick out of their path."

The Professor moved farther away.

Lowman, who heard the loud, positive voice from his office, came out, spoke to Haldon and led him aside.

"Mr. Haldon, you're attracting attention. A business man like you does n't want that. A little mis-

understanding between friends shouldn't be anybody else's affair ; besides, it does n't do my 'Place' any good. You have known me a long time, and you know I'll always do anything for your interest. I look upon you as a friend. Now, don't think of this any further, not to-night. You'll meet again when you're feeling better and things will be all right."

"Never, Mr. Lowman."

"Well, well, let it go now. Come into one of the rooms and take something with me, and tell me what it's all about."

As they passed into the room Lowman sprang the latch upon the door. The Professor went out upon the street. The drink was brought on Lowman's order, and he sat patiently awaiting the explanation.

Haldon, when entering the room, had intended to tell Lowman the manner of man whom he had introduced into his society, but when he had drunk, his anger was cooled, and he held the empty glass in his hand ; looked down into its frosted bottom, and thought. This is a part of what he thought :

"Is this I, John Haldon?"

He looked at his empty hand ; within the palm and on the back; then looked across the table at Lowman as if to enquire ; then looked again into the depths of the glass.

"This must be another. How did I, John Haldon, get into this body, this being? John Haldon

was good; this is bad; he was a gentleman; this, a brawler, a disturber of quiet; he associated with men



"IS THIS I, JOHN HALDON?"

of character and women of incorruptible virtue; this visits iniquity and walks about with rascality."

He looked again at Lowman; stared at him as if he were not seen; filled his glass and rested his cheek on the open hand, his elbow on the table; looked at the full glass clasped by the other hand, and thought again:

"No, this is not I, John Haldon. This, goes to his home and to his bed, and those around him say, Good night; he went to his home and the arms of a wife came around him, and children were in his lap and about him the evening through; went with him to the chamber door; kissed and caressed and wished for the morning light to be with him again. This, goes to his work and it absorbs his thought, except he feels a thirst; he, saw the smiles of wife and heard the prattle and laughter of children, mingled with papers, books, and merchandise, in all the happy day."

He drank the liquor in the glass; filled it and drank again; still he held the glass in his hand and looked in its frosted bottom.

"John Haldon looked upon his fellow men with even eye, on equal altitude; this, no, this is not John Haldon, this is the other. This one has seen corrupting sights and tarried in vulgar places; looks upwards when he meets his fellows, as if he were below them, or downward, as if ashamed that they might know him as he is; he saw women as the angel forms of earth—saw their purity of soul; this sees their sins and thinks upon their frailties."

He put his forehead upon the empty hand, and for long moments all was still, except the jingling glasses at the bar.

"He was a *man*, and *this*——!"

He raised the hand that clasped the glass and

struck it down upon the table. Slivers of glass flew about the room and awakened Lowman from the nodding sleep into which he had fallen. He looked at Haldon and saw only glaring eyes, set teeth, and clenching hands. He rose as Haldon did, and as Ware had shrunk away from him in the bar-room, so did he now, from the eyes and hands.

"Mr. Haldon, what ails you? You look like another man."

"I am; there are two of us."

He went from the room, by the bar, and out at the door. Lowman looked after him and said to a bar-keeper:

"He acts like he was crazy."

Later, the Professor returned and Lowman lost no time in asking questions or ascertaining wherefores, but opened as one possessing full knowledge.

"Mr. Ware, you seem to lose sight of the fact that this is a business that we're engaged in, and not a racket, nor anything we're doing for fun, and you've let your end slump. You've already carried it a great deal further than you know how to, and I'm thinking it's time for me to quit you."

"Mr. Lowman, I am not aware that I have made any mistake. Everything was all right, so far as I know, up to this evening. What could have caused the trouble with him I cannot imagine."

"That's just what's the matter, Mr. Ware; you

can't imagine. You don't want to imagine. You ought to have studied the ground ahead of you so you wouldn't need to imagine, but you'd know enough to act, and that in such a way that nothing would come up such as happened here to-night. Your cake's dough in that direction now. You'll never get in range again. When a man like him talks as he did to you to-night, you're more liable to get hurt if you come around where he is than to get looked at."

"I'll get even with him yet."

"You'll get even! If you drew a gun on him and he just looked at you, 'twould scare you so you'd drop it on the floor; and as for hurting him any other way —well, Professor, let's talk about something else."

"Lowman, I know something about him that will 'fetch him,' as you say."

"Yes, you do. Now, Professor, let me give you just a short advice; I'm listening to what you mean. You keep away from him—way away. Study up something else and see if you can't handle it better next time. I've lived in a big city a good while and I've seen about all there's to be seen in this world, and I want to tell you that I have never seen a man get his fingers into somebody else's private affairs but what got 'em slashed, sooner or later. He's a straight man and won't stand but a mighty little of your nonsense."

"Well, Lowman, I want to tell you that the

straighter a man is, the more advantage you have over him, if you know of something that is usually concealed from friends and family."

"Professor, you may think you're on the right track, but I want you to know that everything ends right here, between us, and what you do now is your own business. There's nothing in it. When I play, it's for a sure thing, or I don't play."

Notwithstanding the reasonable advice, a week later Haldon received this letter:

"MR. JOHN HALDON:

"*Dear Sir*—You have seen fit to insult me in a public place, and because you are a man of standing in this city, those who were around us believe me to be in the wrong in some way.

They, as well as myself, are at a loss to know the reason why you should have said what you did. Should you in any manner, by further association with me, or by your own words, remove the impression that you have made, I will overlook it; otherwise, I shall adopt my own course for reparation. I shall be pleased to hear from, or to meet you in conference, at your very earliest convenience. Yours, etc.

BENTLEY WARE."

Haldon's first emotion upon reading this letter was one of contempt for the writer's dependence upon another to give him a manly standing with those

about him; and the next, of anger, that a man of Ware's character, which he now comprehended, should presume to ask companionship with him. He threw the letter aside; took it up and read it again: "Otherwise, I shall adopt my own course." "They said;" and Celestine's apology sent flushes of blood to his head in painful volumes, which receded, leaving him faint and haggard.

Sweet is the approval of our fellow men. All the joys of life are interwoven in its woof and warp, and without its shielding mantle the chills of solitude penetrate the soul. To be tolerated; this is agony. To be avoided; this is purgatory. To be condemned! My God! and awful thoughts flashed through Haldon's mind. Again he felt himself the "other man."

Strange thoughts of vengeance came, and murderous impulse grappled with an absent foe. Demons whispered in his ear to kill, that it would be pleasure; to trample, that it would be joy; to mutilate, that it would be delight; to destroy, that it would be ecstasy. All mankind had gone except his enemy, and him, he would annihilate. Where are the weapons and where the grave?

A hand upon his shoulder and one upon his cheek. Haldon came back to himself and saw his daughter Josephine looking into his face.

"Father, go home with me. This is almost your usual time, and you are not well. Dark hollows are

about your eyes. You need rest, and perhaps a physician."

"Nothing serious, Josephine. A little overwork, and some annoyances. I am unused to them."

"Father, I wanted you with me this evening. I too, am troubled, about you, and about myself. I wish to talk with you about Leslie, and I want your best thoughts to aid me. This is why I called for you. I did not see you this morning."

"Josephine, I am unfitted for that, to-night; besides, I have something that demands my attention, and will give this evening to that, and reserve for you, to-morrow's. I will wait on you to the carriage, as I need all the time of the day and evening to finish what I have to do."

Haldon looked after the carriage as it went down the street towards his home, and a strange impression came upon him that it had started upon a long journey. He watched it until it passed over the bridge, then went back to his desk and took the papers and letters relating to Celestine's affairs to the office of Judge Heron, his attorney, and gave him, in detail, an account of his interest and effort in her behalf, and requested him to complete the work that he had begun, without expense to her. This done, he went directly to "Lowman and Stone's Place," asked for the exclusive use of a private room, and

requested Lowman to tell Mr. Ware that he wished his company during the evening.

The room assigned to him was closed to the ceiling, and no noise of glasses, or the talk of men, could be heard from the bar-room. He put his hat upon a narrow shelf placed across the angle of a corner and lay down upon the leather sofa opposite.

Four leather-covered chairs were placed along one end and upon the side opposite the door; in the centre of the room, a heavy mahogany table, broad and round, with a single support like a newel-post set firmly into the floor; a chandelier above, with four gas jets; glass pendants played with the light and tossed it, each to the others in colored flashes; and porcelain bells, suspended from the ceiling, swung to and fro in voiceless rhythms. He closed his eyes against the scene.

Geometric figures rimmed with light, and swelling spots of frightful colors, moved around amid the darkness. Great flames of light shot into awful space. The frightened eyelids drew apart and his sight fell upon a peopled room. In the chairs, grim forms in rioting, swinging about their heads long burning cups in flames of red and blue; bending over the table were hideous women, with bony arms, writing on scrolls with blood; around the floor, pale children dressed in red, with tearful faces, whirling their bodies round in gleeful dance, while from the

lights above lithe dwarfs threw balls of fire, with nauseous odors, upon the forms below. The bells above them tolled in mournful tones. In the corner stood himself with his hat upon his head, looking about in unconcern. He arose and went among them. All were gone. The chairs, the table and the hat were there, and he, in trembling form.

He went to the bar and took deep drinks of quiet, and his nerves obeyed; then returned to the room and waited, looked about to see if other forms were there, and longed for company, even were it a fiend, and anxiously awaited Ware's appearance. When he did arrive, he greeted him almost cordially, and then went to himself and to his hatred for the man.

"Mr. Haldon, this is an unexpected pleasure that you receive me pleasantly, especially after the terrible scoring you gave me the other night. I thought at the time that you were not feeling well, and that it was simply an outburst—a safety valve, as it were—and must congratulate myself that I kept under control, and did not retaliate rashly and do something that I should now regret."

"Mr. Ware, do you know the 'Silver Star' mine? What are your relations to it?"

The question did not bring discomfiture, as Haldon had expected, but retaliation.

"Mr. Haldon, are you acquainted with any one on Wabash avenue, and what are your relations there?"

Haldon thought, "He is convinced of wrong; others will be. Oh, Josephine! you must never know."

Ware perceived an advantage and followed it.

"We men all have speculations, financial and otherwise. If I can buy a piece of rock for a dollar and sell it for a million, how do I differ from a man who buys merchandise and sells it for ten per cent profit? I get all that I can, and so does he."

"He does it honestly, Mr. Ware, and without misrepresentations. His neighbors respect him and do not drive him out of the community with guns and ropes."

"Perhaps they would, Mr. Haldon, did they know of his life outside of business hours."

Again the retort, and again was Haldon aware of the presence of the "other man," and he was in anger.

"This talk does n't pay, Mr. Haldon. Men are all alike when you get to the bottom of things, and so are women."

Men have been killed for saying less than that, and the "other man" whispered to Haldon, "Kill him."

Ware changed his seat, went around the table and near the door. The eyes before him began to penetrate.

"Mr. Ware, you are not insulted. You have not felt insulted. Tell me the full meaning of your letter.

As you say, this talk does not pay, and I ask you to lay aside all fear of me and tell me precisely what you think. You need not fear consequences."

"Of course you know, Mr. Haldon, that I could make things very uncomfortable for you if I should tell some things in some places, and you have given me the provocation to do so, but if it can be arranged to make me even again, I am not disposed to make you any trouble——"

"Well?"

"I feel that I am just as good as anybody, and if something did happen away out in that western country, where every man tries to beat the other man, it does not affect me here. I have come here to make Chicago my home, and, of course, I want to be in as good standing as possible. You have hurt me and you should go out of your way to make me even."

"And if I refuse you will try to get revenge; is that your intention?"

"I could, Mr. Haldon, if I was not satisfied that you would do the fair thing. If I stay in Chicago I wish to keep in good society, and if I can be recognized by you, this will aid, and if I could know some gentlemen and ladies of your acquaintance, that would help more. I am capable of sustaining myself in society, even as good as that which your daughter moves in."

"Mr. Ware, I am obliged to go down the street for awhile. Remain here until I come back."

Ware supposed that he wished to cancel a business engagement for his benefit and gave assent.

Haldon went from "Lowman and Stone's Place" to one of its kind in the next block. He looked over the bar to the side-board beyond; among the bottles, from one to the other, as if to make a choice. He knew their contents and their names; knew their action and their strength. None would satisfy. He wanted something filled with fire; besides, there was not enough. He wanted lakes, in which to bathe; an ocean, upon whose bottom he might lie and drink the world above.

"A drink? No. It is nothing. Give me a bottle, and a room. Give me whisky, the strongest. It makes one ugly, mean. I would be that, and vengeful. What do I care for a city full, for the world; for anybody, for 'what they say,' for anything? The good have gone; they are not good, they only seem so. The bad are all around, and they should die; they live, and must be killed. This is a small bottle, very small. Bar-keeper, bring another. * * *

"He brought himself around me and showed me his filthy soul; says that I am foul and base; taunts me, and comes to me with threats. To me! He spoke about my daughter; my daughter, Josephine. He should die for that; should die if he had ever

thought of her; should die if he knew that I had a daughter; must die! * * *

"Weapons? what need have I for weapons? I'll pull his arms from out their sockets and swing the bleeding tendons in the air. I'll put my hands around his neck; tear it from his body, and wash me in the gushing blood. He is there, dreaming of iniquity. This is the time and this the opportunity."

The Professor was walking the few paces that the room allowed, up and down between the mahogany table and the door. "Victory already assured! Aid and influence of respectability! Profit and position to come! I am wise and skillful; Lowman, a fool, who thinks that he knows everything."

Haldon came and met a serene smile as he who conquers an enemy. He laid his hat upon the shelf, and quickly turning, put both hands about the Professor's neck and throat; bent him backward across the mahogany table and laid his length upon him. The Professor saw above him steel-blue eyes that blazed with fires of murder; a face that scowled with unrelenting vengeance, and gleaming teeth amid the foam; the same dread aspect that the brutal Saxon took with him upon the battle-field; and the same sinews that drove the battle-axe through shield and skull and brain he felt around his throat. He could make no outcry. His feet hung over the table's rim and struck but air. The feeble blows from his hand

took no effect. His muscles soon relaxed, and Haldon sat upon him, the better to see him die. The hands around his neck shifted and tightened their grasp; the bones in his throat snapped and pierced through the flesh and skin; blood oozed out and ran between the fingers, over the hands, upon the table, and splashed upon the floor. The face above him smiled, but the eyes gleamed with murder and vengeance. Flecks of foam fell into the blood, and the fingers sank deeper into the flesh.

Delirious screams went from the room, by the bar, and out upon the street, bearing in their tones a horrible disaster. Men ran to whence they came, burst in the door, recoiled and shrank away. Before them stood a maniac, bathing his hands in smoking blood, and on the mahogany table lay the Professor with mangled throat and glassy eyes.

Officers were called, who overpowered Haldon and took him away.

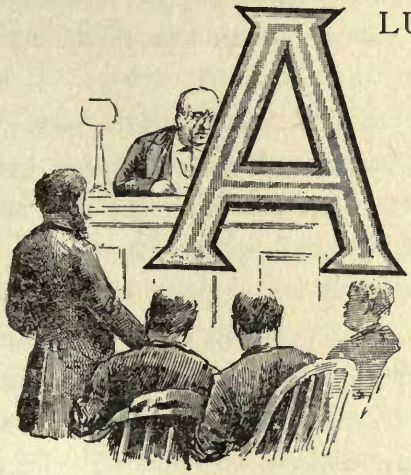
Lowman came in soon after, elbowed his way through the crowd; stood at the door of the room, and looked at the white face of the Professor upturned to the gas light; then looked back over the mass of people surging through the entrance, filling the wide bar-room to its utmost corner, and whispered to a bar-keeper:

"It's the biggest advertisement the 'Place' ever had."

The bar-keeper said, "Immense!"

CHAPTER IX.

The ship sailed off the rim of earth
On the ocean of space beyond.



A LUNACY commission is a good thing. The two physicians know when a man does not act right, and the Judge knows where to send him. The family physician helps to break the unity of cause and effect.

A printed form, called a commitment, with questions to answer, facts and conditions to assert, and authority to receive and restrain, is completed, recorded and handed to the proper officer for execution. At this stage of existence its greatest value is developed. It is a legal transfer of the man to those who understand their business, fully and minutely.

The second day after the tragedy in "Lowman

and Stone's Place" Haldon was brought before the court on the question of sanity.

Dr. Mallows, who was one of the commissioners, said that he was astonished, perfectly astonished, to find Mr. Haldon in this state of mind. He had never known him to act in any way abnormally ; his business affairs he knew to be in good condition, and his family relations were supremely happy ; the cause for this sudden and violent attack was difficult to ascertain.

The Judge suggested (the examination was in chambers) that he might have drunk too much, but Dr. Mallows waved the idea into discredit with an outward movement of his hand, and said that no one was ever known to become insane from the use of liquor ; it might kill a man, possibly, if he drank an inordinate quantity ; might develop his insanity ; but make him insane, never. The action of alcohol on the brain was transient, entirely so ; and the effect soon passed away when the cause was removed ; but there was no doubt of Haldon's insanity, none whatever, and he turned to the blank commitment and began to write upon it.

Judge Heron, who was present in Haldon's interest, suggested that a thorough investigation might develop a cause for his condition, and that for the benefit of those who would treat his case at the Asylum—if for

no other reason—that cause should be found, were it possible.

"Those physicians," said Dr. Mallows, "make an especial study of this branch of our science, and no doubt pay more attention to the demonstrations than to those things that might cause insanity. Overwork, a sudden passion or fright, produce acute mania. They treat the mania. The cause is removed when the patient is put under restraint."

The commitment was made out in legal form, attested by the Judge, and the officer took Haldon and went with him to his new home.

In the general conversation that followed the Judge expressed an opinion that liquor was the cause of the whole affair, including the insanity, and said, "A man of Haldon's brains and position should be ashamed of a life ending in this condition."

"At just what point in his life," said Judge Heron, "would you have this shame begin, and how would you have it develop?

"Let us find the truth.

"Should he be ashamed when he found wine upon his father's table, and drank because his father did? Should he be ashamed when, at a society gathering, the fair maidens of his circle filled the glasses and drank with him, while their mothers smiled approval? Should he be ashamed in his college days, when with genial companions and generous wine, he filled the

occasional evening with frolic and song? Even then, the teachers said, 'Wine is good for the stomach's sake; but avoid excess.'

"Should he be ashamed when his employers and their rivals encouraged the use of drink to obtain advantage in competition, and secure pre-eminence in trade? Should he be ashamed when his partners and friends in business life encouraged him and themselves in its use, and no one said, 'Do ye not so'? Should he be ashamed when he found the coils of the serpent drawn tightly around him, and he would give his all to unwind them, but could not?

"No! Were he reeling along the walk, or lying upon the street bespattered with filth, the shame would not be his. But shame there is; deep, damning shame, and whose?

"Let us find the truth.

"The shame is ours; mine, and yours, who were not born with the taste of alcohol upon our tongues, and have no desire for drink. We know the right and are not influenced by it. We know that the youth should never taste. Our tongue gives no advice and our pen no warning. We know the danger to the man, and put out no hand to draw him back, but by vote and influence we build him gaudy tombs by every wayside where he can go and die. The widow and her homeless children point at us, and a thousand forms with scarlet faces and unsteady

steps walk about the streets and show us to the people. The shame is not his, but ours; mine and yours."

"Let us find the truth!" was not a thoughtless phrase with Judge Heron. The expression might be called a habit, but the impelling force was an earnest demand for the broadest comprehension of fact and his relation to it.

At one time, in compliance with a request for his opinion relating to personal liberty, in its connection with the saloon interest, he had said:

"Personal liberty is an adjustable privilege that is sometimes taken from the individual and given as a compensation to those whom he has injured. As an independent fact it has no existence, but always remains an integral part of a controlling whole, and will be exalted or restricted as the interests of the whole demand.

"The 'Army of the Saloon' is entrenched upon its last battle-field. It has no slogan for right or justice, and its battle cry is 'Personal liberty,' which it shouts to alarm the unthoughtful and bring recruits.

"It levies upon its people the tax of unjust profits and gives them no protection. It throws its dead over the ramparts and takes no care of its wounded, but pushes them within the lines of its adversary. It is the gigantic injustice of the age. Compared

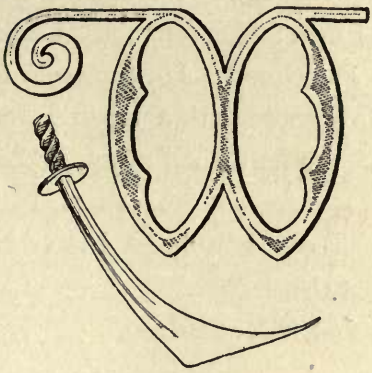
with its rank and file, the tyrants of the Dark Ages were angels of mercy and ministers of justice. They did not kill the soul. Reason and common sense have already denied these personal liberty. Laws and ordinances have already built fortifications around them and will soon take it from them.

"When a wrong loudly asserts its right to liberty of action, the day of its correction is near at hand.

"What of the saloon-keeper? Has he no rights? He is entitled to the same consideration as the convicted criminal before a court; that his punishment shall not exceed his offense. He has already been condemned by enlightened opinion, and only awaits the sentence that it will inflict."

CHAPTER X.

In that strange country
Sounds were sights
And sights weird—
In that strange country.



HEN Haldon arrived at the Asylum he came before Doctor Peters for examination. This doctor was one of a class who are employed by the State for a specified purpose; well paid, and denied the privilege of practice outside the Asylum. Having an assured position, they are not dependent upon popularity for advancement, nor are they obliged to study the beliefs and whims of those whom they serve, to keep their patronage. A man who is brought to them for treatment or restraint, no matter what his rank or station, is a case to be treated, and nothing more. They usually tell the truth and act accordingly.

Doctor Peters was a man of large experience, sound judgment and deep enquiry. He glanced at the signatures on Haldon's commitment, noted its legality, and dwelt upon the reasons for its execution. It said, "*In re* John Haldon; an insane person. Age: Forty-five. Form of insanity: Acute mania. Cause: Unknown. Tendency: Homicidal."

Doctor Peters looked from the commitment to Haldon, and said, "Form: Monomania. Cause: Whisky. Tendency: Delirium." He then told the attendant to put him in a room with a latticed door, and watch him closely. As he turned away, Haldon asked pleadingly:

"Doctor, can I have some brandy? I have had but little during the past three days."

Doctor Peters answered, "Not a drop."

JUDGE HERON'S NARRATIVE.

Two months after Haldon's commitment, I received a letter from Doctor Peters, asking me to visit him. He said that Haldon was now quiet, except at intervals of short duration, when he was under a delusion*

*In differentiating between an illusion, a hallucination, and a delusion, as these terms are properly accepted by alienists, the diagram opposite may serve as illustration and assist the layman in remembering the definitions.



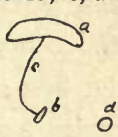
JUDGE HERON'S NARRATIVE.

that his head was filled with knives or other weapons. He believed that my visit would be a benefit to him and that it would turn his thoughts to the contemplation of realities.

* * *

A warm, still day of late September. The thin smoke of an Indian summer shrinking away to the closer companionship of distance, dimmed to the sight a mass of foliage, with leaves deftly painted in bright colors and soft tints by the inspired autumnal artist. Beyond are towers and modern architecture in giant construction, spreading its ornate

a, represents the brain; *b*, the peripheral organ of sense; *c*, the nerve connecting the peripheral organ with the brain; and *d*, an external object.



First: When all three are involved, *i. e.* when the brain (*a*) perceives—say through the peripheral sense organ (*b*) the eye—an external object (*d*) wrongfully, such idea is an illusion. For instance, a person sees in a young man of twenty, his old gray-haired father.

Second: When *a* and *b* only are involved, *i. e.* when the brain (*a*) perceives through the peripheral organ of sense (*b*) an external object where there is none, the result is a hallucination. There are, therefore, hallucinations of sight, hearing, taste, smell, and general sensation. Hallucinations of sight, for instance, are perceptions brought about, not by impressions upon the retina by external objects, but by stimulation within the central organ (*a*), the brain, which stimulation results in a projection as if originating in the retina. Example: The alcoholist sees serpents and hears their hissing in an empty room.

Third: When the brain (*a*) conceives an idea independently of a peripheral sense-organ and of an external object, the idea is a delusion. Examples: A man believes himself to be Napoleon the Great. A man believes himself to be internally invested by fiends, weapons, electrical apparatus, etc.

(*Definitions constructed by A. W. Hoisholt, M.D., Resident Physician, State Insane Asylum, Stockton, California.*

shelter over distant gables; approaching nearer, a long row of elms; at the end, an arched entrance midway of spreading walls and grated windows; a statue of Mercy upon its keystone; on the face, in chiseled letters, "State Asylum for the Insane."

A passage through to a roadway beyond; on either side, behind the buildings, high walls enclose space, where men are walking, thinking, smiling, laughing, weeping, talking, praying, shouting and blaspheming.

Within, decorated offices with prosperous air and busy desks; beyond, on either hand, heavy latticed doors opening to ample corridors with spotless floors and tinted walls; in the distance, other latticed doors, and other long corridors, retreating at angles from the first; at their junction, broad landings, with chairs, a table, and a pendulum clock high on the wall.

On either side the corridors, a row of rooms with latticed doors, admitting the outside eye to every corner; spring locks within an outside knob of brass; high grated windows; brick walls plastered and painted, white and clean; a narrow bedstead fashioned from hollow iron pipe, bolted to the floor; wire mattress; upon it, one of wool; warm blankets; soft pillow and laundried sheets, where specks of dirt must never come.

Above, and still above, other corridors, other rooms, other latticed doors, and other landings; with chairs, a table, and a pendulum clock high on the wall.

Each corridor and its surrounding rooms comprise a ward. Experienced attendants, in neat apparel, attend to the wants and needs of their charges.

Haldon recognized me, shook my hand and immediately became confidential. An attendant put an arm-chair into his room for my use, and Haldon sat upon the bed when we went in from the corridor; afterwards, he stood and talked; sometimes walked about; sometimes threw himself upon the bed and covered his face in the pillow. When the attendant went away, he began:

"Have you got some brandy? No! That is what they all say when I ask for it. I can smell it, though, when I think of it, and taste it—O, such a taste!—when I dream about it. They cannot deprive me of that. If the awful weapon was not in my head I could go away; then, I could get some. They say that I cannot go until the weapon comes out. Perhaps it never will. How did it get in? Such an awful thing; I must tell you."

I will give the description of his delirium in his own words, and wish that I might put his gestures and expressions upon the pages with them.

"It was the next day after they brought me here; yes, the next day. We were called to dinner. I wanted none. There was no wine; no brandy;

nothing. I could not eat and was lying on the bed, here in this room.

"You see that bedstead? See where it has been mended? There; the bow that makes the head. I will tell you about that, too. I will tell you everything and then you will know.

"I was lying on the bed. The corridors were silent.

"A strange feeling came to me, and round about me; in the air, and from the ground. I felt that everything about this world was changed. Nothing remained as it was. The air was thick with odors that went away and sent others, deeper and more noxious. Strange forms came in from strange directions, and in unusual manner. Colors changed in a twinkling, or scattered in ghastly splashes, returned, and deepened; and sounds forsook their wonted ways; took grotesque shapes, and hideous; wandered about, and lingered.

"The clock in the landing struck, One.

"I heard the sound drop to the floor and scramble through the lattices; its metallic footsteps paced the corridor, stopped at my door, and it told me it was One; went down the ward to other doors and said it was One; went into other wards and told them it was One; and far away I heard its dying whisper, One.

"'God send their souls to hell!'

"I heard the curse ring out upon the lower corridor, six awful words.

"They filed themselves along its length and slowly walked towards me; turned in the landing; came down the ward abreast, and ranged themselves around my door in hideous semi-circle, with legs and arms of skeletons, bodies of intertwining lizards, and heads of alphabetic flame; a flaming eye in every letter; then fell upon their knees and raised their bony hands above their heads and prayed to Heaven, 'God, send their souls to hell.'

"They arose and looked upon me through the lattices with all their flaming eyes, then went away through other wards, and prayed, and cursed, and prayed again. I heard them going through the grounds among the people walking there; then back again to whence they came. I knew they sat upon a bench in the lower corridor and waited.

"My head was burning. I heard the rain patter upon the trees and upon the walk beneath. I thought the sight would cool my fever, and arose and stood by the window.

"The rain was blood! It dripped from off the leaves in waxen globules that clung in parting and lengthened out to scarlet threads; then broke away and fell in whirling quivers. Among the groves, dark pools of blood; and blood in streams was flowing in the gutters. The first that fell congealed and

clung to the earth in uneven hills and pinnacles that waved in gluey oscillation, back and forth, as the warm blood ran between. Tints of reptile green flashed through the whole.

"Above was horror. Mid yellow clouds that rose from smoking blood were giant abattoirs, and on their platforms stood grinning fiends with fishes' eyes; dressed full in blue; blue cowls upon their heads. The awful weapons that they held and swung about the air! The inner edge, a sickle; the outer edge, a scimitar; and the point, a polished needle. The cruel edges glinted in the sick sunlight that filtered through the clouds of smoke, and cut before they touched.

"Behind were cowering people, kneeling, supplicating, trembling, with no escape. The fiends heard not, but took screaming children and with sickle edges cut awful gashes around their foreheads and across their throats; then stood upon the quivering forms and pressed the blood to streams, which ran along the floor and fell to the ground below. The blood flowed on forever. None would die.

"One held a man and drove the needle point far down his throat. Great streams of blood shot out among the clouds and fell to earth in showers.

"One grasped a woman in prayer, with streaming eyes. With scimitar strokes he cut a gory cross upon her breast and showed her heart. With needle

thrust he pierced its artery, and throbbing jets fell down upon the air and changed to mists which crept around the hills and hid the groves.

"Then colors changed. Red was black, with green vapors over and around it; yellow was white, with lightning flashes shooting through; and blue was shimmering crimson. Odors came from all the earth and mingled in a loathsome company. I could not look and turned away.

"God! Come to me! Before my door, and looking through the lattices, with stony eyes gloating upon me, stood a fiend in shimmering crimson; crimson cowl upon his head; the awful weapon raised in the air above him, its inner edge a sickle, its outer edge a scimitar, and its point a polished needle.

"The door was locked. He could not reach me. My stifled breath came back. His form oozed through the door, among the lattices, and stood within my room, the awful weapon raised above him. I wrenched the head from off the iron bedstead and struck at him with all my force. He warded with his weapon. I did not touch him. The six dread words were pacing up the lower corridor; coming to me to pray. Perhaps their prayer would save me.

"They ranged themselves again about my door in semi-circle; their flaming eyes looked in upon us; their legs spun round in rattling dances, their bony

arms in gestures of delight. The prayer I craved, was cursing, 'God send their souls to hell!' and horrid imprecations crept among the tones.

"I will kill them all! I swung the iron pipe around and struck the fiend. He pushed his weapon at me. I felt its sting upon my cheek and struck again with greater vengeance. I beat him back against the door and forced him through it. It fell beneath my blows. I struck among the dancing words and drove them down the corridor. The fiend was gone and with him his dreadful weapon.

"Hands and arms, ropes and leather thongs came about me and bound me to the iron bedstead; my feet below, my hands on either side. The door came up and clanged its lock against me.

"The clock in the landing struck, One—Two!

"They ran out at the door, came down the walk and climbed within my window; chased each other about and under my bed, and sang an endless song, 'One, Two.' A face came to the latticed door. They hurried out, and away. So still. The world went with them.

"Soft brown eyes amid a confiding smile. She was not bad. She has come to rescue me; to drive away the fiends; to unbind my hands and feet; to cool my head with her sweet breath; to kiss and heal the wound upon my cheek. I will love her always; lay her face against my breast and hold her

to my heart forever. I will breathe among the ripples of her beautiful hair and call her loving names. I will build her palaces of splendor in the midst of delightful gardens. I called her to me.

"As the fiend did, she oozed through the lattices and stood beside me in gorgeous raiment, with enchanting perfume. She threw herself upon me, her hands upon the pillow either side my head; put her soft lips around the wound upon my cheek, and drew a stream and swallowed. I felt my blood starting towards her mouth from every vein and artery, and drew my hands to push her from me. The thongs cut into my wrists and held them; I could not move.

"She drew and drank. The draught had reached my soul. I called and no one came. If I turned my face away, she followed; still her lips around the wound, still drawing.

"I saw her hand upon the pillow. Strange growth had come upon the fingers. Shining cones, like tempered steel, were growing from their ends; had grown to needle points; five glittering weapons. I turned my head; the other hand the same; five shining cones. She disarranged my vestments, and put her warm hand upon my breast; upon the naked skin. I felt her range the cones in even circle over my heart, then plunge their cruel sharpness through the flesh. The other hand she put around my temple, forcing the cones into my skull; then, took a long,

deep draught from out my wound and raised her head.

"I looked at her with fainting eyes. I saw the tresses of her hair turn into wriggling worms; her tongue into a scorpion's tail; her soft brown eyes to fires of greed, and her confiding smile changed into scorn. She breathed on my face; a baneful breath; laughed a hideous, heartless laugh; then pushed the cones yet deeper down. I felt their swelling wedges slide smooth through bone and cartilage and clasp around my heart and brain. Her scorpion tongue hissed in my ear, 'I drew your soul away, and now, I take your heart and brain.'

"Angels of haste! Bring Samson's strength.

"I drew upon the leather thongs about my wrists; one broke; the right hand free. I clasped it on her neck, around the ruffled laces and around the wriggling worms. I felt my fingers sinking in the flesh. I have felt it somewhere, once before. I felt the laces draw; the blood run over me; I felt the bones break off. The head dropped down and fell upon the floor, the body lay across me. I pushed it back and drew the cones from round my heart and round my brain. I loosed the thongs from off my feet and from my other wrist, and took the body up, with giant strength, and hurled it through the lattices.

"Monster forms came in; pressed me upon the bed, and brought three monstrous hooded cobras; tied them in love knots; one about my feet, and one

upon each wrist. They went away and left her head lying beneath my bed. Colors changed again to all their wonted places.

"The clock in the landing struck, 'One—Two—Three!'

"I heard them wriggling down the corridor; their scales rasping upon the burnished floor. They came crawling through the wall beside my bed, and near my head. The cobras raised their hoods and hissed.

"Three serpent sounds glided upon my pillow, coiled beside each cheek, and one, upon my forehead; raised their heads in air, and waved their rhythms, One—Two—Three! A simple love knot! It were easy to withdraw from them and throw my body through the window into the blood below. That would be heaven to this. The cobras heard my thought and closed the knots upon my wrists and feet in unyielding pressure.

"A great flaming tongue with dagger forks came flashing through the lattices, withdrew, then darted in again. The cobras hissed. The three about my head slipped off the pillow and crawled beneath my bed. I heard them coil about her head and roll it on the floor, Once—Twice—Thrice! Then back again, Once—Twice—Thrice! and then again, an endless rolling.

"A flaming, darting tongue; fangs like tusks; gloating eyes, gleaming with iridescent venom; a broad

python head that filled the lattices pushed through into my room. The cobras drew the love-knots closer.

"I saw his length within his eyes. He came from eastward; passed through the arch beneath the statue of Mercy; down the passage between the walls; around the eastern buildings; again, through the arch, around the western buildings; again to the arch, through the offices and down the corridor to my door. His length was all the distance of his windings, and he lay about the Asylum, an awful figure eight, crawling in blood.

"He stopped and laid his head beside the cobra in the love-knot, upon the outside rail, then looked beneath the bed. Three serpent sounds darted about the floor, shrieking and seeking escape; crawled up the wall into the room above. I heard his tongue lapping the head beneath; I saw the swelling throat as it passed through; the bulging body carrying it away. The dreadful words came up the lower corridor, then down the ward, and stood before my door. They raised their hands and prayed, 'God, send their souls to hell.'

"He laid his head again beside the cobra, shot his tongue about my face and touched the wound upon my cheek with the dagger forks. I felt the intoxicating poison steal through my blood and in my brain. The cobras loosed the love-knots. I could not move; could only see and hear.

"I saw strange scenes and figures come upon the python's head and lighted in flashing colors by his eyes. Slowly they came upon the glistening canvas as if from hand and brush within his head.

"A saintly face; a woman's form; myself upon my mother's lap; her arms around her child. The cobras raised to half their length, waved back and forth, their deadly eyes on mine. The flaming tongue came on my face, the dagger forks drank all the tears that filled my eyes and left them burning.

"Four loving arms entwined; my wife, myself; a cloud of shimmering mist before us, that slowly changed to shining drapery, pure face, and love-lit eyes: our daughter Josephine. Streams of white flame poured from the python's eyes, on either side, and made a frame of glory round the three.

"The cobras laid their heads upon my breast and slept.

"A form of beauty; golden drapery; soft eyes and beckoning smile. The cobras nestled. The pearly frame had changed to crimson. The head moved towards my face, bringing the picture nearer.

"Upon her shoulder was a vase and in her hand a goblet. She filled and reached it to me. I raised myself to take it, but the cobras closed the love-knots; the python hissed an unearthly hiss with breath of tempest, and pushed his head through the window, his body following swiftly after. His fear-

ful length rushed by me with changing colors, blood, and deadly smells. His tail came through the lattices, and with an awful sweep he raised it to the ceiling and plunged his sting into my breast, through my lungs, my spine, and through the bed beneath. The cobras untied the love-knots; stood on their coils and drove their fangs into either cheek and into my throat.

"The fiend in blue came in and pushed his weapon into my head. He is in there with it: the awful weapon! Its inner edge is a sickle; its outer edge is a scimitar; its point is a polished needle.

"The clock in the landing struck, One—Two—Three—Four!"

* * *

Imagination! Ornate fancy!

Do you think this?

A man told me who saw and felt it all, within the Asylum walls.

CHAPTER XI.

Within the dells or on the upland slopes
No chosen one awaits you, maiden fair;
No fairy flits among the groves, O youth!
Breathing your name on the enchanted air.



OSEPHINE Haldon looked upon the future that was not to be as she had thought. Contentment might take the place of joy, home of society, and her life be filled with a completeness of purpose, although disturbed by sorrow and disappointment. Within reason and the bounds of intelligent thought were all the methods to which she gave consideration, and with the unbending resolution of her race she entered the path of duty.

Where she had consoled, she still gave comfort; where she had cheered, she still brought gladness;

where she had met in friendship, she still gave pleasure; but where she loved, she was in doubt, deep and perplexing.

Leslie Montford had given her even greater consideration than before her sorrow, and showed to her the cheerful possibilities that still remained in life. Devoted and encouraging words came from a generous heart, and he gave no intimation of desire for any change in their relations, but spoke of their future as he would have done had there been no intervening trouble.

What of the future, that dark kingdom controlled by unknown rulers? As the sun of life rises, where within its borders shall we find our estate? Will its castle walls be covered by flowering vines, or the windows with iron shutters, keeping imprisoned souls from liberty? A great calamity had come upon her. She felt its terrors and knew its cause. She had seen a man of exalted mind and generous thought go into vile places and cover his brain with delusion and his soul with blood. Another had come to her with heart as clean and mind as elevated, and asked her to be his wife. She had pledged herself to him and loved him. The words were given by a tongue that had never spoken falsely.

He had touched the thing that had destroyed her father. He apprehended no danger. Is he stronger than others? This cannot be. If strength were

safety her father would be with her. Could she lead him aright? Would he refrain for her sake and for the love she gave him? Would it be just to ask this? Should not every one stand firmly in the right, leaving others to strengthen themselves in purity?

He said there was no danger in his future; that he had no desire for wine. Why did he taste it? What the benefit and where the need? She had not known of this when she promised. She should have known, and now her word was given. Friends and society would deride, should she break her troth with one so worthy and so exemplary. For what? they would say; just a little wine occasionally? That is nothing. It was much to her. Had she known of this before her betrothment she would have crushed the budding love and rejected him. Can she do it now, in honor, and can the great love she now has ever die?

When a woman becomes entangled in the perplexities of every-day life, of household, or society, she confides in some other woman, and they, together, plan a relief; but when she becomes overwhelmed by anxiety and doubts that put their weight upon her womanhood, she may counsel with a man in whom she trusts. Fortunate is she who encounters a true manhood.

Were her father with her, Josephine would seek no other adviser; but he was away, out of the world of thought. Judge Heron was her father's adviser

and she had known him since childhood. She had always moved within the circle of his friends and she knew their esteem for him. Her father trusted in him, and when she was in his presence she felt his integrity. Her mother and sisters were in a distant part of the city to spend the evening with friends. Judge Heron's residence was but a short distance from her home and in the late afternoon she called upon him. She said to him that her call was for advice only, and he gave her a seat in his library and sat before her in a high-backed rocking chair, a sturdy relic of his grandfather's household.

She explained her mission:

"Judge Heron, my father is not with me, and I need his strength of mind for guidance. My confidence has led me to you and to your aid. I ask you to advise me as he would have spoken. In that which concerns my future life I am in doubt and would be directed in the right way; in the way that leads to justice for others as well as for myself. I ask the result of your thought and judgment in the relations of life that pertain to my happiness and that of those with whom I associate; to my duty and its application to others; my duty to myself and the action that should control me. Is my clientage a welcome one?"

"A delight to me, Josephine. You will pardon

me—I called you that before you could speak the word."

She told him of her engagement; of its social and intellectual propriety; of the approval of relatives and friends; of the unity of aspiration and thought; and then of the knowledge, coming afterwards, that her affianced was not confirmed in the great principle that she considered indispensable to the stability of their future welfare; that upon occasions he had drunk the thing which had robbed her of a father's care and companionship. What was her obligation to him, and to herself? The great comprehensive right was what she wished to know.

Judge Heron said, "The first thought to consider lies in the path of duty. What are his obligations to you? Not for the present only, but for life?

"Let us find the truth.

"You bring to him a perfect character, free from stain; a mind established in right thought; a firmness of purpose that guarantees to him correct action in all the things of life. He takes you with an absolute certainty that you will meet the requirements of every duty that may be yours to perform, not only to him, but to yourself, and to the world. He has no apprehension of evil in his future life with you, and begins it with a sense of security that sees the continuance, and the end, as a perfect knowledge. You are entitled to the same security; the same freedom

from apprehension ; and the same certainty of duties to be performed. If he cannot bring you all this to-day, he has already failed in his obligations to you. A fear of the future is an ever-present calamity. If he cannot remove this, he has already darkened your life.

"The next consideration is his duty to your children. No words can tell what the eye observes. The mind repels description and grasps the object, and around the model of example characters are formed Duty to the child includes everything that elevates, and he who puts within its sight a thing that degrades, forgets that duty. He tells the child to taste not, and partakes himself. The child rejects the precept, and awaits an opportunity to comprehend the object. Duty to the child requires him to advance his mind to all the finer lines of thought that he may give it higher pleasures. If he does that which restricts his own powers he fails in its requirements. The child is entitled to a healthy body, a clear brain, and quiet nerves. If he takes that which transmits weakness of body, unsoundness of brain, and sentient nerves, along the line of his posterity, he not only neglects his duty but robs your children of their rights.

"What are your obligations to him ?

"You have promised to be his wife. Your word is sacred, and must be kept, unless sufficient reason can

be shown why you should recall it. Let us find the truth.

"If any part of a maiden's life is concealed from society and friends, she is suspected of a moral misapplication of that time, and a swarm of suspicions come about her from the social world in which she moves. Her good reputation is founded on the clear knowledge of her friends and intimates regarding the places she is in; the company in which she is; and what she is doing, at all times. Her virtues and tendencies are well known, and he who asks for her hand knows precisely what he is contracting for. There is nothing more for him to ascertain, and his obligation is binding from the day that he assumes it.

"The man who comes to her virtually says that he is her equal in morals and in actions. Otherwise, she could place herself under no obligation whatever. If she accepts him, she does so upon his assertion of equality, and that it reaches the standard of her own excellence. If he conceals from, or neglects to inform her of anything in which he falls below it, her obligation ends when that thing is brought to her knowledge. She cannot know him as he knows her. If he steps aside from the path of well-doing, society puts a hand over the mouth of him who would proclaim it, and with the other points to his attractions. Her only protection is her undoubted right to recede when she discovers his defects. You were relieved

from all obligations when his tendency was known to you."

"If I could know; if he would assure me—Judge Heron, I love him!"

Her head bent forward and her eyes lingered upon the hands folded in her lap.

Why do a maiden's eyes lower when she tells another that she loves? Why does her head droop? Is there shame in love?

What was the shadow that came over Judge Heron's face as he put his head against the high back of the antique chair, and looked through the window at the setting sun, dim through the dust blown over the city by a fierce October wind? What the power that clenched his hands upon his knee with interlacing fingers? Was the sun taking a memory of youth with it into the night, and were the hands grasping the drapery of a dead love to hold her yet longer with him?

The swaying curtain threw lights and shades over the face of the girl before him, as he watched the sun sink and the twilight mingle with its lengthening rays; then he looked at her and saw the waiting eyes asking for help in this her great distress.

The shadow left his face and lines of thought drew about its place. Her eyes asked him to open the path of life and show her the way and the truth.

He had no need to search for it, to say, "Let us find it." He knew it; but how should he tell her?

What is love?

Her enquiry had never defined it. His thought had delved among passions and impulses, amid emotions and desires, to find their fountains and their missions, and he knew of this, the great overpowering impulse, of its birth and purpose.

What words could he find for her ear whereby she could know as he knew, and be not dismayed nor her chastity offended? He knew that honor was within her and directed all her movements; *that*, the traveler upon the street could know, as if a herald were walking by her side proclaiming it at every step. Could he say and not insult? It was her right to hear. Prim conventionality had kept from her the things she ought to know. He would tell her the truth as he had found it. He lighted the jet above his desk, pushed away the chair and stood before her.

"Josephine, you do not love Leslie Montford. Stay! Be seated. Hear me to the end and then decide against me if you will.

"The soul has aspirations, the mind has thoughts, and the body has desires. The body does not reason—it grasps. The soul does not reflect—it aspires. The mind does both, and mediates. 'In His own image created He them.' This is the trinity. The material, the mental, and the Celestial Intelli-

gence that needs not reflection nor reason, but comprehends all things. In the domains of that intelligence there is no giving in marriage.

"The unity of sexes is from the impulse of the material. Love is an essential positive seeking its negative, and the positive and negative are either sex. It grasps the universal opposite. It is the basis of creation and the bond of companionship. The mind should direct it to the individual with thought and reflection, comprehending its own needs.

"Any one—note that I say *one*, Josephine—any one of millions may fulfil all the requirements of any one of millions of the opposite sex; and no especial one of either was created to gratify the love of any other one. Joyous is the life of those who choose each other with their judgment, and doubtful the life of those who depend upon love alone to take them to the end. The belief that love has its mate somewhere on earth is spreading sorrow over its face. Against thought, and against reason, have its advocates presented, in story and in verse, the glory of the lover and his only love.

"From the bright creations of Fielding and Scott, through the long list of romance to the inanities of the common novel, the one woman has been pursued, and the one man waited for. The false idea has crawled along the pages and dropped its slime upon the brain of the youth and over the heart of the

maiden. Impelled by its promptings, the gentleman mingles his blood with vulgarity, the lady marries the profligate, and wrecks upon the sea of matrimony outnumber the sails.

"This belief deceives mankind. It shows to them a loving twain who range the world and dare its floods and fires to throw themselves into each other's arms. It points to the flowery vales of love along their path, and lingers upon the passionate kiss that chokes their breath. It nestles among the intertwining arms, goes with them to the door of the bridal-chamber, and leaves them there. It gives no word of the life beyond. Oh! for an inspiration of truth to take them there, and portray the lights and shadows of the married life in enticing periods that all would read.

"This belief clouds the reason. It keeps the mind from contemplation of the future and its requirements; blinds the eyes to imperfections that become offensive; prevents analysis of character and intellectual capacity; hides tendency to wrong and excuses crime; peoples the earth with inferior races, and fills its homes with frailty and disease. Raise yourself above it, and choose your husband with your judgment, and not with your impulses."

The head that heard bent low.

Love is shame, if uncontrolled by thought.

As Josephine walked to her home, thin clouds of smoke with smell of burning pine came around her, borne by the autumn gale. From an open space she saw, far in the southwest, a great flame rising high above the intervening buildings and painting their towers and steeples upon its face. Smoking engines, wagons with hose and implements of rescue, rushed down the streets towards it. Men and boys in throngs, on horseback and on foot, hurried to the scene. The flames broadened. "An awful fire," a neighbor said; "an awful wind, and blowing directly on us. A great fire in the same locality last night; the same wind; and they conquered that. There is no danger, not to us. The fire is on the west side, two miles away, and two broad rivers are between; also great masses of brick, stone and iron buildings, in the business centre. It cannot go beyond them; they would check it should it cross the river."

She went to her room and gave the fire no further heed, except that the smoke penetrated the room and annoyed her. The servants said that her mother and sisters had not returned, and she went to the library and sat in the chair by the commercial desk, her father's chair, and thought. New thoughts had come to her, as visitors, to give opinions of herself, her acts and purposes. While she thought, the fire had seized and devoured the homes of the poor in which its first appetite was whetted; leaped across

the river to the storehouses of wealth ; crumbled the brick in their walls ; shivered the stones in their foundations ; torn the iron girders from their ceilings, and thrown them about the streets in fantastic shapes. The solid centre resisted ; the flames put an arm around it to the westward, another to the east, and pushed them across the second river and far to the north among the mass of wooden shops and tenements—a monster horse-shoe boding misfortune—then slowly drew to itself all within the arms.

The smoke in the library grew denser ; the house was lonely. "Where is the maid?" Josephine called, and found her gone. She heard wagons rattling by. "Nothing unusual ; this is a great city and noise is its speech."

The air grew dense and hot. A sharp sound like a pistol shot rang through the parlors. She went into them, alarmed, and by her side another pistol sound, and the heavy paper on the wall parted in a broad seam from ceiling to wainscot ; the gas jets slowly sank and disappeared as if drawn into the pipes ; lines of deep crimson came about the borders of the window shades. She raised one and looked upon the street ; shrank back, and looked again with the fascination of terror.

Above, a lowering stream of burning smoke, thick with sparks, flaming boards, and shingles, covered all the distance within her sight and flew over the city

before the wind, dropping from its burden of flame, flecks of fire and showers of sparks, upon the streets and houses below it. A burning mass like flying cloth fell upon a house across the street, and the flames flashed over the shingles and lapped the roofs beyond.

"A woolen cloak, a run to the lake, and I am safe." She put it on and drew its hood over her head ; looked a farewell to all her parlor treasures, and went out into the burning world.

" Good-bye, my home!" and even as she spoke a flame leaped through an attic window and down upon the slated roof.

Swift footsteps came to her side, and to her ear an exclamation of mingled fear and joy, "My Josephine! You live and may be saved!" Leslie Montford took her hand and the race for life began.

Behind them a solid wall of fire ; the roar of falling walls, and crashing timbers. On the left a line of flames streamed over the wooden buildings that lined the streets beyond and reached far to the north. Between them and the lake, another line of fire of slower pace than that to the westward ; that flew, this ran. Could they outstrip it and pass around? The solid residences and their ample grounds held back the fire and gave them hope. Even as hope became assurance they saw flames spreading among the mass of buildings before them, to the north.

Their heated wood had dried to tinder in the long hot blast that poured among them, and one fired by sparks from the cloud above, flashed into flames that in a moment enveloped blocks. The line of fire to the east joined the northern mass, and all about them was a sea of fire ; fire in the air above.

Thick, blinding smoke, dust and ashes, cinders and sparks, drove against them upon the southwest tempest. Hot currents from the mass of fire around them scorched their breath ; then cooler eddies from the lake swept over them, parting the cloud above.

"Miss Josephine, your dress is on fire." A boy caught the folds of her cloak in his hands and rubbed out the smouldering flame. "Miss Josephine, I could not get home to mother. I thought you might need me to help you. Mister Leslie, can we ever save Miss Josephine? It is so hot my tongue is dry. Mister Leslie, where can we take her? See the sparks on your hat; throw them off! See that row of houses on fire! Miss Josephine's house was most burned up when I got there. We must get her from this or she will be burned. If Miss Josephine dies it will kill my mother. See! the street is on fire where that burning board fell. The streets over here are all wooden blocks and they laid them in tar; they will all burn, too ; streets and houses and all. We must take her somewhere. It's so hot, it seems like fire inside me when I breathe. Mister Leslie, what are

you thinking about? We must get where there is some water or something. Mister Leslie! Miss Josephine is sick."

Overcome by terror and heat, she put her hand on Montford's shoulder and her weight against him.

"Leslie, tell my mother, my sisters, and my father—O, my father!"

Her head fell and his arms were about a helpless form.

"Mister Leslie, take her to that greenhouse; may be it is cooler in there among the flowers. Anyway, the thick glass will keep away the sparks and fire that's falling;" and Henry Temple pointed to a greenhouse near the corner of a large brick mansion within a broad lawn fronting the street.

"The chance of a shipwrecked mariner in mid-ocean."

With this thought Montford raised Josephine in his arms, ran down the graveled walk and pushed away the light door of the greenhouse. The heat was more intense than that without. Through the heavy glass came floods of heat that wilted the roses and shriveled their leaves, and the damp ground smoked as from fires underneath. He put his head against her heart and heard it beating.

"She lives; but when the flames close around us death will come with them."

Heroic men see death inevitable and are serene.



"THERE IS NO PANG TO LEAVE THE WORLD AND GO WITH HER."

He would die with her he loved, and was content. He put his face to hers and kissed her cheek, her eyelids, and her forehead. His lips were parched and left a mark of blood where he had kissed.

"I would give it all to save her; pour it upon her face to cool the air she breathes. What is the agony of death? There is none if she dies; no pang to leave the world and go with her."

A child's voice aroused him.

"Mister Leslie, there is water here. I drank some and it made me cold; the air is cooler. Here, from this pipe I'll bring some in the flower pot for Miss Josephine."

Montford sprinkled the water over her face and head; dripped it into her mouth; laid her upon the ground, and poured the rest about her head. He went to the pipe, and from the lessening stream filled the empty flower pots that lay upon a shelf near by, then sprinkled their contents over the floor, the tables, and the flowers. When he returned to Josephine she was sitting upon the ground looking about her, at the flowers and at the crimson light that glittered above her head. The water had struck a pane of glass in the corner next the mansion, and it shivered, falling half way. Through the opening they saw the mansion on fire; flames pouring through the doors and windows. The roof fell into the raging

flame beneath it, but the staunch old-fashioned walls stood as perfect as before.

* * *

The fire had passed, the wind had changed its course, and they looked out upon the gray morning of disaster. To the lake, to the north, and southward as far as eye could reach, was smouldering ruin. In the distant west, buildings and steeples traced their outlines through the misty smoke. Around them, scorched grass, shriveled evergreens, shattered sculpture and the bare walls of the mansion, enclosed a narrow strip of lawn, fresh in its verdure and holding in its midst the lowly greenhouse, with shivered pane and blistered paint, its flowers smiling through the glass.

NOTE.—On a block bordered by Clark street and near Chestnut (after the great fire of October, 1871), a greenhouse, but thirty feet from the ruined walls of a large brick mansion, stood intact, except the cracked glass and blistered paint. The flowers were but little affected by the heat.

CHAPTER XII.

JUDGE HERON'S NARRATIVE.



HAD received another invitation to visit Haldon, this time from himself. I was pleased to accept it, not only for his sake, but also to gratify a desire to acquire a deeper knowledge of insanity and its causes. Upon my first visit I had observed that my previous impressions of Asylum life were erroneous, in whole and in detail, and that the operation of insanity differed entirely from the popular idea of its demonstrations.

I found restraint and confinement legalized, but the law did not describe insanity. I saw it defined in the lexicon as madness; but I had seen the people around me in gentle conversation and friendly action.

I heard an orator say, "Insanity is a living death," but I had seen hopes and aspirations cover the glowing pages of the monomaniacs' manuscript; emotions of joy and sorrow upon their faces, and tears of sympathy in their eyes. I had read in history that the madman of our earlier civilization received blows about his head, or a sudden fright; then raved about the earth with glaring eyes, clenched hands and rending teeth. He was put into a mad-house; covered with chains; and all of his companions were the same as he.

Later, history says, the lunatic appeared. The madmen still were there, but excess of joy or sorrow brought the other. The doors closed upon him and he was put in places where the maniacs could not seize him. He jibbered and laughed, shouted and grimaced, swung his arms about and pointed to the moon. His home was called a "Lunatic Asylum," and he was treated kindly.

Now, others come, in swelling numbers, with all the list of causes for their entertainment that the brain and nerve centers can suggest. They bring their trunks, their pictures and their books, and hail the one who receives them with unbroken words in sentences of reason. He courteously conducts them to their rooms and calls their habitation "Asylum for the Insane." He is about to change the name to "Hospital for Mental Diseases."

There are no chains nor ropes, iron nor stays, put upon his body; neither does he rend nor bite, and never grimaces nor points towards the moon. But he has need of care and watchful eyes are constantly upon him. At times, his trembling body cowers in fear; again, his eyes flame and he would plunge the homicidal dagger to the heart; now, he mourns with melancholy tears and seeks to waste his blood in suicide. The lock is turned upon his door and he is left alone, without the means of harm. Soon he appears in halls and groves, and talks and acts as other men.

Whence come these later guests? Monomania, Melancholia, Hysteria, and all their nervous brothers and sisters. I will ask them, "What is insanity, and why did it come to you?"

I arrived upon a Christmas day, and Dr. Peters said to me that Haldon was improving and that his friends might hope for his recovery. The serenity of mind in which I would find him might be disturbed at any time by the recurrence of the mania from which he suffered, at periods not uniform in their recurrence or intensity; if I conversed with him I must avoid all subjects tending to emotion.

Revolution and reconstruction! The words came to my tongue in exclamation as I grasped the hand of a John Haldon whom I had never seen. To the flushed and disquiet face had come serenity and tints

of health; to the dulled eye of stimulation, the fires of comprehension; and to the gross form, the symmetry of manhood. I answered his questions as to everything that he wished to know from the outside world, and gave him a cheerful assurance of my belief in his recovery; wished him a merry Christmas, to which he responded. Placing his hand over his eyes, as if to hide the light, he took my arm and said, aside, "We all say that we should be at home to-day. Come to my room; the others must not hear."

He sat upon the bed with the frame of iron pipe; and with nervous gestures and confidential manner, he said, "I will tell you all about my trouble. That terrible weapon is still in my head with the fiend. I would not care for him if he would lose the weapon. How do I know? I can shut my eyes and see everything that is in my head. I will tell you what is there and what he does with the weapon. There is a man in there, just like myself, and his brain is my soul. He has a mouth, and a stomach, and eats words that go in at my ears, and sights that go in at my eyes, and the fiend stands there with that awful weapon and cuts the words and sights, and mutilates them so that they will not digest. The awful weapon! Its inner edge is a sickle; its outer edge is a scimitar; and its point is a polished needle."

He clasped his head in his hands and gave me a wild, earnest look. The monomaniac in the lower

ward shouted his curse, "God send their souls to hell!" and a strange feeling crept over me, as if I was floating away from the world of sense. An attendant who was passing by, noticed Haldon and motioned for me to come from the room, saying afterwards, "He is in his delusions. Sit near his door and you will hear them."

He gave no heed to my departure, and still sat upon the bed where I could see and hear him. I saw his face change from gladness to grief, from kindness to flashes of murder, then assume the glory of reverence and prayer. He took me with him into the realms of his mania.

"Oh, Christ! this is your day of joy, and I am happy with you. The fiend has plunged his weapon through the thought. I curse you that you was ever born, and sorrow that I ever knew you. Go from my thought. I hope the fiend will strike you down and pierce you with his awful weapon as he has done to me. I shrink not from you. Leave me or I will rend your body and destroy your soul. He is gone. The fiend is sleeping."

He stopped, sat long in thought, and then began:

"Oh, beautiful day! God help me enjoy and take my love, a guerdon, to those I love, to those who think of me. Their arms should be around me and my kiss upon their lips. My hand should brush away their tears, and—Hell is my home, for that will

burn the fiend and melt his awful weapon. It would be a peaceful home, for fiends without could never pierce as the one within ; and all its flaming horrors and its sulphurous smoke would soothe and lull to sleep."

He arose and paced the floor, and then sat again upon his bed.

"My Christ, I pray with you and them—your prayer. 'Our Father which art in Heaven ; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.' There is no Heaven! It is a wish. There is naught but fiends who mock and weapons that cut their way into the soul and destroy it, that it need not Heaven."

He ran his fingers through his hair as if to tear it, and then grew calmer.

'"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' The bread is poison and feeds the fiend who rises with its strength and plunges deeper wounds in all my thoughts. Take it away and feed me upon stifling vapors or the fumes of alcohol. These would choke his breath and he would die. Stay! the awful weapon would be there. It cuts without his hand to guide ; cuts when he sleeps. Can aught destroy them both? God owes debts to me and pays me not. He owes me peace and joy, but sends me rage and sorrow, and brings a fiend who stands above my soul and wastes

its food; who mocks me when I turn to him for help and bids me wait and die; and then a flaming weapon, reaching space, will pierce my soul where'er I go; and God will keep its edges sharp, and smooth its glittering point."

He raised his hands above his head, and tones of anguish filled his room and rang along the corridor.

'"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."'

His clenched hands fell to his side and the straining muscles relaxed. He laid his head upon the pillow and slept. A smile came upon his face that bore the peace and hope of Bethlehem.

* * *

While Haldon slept I took the privilege accorded me by Dr. Peters, to converse with others in the ward for the purpose of study, and approached a man who sat by a window, seemingly in thought. He told me that he was a Prussian and spoke my language with a purity that shamed my scholarship. After an interchange of views relating to subjects of ordinary thought, he recited memories of college days; referred to German social life and told the story of its movement, illustrating with interesting episodes; then dwelt on deeper themes, of philosophy and metaphysics. He overcame my weaker argument with powerful thought in sentences of sense. I felt that I had erred and that he was a visitor.

When he left me I questioned an attendant, who said:

"He is a patient and has been here for years—six or thereabout. He is a very intelligent man, but he has his spells."

Spells! Is insanity then a spell? What brings the spell?

Afterwards, I saw the Prussian sitting in a corner of his room, upon the floor; his head between his knees and his hands clasped around them, moaning and sobbing, sighing and shedding tears. This was a spell. Hours passed, and he was still sitting as before, moaning and shedding tears.

I found another who would talk, a native of my own State. He told me that his ancestors came upon the *Mayflower*, and that he was an American, through a long line of ancestry. Education claimed his notice. His thoughts were deep and broad. Churches were mentioned. With eloquent tongue and sacred thought he spoke about their influence for good. His speech was clean and had the phase of schools. He drew to himself an audience from all about the ward, and with pleasing words he brought pleasure to all who listened.

He had a spell. He neither sobbed nor moaned, and did not sigh, nor shed a tear. He struck a brother patient without a warning word; then the

attendants conquered him and strapped him to the iron bedstead.

He drew upon the straps, and tried to break away, but when he found they would not yield, he filled the rooms and corridors with threats of vengeance, a horrid talk of knives and guns. He cursed and called his Maker names, and shouted his imprecations to all his friends, in the language of the slums. Then he was quiet. An attendant went to his room, unbuckled the restraints, helped him to his feet, and went away. He came into the corridor, rubbing his hands and wrists, stretched his form and took a seat among the rest, then talked and smiled as he had done before. Spells are not all alike. Does every nation have its own?

A smiling face. A rotund form. A Napoleon in attitude. I asked the Frenchman if he spoke English. He answered that he did; and German, Italian or Spanish, as well as French. I found in him a boundless knowledge of men and things; a history of travels and a chronicle of wars. With clear description and intelligent comment he showed me through the world and took me upon its battle-fields. To all he said, he politely asked my superior judgment to tell him if he erred.

As I talked with others, he came to me as another man, and said that I had insulted him and must apologize. His body trembled and his face was shining

with excitement. He swung his arms and worked his fingers in nervous contortions. His eyes were clear and sparkling and danced about in their sockets. An attendant took him by the arm, led him to his room and locked the door upon him. He walked back and forth before his bed, almost ran, stamped his feet and sputtered in mingled languages ; then he stood by the lattices and threw floods of impoliteness upon me in his native tongue. This was his spell.

Within a room near by I heard the jarring consonants of Scandinavia roll out in verses of mythology. A scholar from the chills of Norway, large boned and muscular.

He told me that he had finished his studies and gone from home to see the world, and when he reached America he found so many of his race who were needing the thought and guidance of those more fortunate than they in culture and in education, that he had remained and built them schools and churches, and taught them their duties to the country of their adoption, its people and its laws ; that they were now a prosperous folk and happy, and that he was repaid for all his care and zeal in their behalf. When he was thirty-five, he said, strange feelings came over him at times, that were not sicknesses, but seemed to be a faltering of life. He wished to work again among those he loved, and hoped that his trouble would soon pass away.

Even as he spoke the muscles on his face grew rigid; his eyelids covered half his sight and stopped; the blue below grew pale and dull, and underneath, the white was gleaming pearl. His hands came up before his face; his joints were stiffened and held them there without a movement; his back pressed firmly on his chair, and his legs were strengthened as if an iron tube was pushed its length around the bones. He sat with all the quiet and firmness of a statue; the statue of a spell. No attendant noticed him. He needed nothing. An hour passed by, and again I heard the fabled story of Odin and of Thor.

Haldon had awakened, but the time had arrived when I must go away, and I left him with a promise to see him upon the morrow. I noted his clear expressions and natural speech, and had faith that Dr. Peters' hope for his recovery was well founded, notwithstanding his spells and terrible delusions.

As I thanked the Doctor for the privilege accorded me for observation, he handed me a card upon which was written an order to one of Haldon's attendants directing him to escort me to the evening entertainment at the Amusement Hall, saying that I would find it an instructive object lesson and this was the best opportunity that could be given me for conversation with, or observation of the female patients.

The Amusement Hall is connected with the female department and is used by the more quiet patients,

on Sundays, as a chapel, when ministers of different denominations occupy the platform, and at other times as a place for social reunions, musical entertainments, and dancing. As this evening was to be devoted to dancing, I requested the attendant to present me to some lady of intelligence who was connected with the Asylum, but who did not choose to dance. This, because I wished to gain all the information possible in the limited time allowed me.

That all action differed from that of my expectation, I need not say; but that I should find myself at home in social surroundings was not what I had thought. In nothing was the gathering much inferior, and in some things vastly superior to those in which the outside world enjoy their pleasures.

I found among the attendants and the patients, character and culture, intelligence and graceful action; and above these, kindness and regard for others. The words upon the panels of the balcony, Benevolence, Hope, Charity, Forbearance, took upon themselves a deeper meaning, and the rays of light from the massive chandelier above the hall seemed to centre their glory directly on them. All around me, I saw the motto of the Asylum in moving harmonies, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

Pleasant visitors mingled with the others as a part of a united whole, and in nowise did they consider

the entertainment to be an exhibition of weakness, but rather an effort of strength to help materialize the words that illuminated the panels of the balcony.

The attendant introduced me to a quiet lady who was dressed in black, with no ornaments, except a plain gold band upon a finger of her left hand. When she was thinking she turned it slowly round and round with the thumb and finger of her right. Always when she ceased to talk, the thumb and finger sought the ring.

As I took my seat beside her, traces of care and shades like sorrow could be seen about her face, but as the strains of the opening march sounded through the hall, her eyes lighted with flashes of pleasure.

The lady said that music and the dance brought rays of light and gleams of sunshine into the darkness of the souls around us; dark, when the light of reason showed them the joys and ecstasies afar off where they could not reach; and the gloom of darkness, when delusions came and mingled with the reason that they might be felt, and the victim know that she was accursed.

Her voice was pleasing; as she spoke it swelled in unison with the music, but a shiver mingled with its tones that sometimes seemed to be a dread, and then a sorrow. I thought that sympathy had attuned her voice to the suffering that had surrounded her, perhaps, for many years. I told her that I

wished to know the inner life of those with whom her duties gave companionship; to hear their words and know their ways; especially, to find if their moods and delusions were identical with those of men.

The lady said that woman's woes came to her in greater numbers and were more grievous than those of men; that her burdens were all of theirs, with others that they knew not of. Hysteria, and other forces, kept with her in the days of reason, and made her seasons of quiet worse than her spells.

I asked the lady to tell me of the spells, what they were and what had caused them. She said, "God, only, knows the cause."

The music ceased, the dancers left the floor; she rolled the band of gold around her finger and looked at the empty space where they had danced. Another measure, and long streams of dancers moved to the rhythms of Germany. Still, she looked across the floor and turned the ring. The waltz was over and other dancers came. The lady said that she had forgotten what I asked.

"O, yes! the spells, and what they were."

"They differed much," she said. "Yes; perhaps they did in nationalities."

She had seen a German girl, with folded hands upon her lap and streams of tears pouring from her eyes, sit for hours, perhaps a day, and moan, and say

that she was about to die, and ask the attendant to dress her in black and bury her under the willows where the leaves could drop their tears upon her grave. Then she would sob, and moan, and say that death was terrible to one so young. The lady said that I had an opportunity to see her when she was free from delusions, as she was near us in the dance.

I heard her cheery laugh and saw the tints of health amid the smiles she gave to those around her.

The lady said that melancholy seemed to be peculiar to the insanity of the German woman, as she had noticed others, not so young or so vigorous as this one, who were constantly grieving; and as I had directed her attention to this, the action of other nationalities came to her memory.

The French woman having her full reason would be vivacious and polite; while under the influence of spells, she would range about the ward in nervous antics, with excited speech, insult the others, and oblige her attendants to put her in her room and keep her there until she was quiet.

Some Scandinavian women, upon occasions, would be seized by their spells while conversing, and contort their features, then stare with sightless eyes, their arms and bodies soon assuming various strange and rigid positions.

"The American woman, did you say?"

A frown came upon the lady's face, somewhat of pain and much of sorrow, with a tinge of reproach; and as she rolled the ring upon her finger and looked out among the dancers, I thought she was displeased that I should wish to know about the delusive actions of her countrywomen.

Within the quadrille near by us, was a tall, graceful woman with evidences of culture and education upon her face, and in all her movements. She had been sought as a partner by some of the most gentlemanly visitors and attendants, and had been a centre for conversation during the intermissions. Her manner gave assurance that she was accustomed to the usages of good society. I noticed her in agreeable action toward others in the set, and but a moment afterwards she pushed her partner from her and followed as if to strike or do other injury. He caught her by the wrists, and then she screamed and sat upon the floor, and tried to strike him with her feet. Three of the attendant ladies went to her and attempted to lift her up. She drew her hands away from her partner, caught their dresses and tore them, and tried to scratch and bite their hands. The music ceased. She was finally conquered. As she was carried through the hall and out at the door, she covered all the audience with epithets and reproaches.

After she had gone, the music and the dance were resumed. The lady stopped rolling the ring,



"YOU HAVE THE ANSWER; SHE IS AN AMERICAN"

turned to me and said, "You have the answer; she is an American."

I asked the lady if any women were there because of the use of wine or other alcoholic drinks, and she said there were, and that some were born with the taste of alcohol upon their tongues. One was near us who, if she could be induced to tell her story, would cause me horror as she traced her life. She would never tell it to a stranger, but if I cared to listen, the lady said that she would take the woman's place and tell me the story as it had been told to her.

"My mother's father was a drunkard. Her life was filled with care until she was married to my father. No wine was ever in my mother's home. My father never used it. When I was seven years of age, and while playing with a schoolmate in the dining-room of her home, I saw a bottle upon the sideboard, and beside it stood a glass. I read upon the label of the bottle 'V. O. P.' I asked my playmate what this meant. She answered that she did not know its meaning, except that it was a kind of wine which her father drank at the table. She had tasted it, but the taste was unpleasant and she could not know why her father should wish to drink it. Impelled by childish curiosity, I poured a little into the glass, and as I inhaled its perfume I knew it was the unknown thing for which I had longed since my babyhood. I filled the glass and drank. I was about

to fill it again, but my playmate checked me, and called a servant who took the wine from me and locked it in the side-board. When my mother knew of this, she took me in her arms and tried to speak to me, but her voice was choked, and I felt her tears drop among the curls about my head and trickle down upon my neck."

The lady ceased her story and fixed her eyes upon the ring, which she slowly rolled around her finger with a hand that trembled and could scarcely retain its grasp. As I turned from her and looked out to the dancers, they seemed to be amid a mist, and the lancers music throbbed among them in sobs and plaintive strains.

Soon the lady touched my arm and said to me that she would tell the rest.

"In all my girlhood days I had no thoughts of wrong but this, that I would gratify my desire for wine or other drinks, though all the world should frown upon me. For this I heeded not my father's command nor my mother's prayers. My school days passed; then in society a flattering attention was given me, for I was fair and the mistress of many accomplishments. One came to me who touched my heart, who laughed when told that wine would lead to wrong. I went with him to social gatherings, to theatres and balls. One night, after an opera, I went with him to a popular café. With our supper

my escort ordered wine. Upon the label of the bottle were the letters that held my childish curiosity. I drank with him. He urged another, and I drank; then others. I thought that ecstacies were in the bottle's depths, but—Oh, God!"

A look of pain was on the lady's face, that had the seeming of a sudden sickness. As I touched the fan upon her lap, she pushed my hand away and resumed her story.

"That day I was the angel of a home; the next, a thing of shame. I could not bear to look upon my father's face nor in my mother's eyes, and made excuses for a friendly visit; then took the train and went away and hid myself in the depths of the great city over yonder. I drowned my thoughts of them in wine; myself I cared not for. Soon came disease, the Creator's brand of shame. I went to lower places: the concert room, the dance house; the hovel, and the street; from its gutters men took me up and brought me here."

"She always ends the story thus, and then she says, 'Is mine the blame? I have asked my God and he has told me, no!'

"The most of those about us," the lady said, "are not afflicted with insanity until middle age, and then they must leave their homes, perhaps forever. This is a direful thought, that women must be taken from their homes and those whom they love and put away

in places where the only joy is hope, while all around their lives gathers the gloom of night. In the darkness of that night the mother prays for her children to come and take her from the demons and put her among the angels of her home, but the children cannot hear. The daughter calls aloud for her mother to take her in her arms and sing the songs of childhood to calm the raging fear that fills her sleepless nights, but the mother is in the village churchyard, and the tongue that sang her lullaby is dust. The wife pleads for the husband's arms to hold her in their loving folds, and shield her from the forms of evil that gather around her bedside; to take her with him to the peaceful light of their own fireside and bring her babies to her that she may feel their soft faces press against her bosom."

The dance was ended and the strains of "Sweet Home" floated through the hall. I saw a tear cling to the lady's eyelashes, then draw away and pass slowly along her cheek and drop upon the hand that rolled the band of gold upon her finger, round and round. She went away with the others, and I talked awhile with the attendant who came with me. He told me that the lady was a patient who had been there for years and would never go away until she was taken over yonder to the cypresses.

A new face came to my vision. Among its lines and shades I traced the anguish of another story.

The tear glistened with another light, and the band of gold rolled over the course of memories. As I walked through the grove fronting the Asylum, the soft moonlight threw lights and shadows upon the winding walks, that took the forms of drapery, outstretched arms, and pleading faces that gazed upon me from their beds of frosted ice; from far above a woman's scream pierced through the chilling air, and all around me, among the evergreens, I heard the shivering tones of the lady's voice.

When I arrived at the Asylum the next morning, Haldon's attendant said that he believed my Christmas visit had been harmful, as Haldon was now joining religious action and Christmas talk with the delusion of weapon and fiend.

Doctor Peters decided that my second visit should be ended, and as I went again among the people of the city I thought I saw the inmates of the Asylum walking upon the streets.

CHAPTER XIII.

No dreamer she, with languid air.



A VOLUME,* profound and statistical, shows to us that tendency of thought is an ancestral gift. Beliefs are strengthened by inherited prejudice. False beliefs have come from the savage, through the generations of civilization, to the brain of the otherwise enlightened man, and grasp his intellect with all the force, with modified brutality, that held the savage mind to its control.

The savage man said that woman was his inferior and oppressed her. She bore him children and nourished them, while he ranged the forest and

* Galton's "Hereditary Genius."

developed bone and muscle. His belief arose from tests of physical strength.

The civilized man added other indignities. He asserted that her mentalities were inferior to his own endowment. He treasured her beauty and trained it to his own enjoyments. He adorned her to the envy of his fellows; shut her out from self-support; gave her bangles to play with, then taunted her that she could not use the pen.

The enlightened orator steps upon the platform with the same false belief fastened on his brain, and constructs his argument to agree with it; then mourns that half the world must delve in the mines of thought for gems to dazzle the wondering eyes of the other half.

The enlightened minister stands within his pulpit and looks out upon those who are the morality and the Christianity of his flock; the strength and support of his religion; and trusts that Providence may be good to them, as they are weak and can only go as they are led; can only see as they are directed, and are as vines twining around the giants of intellectual forests.

Not wholly enlightened are those gentlemen of the platform and pulpit who still have traces of the barbarian belief in their brains. Let us find the truth and disturb that belief.

The only reason for the apparent mental superi-

ority of man, is his opportunity for the exercise of consecutive thought directed to the accomplishment of a single purpose.

The youth meets a maiden in the Academy. Does he take all the honors to himself? He is fortunate if he keeps within her range, and consoles his failure with another false belief that fastens itself upon unthinking minds, namely, that a woman's brain is only capable of a limited knowledge, and that she receives it quickly, while he can continue in mental advancement through life. Let us enlighten him.

This is because of her want of opportunity, and not because of her lack of capacity.

Both marry. He puts all of his thought and energy into one business or profession, and develops his intellectual powers by the training derived from consecutive thought. Her thought is distracted by the demands of household, society, children, and, may it please you, the comfort and happiness of the one who is now drawing away from her in mental culture by reason of his concentrated mental effort. When she frees herself and pursues his methods, she stands beside him in intellectual rank. Journalist, writer, lawyer, whatever mental work he does, so can she as well.

The girl who has completed her school education stands the intellectual equal of the man who has completed his, in the same line of study. She is trained

in consecutive thought, and should now—if she intends to marry—put that quality of thought upon the problem of a husband, the same as she did upon mathematics, for the purpose of learning correct results; and if she be not in haste, marriage need not be a lottery.

Not by training only, but by experience, had Josephine Haldon acquired the habit of thought that leads to just and reasonable conclusions; and as she sat in the parlor of her temporary home, and looked out upon the driving snow as it whirled among the trees and over the evergreens of Union Park, she thought of the flowers that were, and the desolation that now covered them, and that a life might be read from the flowers to the snow and chills; or it might develop from the dreariness of winter to the verdure and foliage of summer. Is not the direction within our control?

She thought of Leslie Montford and his earnest pleadings that she should put aside the coldness that had come upon her love. Her love! she shivered as Judge Heron's words came to her memory; then thought of Helen Temple and her warning, "Better to build you a hut in a churchyard and commune with the dead, than to be in the arms of one whose soul is dying, day by day." With a clear knowledge of the life that degrades womanhood, all woman would dwell alone rather than accept it. The great good of

life, is to give and receive happiness. This is of the Divinity. Thoughts still came.

"Why should a woman leave a sure happiness to follow one that promised to be greater, unless its enchantments could be seen as a certainty? Should she not walk in paths that were firm to the footsteps, even if the flowers grew only here and there along their borders? If the chart of experience that marked the paths of life showed a danger signal upon the entrance of one, why should a woman put her foot upon it to take the chances of escape, where others had been overwhelmed? All men are alike by nature, and only differ in the conceit with which they regard their power to resist the encroachments of an evil which they tamper with. None are sure, but those who never touch the evil and abhor it.

"He saved my life. He gave my senses all that is beautiful on earth. If I give myself to him as a recompense, and my mind and soul go not with me, the trust of one is betrayed, and the life of the other is a fear. And the others that gather around our fireside and look to us for happiness—shall I mourn with them the sorrows that may be? Better to leave them in the realms of the uncreated, where, if joys are not, anguish never is.

"He tells me of the greenhouse; of his content to die with me; of the joy and flood of love which came upon him when he knew that I was saved.

Does he love himself, with the love that cleanses from impurities and fits him for the love that I could give, but which is now unsatisfied? or is he thoughtless of himself, and does he look upon our betrothal as a rapture of the heart, and upon me as an exemplar, a monitor, for the moral conduct of our family? Does he look upon our danger as a romance of love?

"The romance of the greenhouse was that of life or death, and not of love. The love that lights the pathway to the end has no romance. The truth shines upon its impulses and the mind directs its gratifications and restraints. Thoughts cluster around its cradle and give the nourishment of strength. It is trained in the school of reason and its abode is forever with the intelligences. It blends the two in one as the oceans join and remain together; not as the rills unite and evaporate. A union of the hearts and minds of a man and a woman, builds a home where love dwells in security with them and theirs. A union of the hearts only, spreads a tent upon the fields of passion, while the mind may be a wanderer, seeking its approved companion.

"One alone, with purity of thought and action; with stability of character and exalted principles; with just conceptions of duty and perfect self-control, can never lead the other and the family to that unity which gives security and happiness. Upon the sands of this belief stand the crumbling castles of ruined

families. My father, you have warned me; and Judge Heron, you have directed me aright."

The muffled tinkle of sleigh-bells coming towards her through the storm, drew her attention from the train of thought that had nearly directed her mind to a final decision, and as the fur-covered sleigh stopped before the door, she saw Leslie Montford step from it, and after giving some directions to the driver he rang the door-bell. He sent the maid to ask her if she would give a part of the afternoon to his society, and upon her assent being given he came into the parlor.

Since the morning on which they turned away from the greenhouse and went through the ashes and ruins of a burned city to a place of shelter and reunion of family, Montford had been conscious of a change in the thoughts and sentiments of Josephine towards him. He had supposed it to be occasioned by the troubles and anxieties which had come upon her, and that they had diverted her mind to their contemplation; but as the time passed, the distance between them widened, and what he now felt in her company was restraint and doubt.

He had noticed that her conversation tended towards what he thought to be criticisms upon his acts and opinions, and especially so, regarding the subject of social enjoyments and the use of wine in connection with them. He had always treated the subject with slight consideration and with something

of annoyance that he should be made the object of its application. As he could not seriously consider his own mild indulgences to be the occasion of the estrangement, he had questioned the usual list of probable causes for a reason, from the timidity of a woman to her fickleness, and found no conclusion. He had spent the previous evening in her company, and upon after-reflections, was so forcibly impressed with a danger to their relations that he resolved upon an immediate and pointed enquiry.

Along with his doubts and perplexities had come the conviction, or rather belief, that he was the injured one, who was being deprived of the trust and confidence of his future wife; and he also entertained the idea that has been so common among men, but which is being gradually dispelled, that whatever caused the trouble, his was the right to decide upon the remedy and its application.

Josephine was surprised that she should be put upon the defensive at the first stage of the conversation, for, after being seated, he said to her:

"Josephine, there has been a change in your manner towards me, a withdrawing, instead of a closer bond of companionship, as I had hoped. I have examined my acts, my speech and my social qualities, and have thought of the love and consideration that I have shown for you; and I cannot see where I have in anywise failed in my duty to you, or in the

requirements of a woman's love. I cannot feel that I have received in the full measure that I have given. And I do feel that you have been ungenerous in granting much that a lover asks for. I wish to clear our relations of doubt and constraint, and I feel that upon you falls the duty of bringing the peace and happiness of the first weeks of our engagement. I ask you to confide in me the obstacles that may obstruct you in the fulfilment of that duty, to the end that I may be of assistance in their removal. Josephine, I love you, and would give all my strength to your aid. Do you love me as this, Josephine?"

"Raise yourself above it;" and Judge Heron's injunction stilled the impulse that stirred within as she looked upon the pleasing face and manly form before her. For, had she not felt his kiss upon her lips, and his arm around her, as he drew her to him when the words that made her his came from her tongue?

"Leslie, there are no obstacles in my way upon the path of duty. No strength can aid me to give the measure of your love. I have contemplated the duties that I owe to you and to those who might walk through life with us; and those you owe to me and them. I believe that I comprehend them all. I have examined, not my acts and speech, or social qualities, but myself and you, the higher properties of our character and thought, to know if there is that

within us, established and secure, which will bring us happiness and unity of life and purpose. My search is ended. You are not what I had thought. I am dismayed and would turn back."

"Would this be justice to me, Josephine? Did you not tell me that you loved me? Can love do so great a wrong? I cannot give you up. What have I done?"

What is love? Judge Heron's definition swept through her mind, and Montford's impulsive questions showed her its truth. As she never before had seen, she now saw the material reaching for its gratification and striking down in its eagerness all the barriers raised by thought for the protection of the soul. An argument with this were fruitless, and she said to him:

"I can only answer your last question, and make its application to our relations in life. You have used that which your own judgment condemns, and you have not the excuse that you are ignorant of its effects. You have allowed an indulgence for which all men who patronize make excuses and lower themselves to the humiliation of apology. You have injured your mental and moral standing with yourself, and as you fail in your duties to yourself, so will you in your duties to others. You have taken that which never gave sustenance to a single elevating thought, no inspiration to an exalted purpose, and

no aid to a higher and better life. You have turned from me and taken that to yourself which degrades your thoughts of me and all my sex; puts us upon a level with the food you eat, and the wine you drink; and shuts from your sight the beauties of our companionship. You have put that into your brain which helps to lower the intellectual average of mankind, and the world, as it advances in mental achievements, will look upon you as a hindrance and not a help. You have drunk that of which you are ashamed and you dare not tell the thought, speech or action, inspired by its influence; that which no one uses with a clear conviction of right, but which puts upon the otherwise honorable tongue the excuses and evasions of falsehood."

"Josephine, love is all-forgiving. If I refrain, can you not forget? Our obligations bind us to each other and demand fulfilment."

"A fear of the future is an ever-present calamity. If he cannot remove this, he has already failed in his obligations to you." Again Judge Heron's words gave greater strength to her resolution.

"Mr. Montford, the coquetry of a woman is no more harmful than the dalliance of a man with wine. Her incontinence, no more degrading in its effects than his drunkenness. If I had taken the first step towards that degradation, would your love forgive me, or would your obligation hold you to its fulfil-

ment upon my promise to refrain from other steps downwards? You would tell me that my acts indicated tendencies; that our future life together was an uncertainty. You would point me to the ruined homes about us, caused by woman's instability; to the blush of shame upon the husband's face when the finger of society pointed to his wife. With the justice of right, you would bid me go my way and leave your manhood uncontaminated.

"With the same right of application I judge your tendencies. Your acts justify me. I feel the uncertainty of our future, over which clouds have already gathered. I point you to the ruined homes and lives about us, caused by the use of alcohol; to the blush of shame upon the face of the wife when society points a finger at her husband and calls him a drunkard; and, with the same justice of right, I ask you to go your way and leave my womanhood undefiled."

The driving snow that beat against the face of Leslie Montford, as he went towards his home, was not as cold as the chill that came over his heart, when he thought of the noble girl whom he had lost.

CHAPTER XIV.



EAR the close of the Winter's social season, a part of the intelligence and culture of Chicago had received an invitation to attend an evening reception at the home of a noted family of wealth and education. Among the other guests who accepted came a debutante, eager in enquiry and frank in impulsive ideas; her cousin of the second season, who was becoming wiser; and their chaperon, who was a lady of tact and sense. Of this she gave evidence as she arranged herself and her charges in a comfortable position in the reception parlor near the easy chair in which Judge Heron, who was a

relative of the family, had seated himself, and within easy conversational distance.

They had arrived at an early hour that the debutante might observe all that could be seen or heard during the entire entertainment, and, as the chaperon was immediately involved in a discussion with the Judge, she employed her time in noting arrivals and making aside comments upon them to her cousin of the second season. From this to gossip was an easy grade. As they became absorbed in the luxury of personalities, they raised their voices, and Judge Heron heard the debutante say :

"She broke the engagement just for that? How idiotic! He is the great desirable of his circle."

Then the cousin said :

"Since entering society I have seen a great deal of that, and I cannot say that she is idiotic, or even foolish. Last summer, while we were at Geneva Lake, a party of young men from Chicago—we know some of them, too—" here she inclined toward the debutante and spoke in undertones, and then resumed, "—came there for an outing and occupied a little cottage but a short distance from ours. They had wine and beer, and things of that sort came to them by express; and of all the foolish actions you ever heard of, day and night—why! I would not marry one of them if he was worth a million." Here she again inclined toward the debutante. "And I

had always thought that he was so nice, but after I heard him sing that song—well, I avoid him now."

"Nonsense!" said the debutante; "nice young men get wild sometimes, and what is the harm if they are correct after marriage?"

"Yes, my dear, if—" said she of the second season. "How are you to be informed of what they do after marriage? They try the best they can to conceal their depravity from us before marriage; afterwards, they have the help of loving wives who shield them and tell falsehoods for their sake. You need not make big eyes at me, my dear. I said falsehoods, and that is what it is. I have heard many things since I entered society. You know George ——?" Another inclination toward the debutante, who eagerly bent her head to listen. "And the men who came home with him were obliged to help him to his room, and still, his wife told my mother, when she made a call the next day, that he was confined to his room with a severe cold, although she is a good, truthful woman, in all else."

"Well," said the debutante, "I do not believe that she knows how to manage a husband. I would make him love me so much that he could not possibly do such a thing."

The cousin of the second season laughed outright and heartily at this remark. The chaperon put a finger on her shoulder and said:

"Do you forget?"

Judge Heron came to her aid by saying:

"The laugh is not untimely and savors more of thought than levity, which assures me that the young lady, in her social studies, has not forgotten to observe the indications that point directly to her future domestic status, and has a keen appreciation of the probabilities that a woman's love can make but slight headway against the current of a man's habits and tendencies; and that as a man is before marriage so he will be after; with a chance that upon the removal of the restraints which he places upon himself for the purpose of making a coveted alliance, he will intensify his persistence in following his inclination.

"It also assures me—begging the pardon of the younger lady, who will have future occasion to modify her views, or even to discard them entirely and to adopt others—that the more thoughtful young ladies are coming to look upon the marriage relation as a condition of fact, rather than as a creation of romance; and my young friend is justified in treating with levity any suggestion that she or her sisters can create a domestic paradise with any material which may be at hand."

The chaperon here asked the cousin of the second season of whom they had been speaking, and upon being told what inspired the conversation, she said to Judge Heron, "It was a display of common sense

that should be a beacon light for the guidance of all marriageable girls who are walking with uncertain steps towards the life from which there is no turning back, without disgrace and sorrow, and in which, if it be not one of happiness, there is no consolation but repentance. Examples of this repentance are altogether too common, even among the best of people, and it is fully time that young ladies should be making enquiries as to the causes which may seriously affect their future welfare."

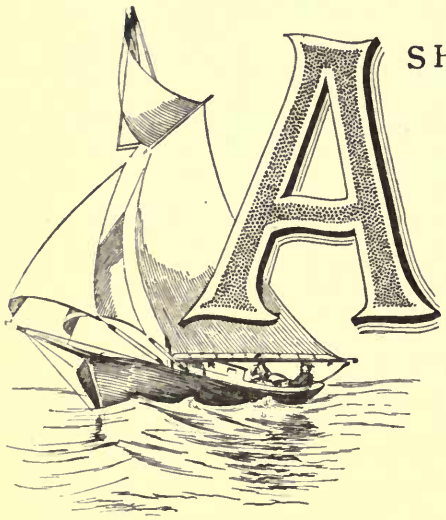
Judge Heron said:

"All young ladies, or I would speak more properly were I to say, all women, can have more control over the destinies of their own future and the acts of men in relation to them, than they have as yet exercised; that is to say, if they act in unison. Let us see. If the same condemnation was meted out to the man for his misconduct, and in the same positive and inexorable manner that it is to the woman, he would be held under the identical social and moral restraints which govern her. There is an unwritten but recognized law among honorable men, that one shall not associate with a woman who has dishonored her sex. If this law was applied by women with the same rigor of enforcement, and with like penalties, to the other sex, against the drink which tends to reduce manhood to like degradation, then would the man strive, as the woman now does, to present to society a clean record

of action; and it is within the power of women to make this application and enforce the penalties. Unyielding condemnation, which he metes out to her, would restrict his indulgence. Social ostracism, which he applies to her, would be a warning to aspiring youth that would not pass unheeded. Denial of companionship, which is another penalty inflicted by man upon the erring woman, could be placed upon him with all the potency of reformation? Refusal of marriage, which he applies with universal force against her, would hold him from evil during the age when habits are formed. This she can exercise when she will look upon the married life as a reality (begging your pardon, Madam, as you and I know it), and learns that mental approval is the only safeguard to show her the paths of peace and happiness through that life; that love is a material impulse that dwells with us all and tends to haste and indiscretion."

The hum of conversation about them was suddenly stilled as a couple came into the reception parlor who attracted more than usual attention, and to whom, after their courtesies to the entertainers, several guests pressed forward and gave greeting. Among the others were the chaperon and Judge Heron. The cousin of the second season inclined towards the debutante and said, "They are Josephine Haldon and Doctor Horace Morton."

CHAPTER XV.



A SHADED cove within the shore of Geneva Lake. A bright July afternoon. A soft breeze rippling the water and weaving its surface into glittering meshes. A lady reclined upon the sloping pebbles at the edge of the shade thrown by a group of willows, and near the tiny breakers that splashed close to her feet. A yacht that had sailed into the entrance of the cove and was rounding upon a return tack, its white sails waving lightly in the face of the gentle wind; and as it swayed and settled upon its course, the melody of a boat-song came floating across the water from the gay party on board. The reclining lady took up the dying strains and sent them in silver tones among the deep shades behind her.

"A scene of beauty, and a song of enchantment."

The exclamation startled the lady, and as she hurriedly arose and looked behind her she saw a gentleman dressed in yachting costume, and standing upon the edge of the narrow beach at the end of a path leading into the grove; then she looked along the shore of the cove and called anxiously:

"Norah! Norah!"

The gentleman hastened to quiet her apprehensions by saying, "I ask your pardon, Miss, my words were involuntary, but had I seen your face I fear that I should have given them greater emphasis. It is a beautiful scene, and you gave the song a greater enchantment. I trust that you will forgive me."

"This is so unexpected to me, and—and—you are a stranger to me, sir."

"I will rely somewhat upon the greater social freedom allowed to watering places and seaside resorts, and presume upon your indulgence by introducing myself. My name is Montford. I reside in Chicago and am in business there."

"Is it somethin' ye wanted wid me, Missus? I was jist a little way in the woods beyant," and Norah came briskly down the path from the grove.

"Only to know where you were, Norah, and that you were not far away," said the lady.

"It's talkin' wid mesilf I'll be the rist av the day, I'm thinkin'," and Norah looked over Montford's

yachting costume, from the blue hat ribbon to the flannel bells that covered his shoes. "I'll go back beyant."

"My housekeeper, Mr. Montford," said the lady,



"A SCENE OF BEAUTY, AND A SONG OF ENCHANTMENT."

after Norah had gone away. "She is somewhat familiar, having been with me so long."

"I can infer, Miss, that Geneva is your home, and that all this beautiful scenery is a charm of your daily life."

"It is a daily charm, Mr. Montford, but my home is not here, except for the summer. I cannot feel that I have a home since my husband died."

"Then you are a——; I ask your pardon, Madam. I was thoughtless."

"Yes, Mr. Montford, a widow, as you were about to say, and I can add, a lonely one, as our life was all that lovers dream. His memory has kept with me during the two years since he—since he went away. My mother urged me to put it aside, and I came here where I can see pleasant sights and pleasant people. Even if I am acquainted with none of them, they direct my thoughts away from memories that some time during my life must be stilled, if not entirely lost."

The shade of sorrow drew Montford's sympathy, and her beauty intensified it. He thought:

"She is lonely; an hour is little to me;" and pointing to a seat within the grove, proposed that they go to it and sit awhile. She gave her assent, and as they walked, she said:

"Among the many things of life, for which we should be grateful, is that time modifies all trouble, and the companionship of others tends to direct our thoughts to future pleasures."

As he talked with her, his words of sympathy soon changed to sentences of cheer and descriptions of pleasant scenes, and later, the echo of her silvery laughter filled the grove as he related to her the history of ludicrous experiences. She had not spoken, except to give assent to his expressions, or make suggestions aiding his efforts to entertain her. An hour passed, and then another, and still he

remained with her in the bewildering fascination that draws a man to an appreciative woman, who is interested, beautiful, and a stranger. The sun went behind the distant forest, and he was aroused to the action of the forgotten world by the laughter of the yachting party, who had made a landing and came in a merry group through the grove on their way home. The lady noticed the deepening shade, and with marked anxiety arose, looked about the grove, and called to her maid, who did not respond, and then said to Montford:

"She must have thought you an acquaintance and gone home, supposing that I would not need her company longer."

"I will gladly escort you home, Madam, if you will accept; and do you know that we have conversed for hours, and that I do not as yet know your name? How unthoughtful of me!"

"Of me, Mr. Montford. I should have informed you when you gave me yours, but I was somewhat disturbed by your unexpected presence. I am Mrs. Lavosse, and I must rely on the greater social freedom of watering places to excuse me for allowing an acquaintance to continue that was begun in such an unconventional manner. My cottage is but a short walk distant. I must go now, as Norah will expect me with tea ready. Have you a cottage here? Are you married, Mr. Montford?"

"No, to both questions, Mrs. Lavosse, and I stop at the hotel."

She took his arm and they walked up the path towards her cottage in silence. To him, her questions had brought the pang of loneliness. He saw in the far past the face of Josephine Haldon smiling as he told her the words of love. He saw her walking by his side in purity of life and thought. He saw her honor as a rock, high above the storms of passion; her character untouched by the breath of suspicion. He saw her go away from him never to return; and who was this now by his side, beautiful in face and form, but the companion of a chance acquaintance that Josephine would have repelled with scorn and indignation, with flashing eyes, and scathing words? With great effort he found the words of courtesy and gentleness to rightly end his interview with Mrs. Lavosse, and as he bade her good-night, at the porch of her cottage, she said:

"I have spent the most pleasant time of years with you to-day, and shall always welcome your company;" and with an enticing smile that touched his vanity, she added, "You are the first to lead my thoughts from sorrow."

Whenever gloomy thoughts came to Montford's mind and held him to the contemplation of his loss of Josephine, his impulse was to vigorous physical and mental enjoyments with his associates, not in a

way that courts excesses in the use of wine or other liquors, but which indulges as a means of excitement and stimulation for the purpose of adding zest to pleasures, and, perhaps, bringing forgetfulness of everything not connected with the present and its surroundings; and sometimes, when memory of past events came over the banquet table or into the social circle, he would add largely to the usual quantity of wine, and on some occasions had found himself noticeably under its intoxicating influence. His chance acquaintance with Mrs. Lavosse and his involuntary comparison of her probable character with that of Josephine, had brought upon him a sense of depression made more vivid by the reflection that she might have been his afternoon companion as an honored wife, instead of the one who had betrayed him into an acquaintance of a doubtful character by her beauty and charming song, and he eagerly sought an opportunity to cheer his drooping spirits—a bottle of wine for dinner and an acceptance of a late champagne supper with intimate friends, which lasted well into the morning hours; the effect of all this being a demand of the nerves for gratification during the next day.

On the forenoon of the third day after his meeting with Mrs. Lavosse, he was walking about the boat landing and the surrounding groves in a more cheerful mood than usual, and as he came down upon the

beach he saw the housekeeper, Norah, sitting upon the sloping bank, and more with thought of diversion than information, asked if her mistress was about the groves.

"It's not goin' out av marnin's, she is, Mr. Montford, but a practicin' on the pianna, an' a singin' songs, she is, an' the way she's learnin' thim songs wud astonish ye; an' she's playin' one this marnin' about me love a lovin' me, an' me a lovin' me love, or some sich way, I dunno; but it's that pretty, I'd be a-wantin' to kiss her, that I did, an' she's that sweet——"

"You appear to regard her very highly," said Montford.

"Regardin' av her highly, is it, Mr. Montford? I don't know if it's that ye call it, but if ye'd been wid her foor years, like mesilf, I'm thinkin' ye'd call it somethin' warmer thin that, an' she's had nobuddy but mesilf to love sence her husbin' died, two years beyant, an' she's had no childer, an' she's that lovin'—"

"Perhaps she will marry again, and—"

"Marry ag'in, is it?" interrupted Norah. "She'll not marry widout love, an' she's not done wid her husbin' yet—a-lovin' av him, if he do be dead—an' they's lots av min come to console wid her, an' they didn't come but the wanst, ayther; an' they was nice min, too, some av thim rich, but she wouldn't listen, an' she told me—only yister avenin'—that she's niver

see but the one man 'cipt her husbin' that she felt a bit av love for, an' she said she belaved that love kim a shinterin' acrast the water, an' all thim nice ways, suddint like, an' a woman couldn't help it if it tuk her aff on serryfin's wings, an' sich langwidge, an' said that ye was that nice, an eddicated—Mr. Montford, it's goin' home I must be doin' right aff. Me missus always told me when me tongue got a goin' it run away wid me sinsibleness, an' it's right she was till I can't dispute wid her. Good marnin', Mr. Montford."

"Wait, Norah. You have told me so much that it will be just as well to tell me all."

"It's not tellin' ye any more I'll be, Mr. Montford, an' I can't tell if she meant ye when she was talkin' about serryfins an' things, but she was a talkin' av the grove, an' the yat, and the shinterin' water, an' yersilf, all mixed togither, an' if I'd be tellin' ye what she said, she'd sind me right aff home agin. She's that particular. Good marnin'."

He tried to hold her in further conversation, but she ran up the path to the cottage of Mrs. Lavosse, and without looking behind her, entered it and closed the door.

The Irishwoman's unwitting revelation of the sentiments of Mrs. Lavosse towards him, and the scrap of history indicating her long-continued loyalty to the only love of her life—constant until his appear-

ance — modified his previous estimation of her character, and held his own attractions to his contemplation in vivid contrast to the weaker powers of others, and brought to him the vanity of exclusive conquest. He regretted the acceptance of an invitation to become one of a yachting party upon the lake, as he was in a mood to continue his acquaintance with Mrs. Lavosse, and knew that she would be among the groves or about the shore during the later afternoon ; but as he could not recall it without indicating a cause to his associates, and thus betraying to them the origin of its incitement, he thought of future opportunities and discarded the idea. He had already come to look upon his association with Mrs. Lavosse as an enticing secret.

When a young man is flushed with the buoyancy of present or expected pleasure, he learns that wine, if he takes it, will raise that pleasure to the compass of an ecstasy ; and if he looks back upon the experience, he remembers that discretion was weakened, if not entirely overcome. The restraining powers of the mind were enveloped and their action restricted ; an incipient insanity. So Montford, when upon his yachting trip during the afternoon, to the elation of a supposed conquest added the stimulation of wine, of which there was a plenty on board.

When the yacht rounded into the cove for a return tack, as it had done upon the day when Mrs. Lavosse

swelled the boat song, he saw her, as before, reclining upon the pebble beach. He forgot the eyes of his intimates and stood upon the deck and swung his hat to attract her attention. She responded by a wave of her parasol, but arose, turned quickly and walked up the path to the grove. This movement was interpreted correctly by the party on board, as some who had leveled their glasses upon her failed to see her face, and as she immediately disappeared behind the trees, there was evidence that she regarded his recognition as an indiscretion. During the remainder of the trip Montford withstood the discomfiture of questions and innuendoes, and upon landing went immediately to his hotel, fearing that he might, if strolling through the grove with his party, meet her and be compelled to a recognition, and perhaps an introduction to his friends.

During the earlier evening hours he remained in his room, and, as the excitement of the wine, the pleasures of the day, and the incident in the cove wore away, gathered his reason to analyze the condition of mind and its tendencies brought about by his chance acquaintance. The character of his youthful associations and training was of such a nature that up to this time he had been held from adventures of even the mildest social danger, and as he put his clear thought upon the possible result of this one, he disaproved the methods used by himself,

and allowed and condoned by her, to gain and cultivate her acquaintance, and condemned its continuance. In spite of his effort to put her away from his thoughts, the pure acts and speech of Josephine Haldon came before him in contrast to those of both himself and Mrs. Lavosse. After giving the subject full consideration, and applying social reasons and moral precepts to his argument, he resolved to break the acquaintance and treat her as a stranger.

He went below, and as he reached the office of the hotel he was met by three associates, who urged him to join them in a game of billiards. As the time was still early he gave assent. As the game progressed, a wager brought a bottle of champagne, and within a half-hour another, of which they all partook. Montford soon found his attention being called away from the requirements of the game to thoughts of Mrs. Lavosse and the exultation of being the only one who could change the impulses of her love to a living object. The game became spiritless to him, and he made excuses to retire, and walked out in the moonlight towards the lake.

As he walked in the grove the scene upon the shore of the lake came before his mind; the sheltered cove, the shining water, the swaying sails, the pebble beach, the swelling boat song echoing among the shades, and the romance of wine painted the vision

of beauty around the enticing form and face of Mrs. Lavosse. When he came to an open space by the path leading to the cove, he was startled at seeing her reclined upon the grass with her head resting on the lap of the housekeeper, and to the romance of the cove was added the subtle charm of a moonlit picture of loveliness within a frame of sylvan shade.

As she saw him, she arose with an exclamation of surprise. Norah ran among the trees to the path, and regardless of calls to return, kept on her way to the cottage. Mrs. Lavosse stood before him in evident confusion that the situation had been forced upon her, and as he looked upon the downcast eyes and disturbed face, all thoughts of her indiscretion in accepting his introduction without formalities, and of her possible disregard of social proprieties, and consequent undesirability as an acquaintance, left him, and he saw her as one who was pure and loving, but who had capitulated to his fascinations, and he believed that none other could have made this impression. He was conscious of an intellectual state entirely new to his experience, which, were his analysis made with a clear brain, he would decide to be an intermingling of pity and conceit, but as his perceptions were clouded by the one-fourth of two bottles of champagne, the uncertainty of romance impelled his action, and he said to her:

"It seems fated that we should meet. Let us walk together."

He noticed the pleasure with which she accepted this invitation, and as her hand came within the proffered arm and drew it closely to her side, he imagined thrills of loving confidence in the pressure. As they walked, she interspersed the conversation with scraps of her past history, relating them with the ingenuousness of innocence revealing the inmost impulses of a loving heart, to which he responded in words of appreciation that carried with them tones of sympathy and trustfulness. To excuse her, as well as himself, for the social imprudence in which they had become involved, he dwelt upon the universal liberty of action indulged by all people during their seasons of relaxation from business and society, and gave illustrations from his personal experience of revelries in company with his intimates, the hilarious actions and speech of which were soon forgotten or condoned by the apology of recreation. To all this she gave encouragement, and to more fully reassure him of her acquiescence in his thought, said to him:

"I believe that every pleasure should be stimulated to an ecstasy. Sorrows become agonies of their own force, and why should we not use all means of enjoyment, especially here, where pleasure is the only reason for our presence?"

He felt grateful that she sustained the views for which Josephine had discarded him, and when at a late hour he bade her good-night at the door of her cottage, he assented to her invitation to call at any time not interfering with his social duties to friends, feeling an exultation that one so beautiful and innocent had made him the object of her confidence. The memory that went with him into the night of sleep, was the moonlit smile of Mrs. Lavosse.

Why, if the wine had not clouded his reason and degraded his impulses, should Montford have awakened in the morning and looked upon the moonlit smile as a cold enticement, his argument excusing his indiscretion as a fallacy, and her remark sustaining it as an open door to intrigue? Why should thoughts of Josephine, of her virtue and nobleness of character, her regard for social observances, her purity of speech and action, have come to him and kept with him through the morning hour, gone with him to the breakfast table, and have remained absent during the yachting trip and the moonlight walk? Why had he looked upon a vision of lovely innocence leaning upon his arm, and upon himself as an irresistible attraction, to now think of himself and his acts with disgust, and of Mrs. Lavosse with distrust and suspicion? Again he resolved to break the acquaintance and treat her as a stranger.

He spent the forenoon quietly, and after lunch

strolled to the railroad station to see which of his acquaintances might have come upon the train from Chicago. Among others who stepped to the platform, he saw Dr. Horace Morton. He had learned from the gossip of his associates that Josephine had accepted Morton's addresses soon after his own dismissal, and his unexpected arrival disconcerted him. Although they had been acquainted from childhood, Montford's salutation was almost ungracious. Afterwards, he turned away to other friends, and among them were two companions of a former hunting excursion, who were business associates, and who, in their outings, were inclined to vigorous enjoyments. They had come to spend the Saturday afternoon and night, and were to return Sunday evening.

They walked to the hotel in company, and when his friends were writing their names upon the register, Montford saw that of Dr. Morton, and that he had been assigned a room. His presence depressed him and brought thoughts of his own dismissal and discomfiture. With little hesitation or thought, he accepted the invitation of his business friends to become one of their party. Before dinner they met two others who joined forces with them, and together they planned a campaign of pleasure, to last until the Sunday evening train left for Chicago. This was, a sumptuous dinner, with wine; attend the weekly hop at the hotel, wine occasionally; a private supper

afterwards, in a parlor suite—wine, cognac brandy and black coffee; a yachting party on the lake the next day — all men — luncheon, wine and several bottles of brandy. Nothing vulgar indulged in by any one; simply a stimulated intellectual hilarity; and as the yacht came to the landing with little time for the business friends to reach the Chicago train, Montford bade them good-bye and turned to talk with Norah, who had been watching the boat and its party with great interest as it came in shore.

"It's a fine sailer ye are, Mr. Montford," she said; "a rale pritty one. I'm not a-blamin' me missus."

"Not blaming her for what, Norah?"

"For walkin' wid ye in the moonshine till twilve a-clock, sure. An' she's been that happy till I come from the cottage an hour gone and lift her a singin' an' playin' on the pianna, an' ye can flatter yersilf that she'd be avin a-lookin' at ye, the way she's acted to the min since her husbin' died."

"Tell me, Norah, has she no friends?—no callers, I mean?—no lovers?"

"Frinds, is it, Mr. Montford? Iverybuddy is her frinds that knows av her. Callers, is it? Galoshis av thim; lovyers they wanted to be, but she wouldn't have anythin' to say to thim, not one word, not wan av thim; an' she told me yisterday that 'twas the funniest thing she'd iver thought av, that—that—"

"That what, Norah?"

"It's a goin' straight, directly home, I am, Mr. Montford. It's likin' to talk wid ye meself I am, an' I'll be tellin' av ye things that shud be kipt a saycrit. Ye needn't stand in me way, ayther, 'cause I can run around ye through the trees. It's not sayin' anither word I'd be. I'm goin'."

"Norah, tell her that I will call at eight this evening."

"It's right glad she'll be to see ye, Mr. Montford, an' I'll till her that, sure."

Montford went to his hotel, dressed in evening costume with unusual care, and then to dinner with two companions of the day and previous evening. As a natural sequence to the indulgence already allowed, the dinner included wine, and afterwards Montford felt the need of outdoor exercise, and that the evening breeze was grateful to his flushed and burning face. He strolled among the groves and about the shore, and as he passed by the moonlit opening in the shade and went down upon the pebble beach of the cove, the spirit of romance again filled the air about him and made Geneva with its glittering water and shaded shores the enchanted home of Mrs. Lavosse.

As he went into her presence at the appointed time, he saw the fairy of the lake transformed to an enticing woman in charming drapery, with sparkling ornaments. As she arranged for his comfort he

noticed with pleasure her attention to all the smaller details of courtesy, and that she kept close by him until she completed them, then placed her own seat very near to his, with movements and expressions that indicated a delight to be within the circle of his personal magnetism.

Here we pause. The conversation of a beautiful and designing woman, and that of one whom she knows to be entranced by her personalities, his reason obscured and his impulses debased by stimulants, as she leads him along to folly in the name of love, is not of a character that would be grateful to purity or give strength to virtue. At the end of the long conversation, which she had deftly conducted to an impulsive conclusion, she said:

"Mr. Montford, you have compelled me to love you."

He rested his arm upon the back of her chair and touched the fine brown hair that splashed about her ears and over the laces around her neck. She leaned towards him, and the lips that had felt the pressure of purity tasted the kiss of sin. The slender golden lizards with garnet eyes met in company upon the arms around his neck. Her dress was the color of Australian gold, and it revealed the perfect form of Celestine Lavosse.

CHAPTER XVI.

I heard an orator say: "Insanity is a living death."

JUDGE HERON'S NARRATIVE.



AGAIN the early frosts had tinted the groves about the Asylum, and again I walked by the long row of elms and under the statue of Mercy; this time to go with Haldon to his home. Hope, the only joy that dwells behind the grated windows, had brought to him its treasures. Soon after my Christmas visit his recovery began. His delusions lost their force and fell to the flashings of a dream, and in the early Autumn the weapon and the fiend were memories. Long nights of sleep and days of quiet rest, in which the bustle of the world was forgotten, had brought to him the healthy brain of manhood. The doors of

the Asylum were closed against the poison which brought him there, and the protecting arms of the only place in our land where a man is safe from its temptations had held him away from his desires, and they had ceased their importunities. Doctor Peters had advised his stay beyond the time of his mental recovery, that he might strengthen his moral forces against the attacks of enemies who would meet him upon his return to the city.

"These enemies," the Doctor said, "are numerous and vigilant. Some wear the guise of friendship, and one is open in its declarations; but all are dangerous, and it almost needs the care of angels to keep him from their power."

"The open enemy," the Doctor said, "is the community in which he lives. It is without conscience, and violent. It murders men and robs their wives and children for the sake of revenue. For coin in hand it gives a privilege to ravish purse and intellect. It builds saloons on every thoroughfare and tells the man that they are respectable and innocent of harm; then grins, and points a finger at him because he entered and was robbed. If he steals for bread or turns upon it for vengeance, it sends him to the prison or to the Asylum. It will ask the pardoned criminal or the recovered maniac to drink, that he may help to pay its taxes.

"One friendly enemy is his neighbor who does not

think, but would impulsively ask him to come and drink with him and enjoy a moment's sociability; who then, if he refused, would look sorrowful as a mistreated friend, and grieve that his generosity was not appreciated, and urge upon him a reconsideration of his decision.

"Another is his business friend, who never makes a trade unless the contract seal is stamped with a bottle of champagne. Another, his social friend, who still maintains that pleasure comes in greater volume as the wine sparkles and exhilarates, but who knows nothing of the sorrows that follow the indulgence of an hereditary desire, but who is preparing his posterity for that woeful knowledge while he is hilarious.

"And deadly enemies are some physicians whom he trusts in sickness. When he needs rest and freedom from excitement they will prescribe him stimulants, which seem to strengthen, but their effect is only a concentration of his body's forces to expel them, which makes him weaker, and if he survives by reason of his strength of will or superior constitution, the taste of alcohol has become familiar and grateful, and he continues to take the medicine that is compounded from the formula of death, upon the authority of those whose mission it is to save and perpetuate his life.

"And still another enemy is the woman who sets the wine before him upon her own table. Of all the

enemies who should be his friends, she is the most thoughtless and the most to be pitied. In every glass she pours she puts the degradation of her sex; the thing that takes from him the memory of her purity and lowers her to the level of his basest thoughts—she and her sister women.

"And then the saloon, that through its open doors exhales the incense of his desires, which fills the air around it as a perfume from an enchanted garden.

"After the others have injured him, it offers the friendly enjoyment of its comforts, then stupefies its guest and takes from him his purse and brain, and has no further use for him. This, and the community in which he lives, despoil him with deliberate intention. The others are only thoughtless, but all are dangerous to him as the companionship of vice to virtue.

"Were some State or portion of our country set aside for the uses of sobriety, within whose borders no alcohol could ever come, to which he and his afflicted brothers might remove themselves, their families and their possessions, it would be a haven of security from the social and mental dangers that now surround them on every side. To their strengthening brains would come a cleaner train of thought, and, as a sequence, moral and mental degradation would seldom come to the inhabitants.

"In that State the prison locks would soon become rusted from disuse, and the whispering wind would

be the only sound that swept along the corridors and among the lattices of its asylums. Its 'Hospital for Mental Diseases' would be a cottage at its county capitals."

An attendant came into the office and said that he was ready to go with me to Haldon, who, after the greetings of friendship, proposed that we should go into the groves and stay awhile there, as he did not wish to go immediately away. He said, "It seems so much like leaving home."

We sat upon a bench that encircled a long table placed within the enclosure of a group of low pines, while all around, and overhanging them, stood towering maples, with leaves tinted with red and yellow, intermixed with lines of green, the charming fancy of the morning frosts. Between the pines and maples came a view of all the Asylum buildings and the groves and lawns about them. Within these groves were those patients who were granted their privileges; some nearly restored to their mental estates; some quiet but in the gloom of Melancholia, others in the fluent and boastful delusions of harmless Monomania. Here and there an epileptic, with brain stunned by the blows of an unknown and mysterious demon. He falls as the one whose heart is pierced, and rises with the unfinished sentence upon his tongue, and knowing not that he has been among

the byways of the dead, he tells no story of his wanderings.

By far the most were they, of whom the visitor says: "They are not insane. What foul oppression holds them here? Go bring the Judge and gather here his jury." But when he asks the man to tell him of his wrongs, he answers, that something climbs upon the walls at night, steals along the corridor and creeps through the lattices into his room; while he sleeps it robs him of his reason and fills its place with fancies; then comes again another night and restores to him all that it had taken, and adds despair; that weeks or months will pass, and just as hope gives cheer it comes again, over the walls, along the corridors, and through the lattices to his bedside.

These are in the groves during the seasons of their responsibility, and at other times are kept within the buildings; and here, beneath the maples and the evergreens, walk the men to whom eternal misery has come before the body's death. Haldon said to me that their histories were entertaining and instructive, and as he had associated with them and had their confidence, they freely expressed to him their inmost thoughts.

He called to one who was passing by and introduced me. After the usual civilities, he took a seat opposite us and looked at me across the table as if to enquire if I was a new companion in their house-

hold. Haldon easily led him to a conversation regarding himself, and as he talked, our expressions of sympathy encouraged him to speak without reserve.

I will give his story as a whole, precisely as he told it.

"Boston is my birthplace, and I will be forty-two years of age next month. Mine was a family of moderate means, and I was sent to college, but social inclinations stood in the way of my advancement and I graduated without great honor. Of this I was ashamed and resolved to reach a place of distinction. I studied law, then went to ———, Illinois, and began my practice. I was successful and had filled one honorable place in the State government, when I suddenly became aware that I was being followed by an enemy who, if opportunity offered, would take my life. I armed myself, and one evening I met him in the rotunda of the hotel at which I boarded, and before he could draw his knife to cut me, I shot him. I was arrested, and they did not even give me a trial for an attempt to kill, but sent me here. I afterwards learned that I did not kill him, but that he recovered. He is intent upon revenge, and often comes here and awaits a chance to find me alone and to cut me to pieces with his knife. I avoid him and soon he goes away. I can see him looking about the buildings and among the trees. I have seen him

hiding under this table where we sit, but I ran to the building and he dared not follow.

"Now, I know that all this is a hallucination and that no man ever comes here to harm me, and that the one I shot knows that I was insane, and that he has no spite against me; still, when he comes, he is real. I can see him, hear him walk, and see the knife that he carries with him. The Doctor says that he has hope that this mania will pass away, and then I can go to the world again. I hope with him and try to throw it off, and think of what I can achieve when I again go to my profession, and of all the positions that are open to my exertions. Seven years! and I was to have been married in a few days, when it happened. I get her letters now. She sends me cheer and hope, but I can read a sorrow between the lines. When I am well I shall go to her and this will bring her joy, and happiness to both, and she will aid me to take up my life again and carry it grandly to the aspirations of my early manhood."

His eyes shone with a steady radiance. Hope and confidence filled the smile that covered his face. An autumn breeze came sweeping across the lawns, plunged through the pines around us, and took with it a sigh that breathed the longings of an eternity. Seven years!

Insanity is a living disappointment.

Haldon beckoned to another, who came and sat among us, and he said:

"I was with Sherman through the great Rebellion. I kissed the girl who was to have been my bride within a month, and took my commission as a captain and went with my regiment to the front. I was in every battle to the burning of Atlanta, and never was touched by ball or bayonet. My thoughts of Mary, and her prayers, kept me safe."

His voice trembled and the hand that lay upon the table clenched to whiteness. He looked up through the pines; among the branches of maples, then over the lawns, and almost forced the words he uttered, "I came to her and we were married." He put his head upon the arm that rested before him, and all was silent but the low whispering of the pines. A maple leaf flashed its tints through the sunlight; swayed and circled on its downward way, and dropped upon the table within the bended arm, caressing his face. As he uplifted his head to speak, his cheeks were wet, and the wind rocked the frosted leaf as it floated across a pool of tears.

Again he clenched his hand and forced the words, "We were happy. I went into business and we prospered. We built a home and furnished it with everything that is comfortable and pleasing, and then our baby came—our boy." The clenched hand whitened and his voice grew husky, but he rallied and

continued, "The day he was baptised—I never shall forget it. His name is Alfred. It was a sunny Sunday morning in June. I carried him in my arms to the church, and Mary walked by my side. He looked up at me and laughed and tried to reach his hands to put them on my face, then he would turn and look at his mother, and talk to her in baby language."

He arose and went out from under the pines to a rose-bush that grew upon the edge of the lawn, and picked a flower, pulled its petals from the stem and scattered them around; then brushed his hand across his face and came back.

"And two years after came a baby girl. We named her Marion. As near her mother's as it could be, and not the same. When she was three years old my sickness came. I cannot tell you what it was, or what should cause it, but all at once I felt a demon in my heart. I struck my boy, and cursed my wife—my Mary whom I love. Then the neighbors came and held me and brought a doctor, who said I had a sickness of the mind and must be sent away for treatment. In a month or two, he said, I would be well again. I could not leave my home, and struggled and resisted when a stranger came to bring me here, but he tied my hands and feet and they carried me to the train and to the carriage.

"The month had passed, and then the two. My wife and babies wanted me, but the people here would

not let me go. One night I watched and waited until the watchman passed my room, then raised the window and pulled upon the iron grate and broke it. I crawled through, dropped to the ground and ran with all my speed towards my home. I could hear Mary and the children calling to me; their voices urging me to fly, for men were after me. I have never heard their voices since. They caught me and wrapped a blanket around me, for I had forgotten to dress myself before I went away. They watched me and a year passed by; then another; this is the third, and still they tell me that I cannot go; but when I talk to them of my family, how they love me, and how much they need my care, I cannot keep the tears from coming, and then they say, 'Emotion indicates insanity, and you must stay until you conquer that.' My wife! my children! this will never be as long as thought can go to you. No! here I will stay forever. Would I were insane, with the insanity that never thinks! But I can write to them, and they to me. See! I carry their letters with me always."

He took three bundles of letters from the pockets of his coat and put them upon the table before him. Smiles came upon his face, his eyes lighted with pleasure, and he said:

"The largest is from Mary—every letter that she has written—and I have answered every one; and this from Alfred, and the little one from Marion. She

has just began to write to me. Hear what she says:

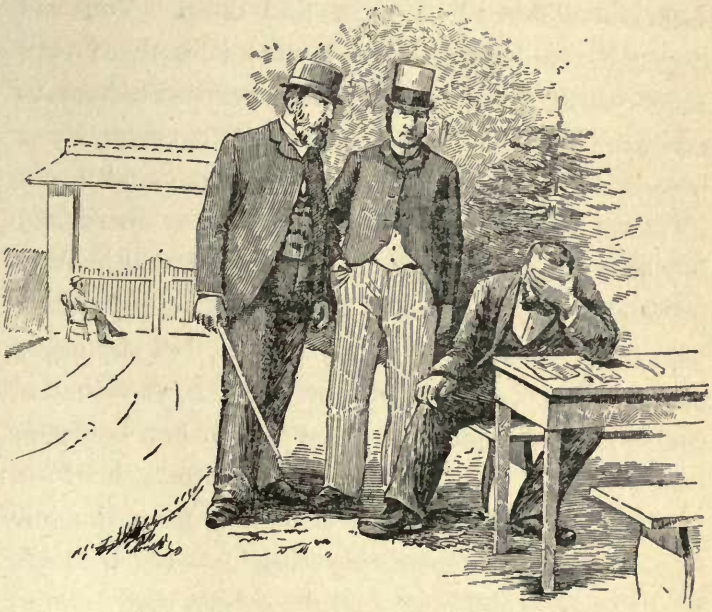
"'*My own Dear Father:* Mother helps me to write, but I know what to say to you. I love you and want you with us. It seems so long before you come. I think it will be next week when my father will be here; and then the next, and the next, and you do not come. It has been so long I can hardly think of it. I have almost forgot your voice. You must come or I shall forget your face——'"

The rest we never heard. The open letter fell from his trembling hand upon the autumn leaves that strewed the ground; the wind closed its folds, and hid the loving words from our sight. He bent over the table and with his face in his open hands he sobbed as a despairing child would by the side of its mother's coffin, and his form shook with the agony that no loving letters can relieve. Tears fall in the Asylum as in the home.

Insanity is a living sorrow.

Two attendants came from the western building carrying an old man upon a chair. They brought him to the grove and placed him near us, under the shade of the pines. He gave them gentle thanks as they arranged and adjusted his clothing for his comfort. His voice shivered, and memory brought to me the tones and the agonizing scream of the lady at the dance. The light wind played with the white hair that fell about his neck and threw its shining threads

over his face, and his eyes had the seeming of outstretched arms pleading for help. He needed no encouragement to talk, for the story of his sorrow had become the thought of his daily life. He knew that I was a stranger there, and that I came from the



TEARS FALL IN THE ASYLUM AS IN THE HOME.

outside world, which he had not seen in thirty-two years, and his appeals were made to me.

"Thirty-two years, to-day, they have kept me here. There is a little of life left for me, and I must see the beautiful world before I die. Won't you take me with you when you go? Don't tell me no! I'll be no trouble to you. I'll only lean upon your

arm and look around me, and look and never tire of seeing all that I once enjoyed; the woods, the meadows, the lakes, the people. I remember them all. Thirty-two years! O, God! They are there yet, are they not? Don't tell me they are gone. My wife and children! I must find them. You will help me, won't you? My home! is it there yet? Have you seen them? Did they send you here to take me to them? Speak to me! What makes you silent? My wife? Is she old like me and I not there to love and comfort her? She is not dead? No, no! it breaks my heart to think of that. Why don't she come to me? Thirty-two years! and I have never seen her. I pray to God, but she never comes. There is the Asylum hearse! A wounded soul gone to be healed. Take me to her before it comes to me! Will you let me die without her?"

His voice had swelled as he talked, from the low shivering tones to entreating shrieks. He held his hands towards me, and amid the sorrow that covered his face the pleading eyes stared with a tearless agony. I arose and drew away from him. He dropped his hands upon his knees, turned his face towards the winding driveway, and watched the Asylum hearse slowly pass out at the gate and go among the cypresses, lonely, unattended, and friendless.

Insanity is a living agony.

We went away from them to an arbor within the lawn, and as we sat together, John Haldon gave me the thoughts of one to whom insanity had granted mercy. He said:

"My friend, you have only seen a phosphorescent wave roll in from an ocean of sorrow and break upon the darkness of its shores. The storms are hid from all but those who cross its bosom. A single rock, a single wave, is shown to you by the dim light of the disturbed waters, and the fragments about you are the wrecks of but a single reef. All around the endless shores are other reefs and other rocks, and over the gloomy surface roll other waves bearing despair.

"And have you thought, as you walked about seeking knowledge, that you have seen nothing that is new to you; have found no action or emotion that is not about you in the city; and that you could fill these yards and groves from its inhabitants, and to-morrow's visitor be entertained precisely as you have been?

"The sorrows and the tears, the fears and the delusions, the curses and the cries for vengeance, would all be here. The hysteric, the melancholy, the monomaniac, the lunatic, and the madman, would come with you from homes and schools, from offices and shops, from counting-houses and chambers of

commerce, from saloons and beer halls. The gentle would come, with mingled tears and smiles, gazing in rapture upon their castles in the heavens. The deluded would come, with the story of folly upon their tongues. The violent would come, with the smoking pistol and the knife dripping with blood.

"This is but a mirror of the social world, that shows to the observer a reflection of its daily action. Here is mania. There it is among your people in all its forms.

"And have you thought, as you walked among the people of the Asylum, noting their delusions and demonstrations, that they are men and women with souls attuned to the harmony of emotions, and that they feel and suffer as the ones to whom delusions never come?

"These delusions are but a moment's anguish within a day of sorrow; or a flashing dream of torment amid a night of horror; and when they depart the mind comes back again to the contemplation of its troubles and its sorrows with a conception made more vivid by a knowledge of its helplessness. They see the world as we see it, and know its comforts and its pleasures, and know that they are held away from it, perhaps forever—prisoners without a crime. They know the happiness of friendship and the joy of family, but they dwell within an enclosure and sit among a multitude, alone. They know that thoughts of harm are never

theirs; but they see their families flee from them, when their only thought is love; desert, and then forget them, while they would walk the earth to find a loving face, and give the day and the stillness of the night to memories of home.

"They know that their trouble is but a sickness, and they see their fellow-man add to the wrongs that he has already done them. They hear the stories that he repeats about them, culled from the parchments of superstitious ages; that they have evil spirits in them, and uncanny witches dancing around them with unseen antics and unheard curses; that God has forgotten them or frowns when he hears their prayers. They hear the names of derision and degradation that he shouts to them—fit appellations for a barbarian's derisive harangue to his enemy. They know that he comes to their hospital as to a place of curious exhibition.

"Of all the humiliations that he puts upon them, this is the worst and the most unnecessary. As well might strangers walk into his bedchamber and watch him as he struggled with the pains of fever, and comment on his agonies and point each other to his writhings. The curious visitor is an insult to manhood and womanhood. To him it brings no good or knowledge. He goes away as ignorant as when he came, and carries only the fancied comprehension of an unthoughtful mind; while they who need serenity

of mind to make them well are disturbed by angry thoughts. This is the home of a dreadful sickness and should be made sacred from intrusion.

"Those who care for them and comprehend their sorrows, pity and respect and give their sympathy, and would close the doors against the man who comes with gaping mouth and foolish questions to gaze upon those whose delusions are equal in truth to the conclusions of his thoughtless curiosity; but he holds them open and the wrong continues.

"And he who recovers from the insanity of alcohol: what have you learned from him? He, whose memory can go back over the delusions of the Asylum and trace their wanderings; can mingle with the deliriums of alcohol and see their frightful imagery; and can dwell with his desires and know their tainted impulses. Amid the quiet of the Asylum he has found the truth and comprehends it.

"He has learned that the mind can be corrupted by the chemical action of a material substance, and memory stands beside him and sees the gradual decay. The same poisoned blood in which the heart sends disease to the vitals, goes to the chambers of the mind, bearing disaster.

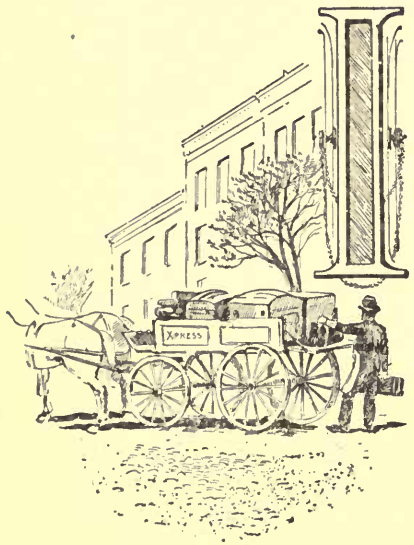
"Few are the words required to tell the causes, but the sorrows strewn along the path of effects would fill the libraries of the world with sombre volumes.

"To him, the Asylum has no terrors. He will tell you that others may look upon the towering walls and grated windows with awe and fear, but he will see a sanctuary. As he walked along its corridors, and in its groves, the burden of his shame unrolled and fell away from him. Others may see the gloom of darkness around its portals, but he has found the light of reason shining within.

"Others may think of madmen, prisoned in cells, filled with curses, but he thinks of an afflicted brother struggling with the fever of delusion, and looks upon the room with the latticed door as a holy place. Upon its iron bedstead the sweet sleep of health and peace has come back to him again, and when a maniac's curse rings out upon the still night air, he hears the echo in the grove transform profanity, and waft it to the heavens in words of prayer; that the Angel writes within his book: 'God, help me: Christ, remember me: Jesus, protect me.'"

We went by the long row of elms, passed out at the gate, and turned our faces towards the city. By my side there walked a man with intellect restored; an intellect, bound to the chariot of Bacchus twenty years.

CHAPTER XVII.



IN Superior Court, Case No. 10,001 —suppressed."

Thus said a daily court journal published in the city of Chicago during the summer following Haldon's discharge from the Asylum.

A very old gentlemen of heavy form, abrupt in speech and with a tendency to asthmatic struggles, was seated in the easy chair with cushioned arms, his feet on the low footstool of the three, in the parlor of Celestine Lavosse. This lady sat before him in the armless bamboo chair, and selected letters, memorandums, and scraps of verse, from a bundle upon her lap, and placed them on the arm of the easy chair, from which he took them, one by one, read them carefully and gave

them back to her, saying, "This is not sufficient proof."

Celestine leaned against her chair and gently rocked as she looked the papers over in the order in which they had been given her. Her dress was of white illusion, creamy in its tints, covering an embroidered skirt which clung with noiseless motions as she rocked. A heavy kerchief of costly lace, yellow with age, was caught about her neck by a diamond double-heart, which sent its sparkling answers to the heavy solitaire upon her finger flashing its challenges from the gas lights above the easy chair. The light evening breeze came through the open window of the sleeping room, pushed away the curtains before the arch and moved the light illusion of her dress in gentle ripples, and threw the splashes of fine brown hair across her cheek as she bent her head over the papers and searched intently as for a sentence lost.

The old gentleman put aside his glasses, bent forward in his chair and gazed at her as if to make a perfect picture for the use of memory. His eyes wandered among the folds of her clinging skirt, over her shapely hands and arms, dwelt upon the outlines of her waist, then upon her face and among the ripples of her hair. If she was conscious of his scrutiny she betrayed no sign, but still searched among the papers for words which were not there. He soon carefully adjusted his glasses to his eyes, bent

farther forward and again studied her face intently as one entranced or fascinated. Suddenly a sharp sound broke upon the stillness of the room. A key in the piano had yielded to the tension of its string and a minor note of the seventh octave escaped from its prison behind the sounding board. He sank back in his chair and uttered an exclamation that struck the chord upon the second octave below. The liberated note had set the pitch for the cadences of age. He turned his face towards the piano as if expecting other chords, and seemed with open mouth to wait his cue for lower cadences.

Celestine looked in his face as if to read his thoughts, and saw the blood flush red upon his neck and cheeks. When he turned to speak his eyes met hers and fell before their glance. Whatever were his thoughts, she knew that hers could be the victory. She pointed to the glittering ring upon her finger and said, "Is this no proof?" then to the jeweled hearts, "Nor this?"

"Not conclusive. They might be gifts that——"

"Judge Worthington, you have known me since my childhood. I have always respected you—almost loved you. I asked you to come to me because you were my father's friend—my friend. In the little city where we lived, each knew all the others. Was not my reputation stainless? I became dependent upon my own exertions and came here to perfect

STEVEN

myself in music, that I might teach and honorably live. I wanted a home. I promised myself to him to gain it. He has trifled with me—would lead me astray, but my early teachings at home and at school have held me away from wrong. He has forsaken me. Am I to suffer without recompense?"

Celestine went to the crimson lounge and threw herself upon it, covering her face with her hands. Judge Worthington hastened to her side, placed his hand upon her shoulder, and said:

"I will aid you; but the proofs, Celestine! the proofs! These are insufficient. A positive proof of your engagement I must have. The letters are but love effusions that might precede a troth; the ornaments a bauble present from a rich man."

Celestine sprang from the lounge as if impelled by a sudden thought, exclaiming:

"I have this proof. I will send her here that you may talk with her."

She hurriedly went to the dressing room to prepare for the street, and as she came out said to Judge Worthington:

"I knew that you used wine at home, but did not know the kind, so I prepared for your visit by getting several varieties. Here it is in the dressing room. I would drink with you, but I dislike the taste. I will not return until after your interview with the

woman in whose house I was living at the time of my engagement. Her name is Mrs. Sharkey."

Celestine went to the first floor room back in Mrs. Sharkey's house, and hurriedly explained to that woman what was expected of her in relation to "Case Number 10,001." This explanation was received by her in silence, and when Celestine concluded she said:

"Mrs. Lavosse, I'm in awful bad luck—harrible. Iver sence the man up-stairs was choked till death not a bit av anythin' is a-goin' right. Me houses are half impty all av the time an' me roomers are fightin' wid me for chaper rint. It's a lot av money yer goin' to git. How much is a rale good witness worth, Mrs. Lavosse?"

"I'll do nicely by you, Mrs. Sharkey. Do, please, go. The Judge is waiting for you."

"Nicely, is it? How minny dollars does that mane, Mrs. Lavosse?"

"Oh, a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars, is it? It's a lot av money yer goin' to git. Give me the clushter ye have in yer pocket, an' ye's kin buy it back av me for foor hoondred."

"Goodness, Mrs. Sharkey! you are greedy."

"Grady, is it? What's yoursilf, Mrs. Lavosse?"

"But I want the cluster to wear. I will give you four hundred dollars. Can't you take my word?"

"Mrs. Lavosse, I'm in bad luck an' I'll be nadin' sure money. Iver sence the man up stairs——"

"Here, here, Mrs. Sharkey, take it and go quick. The Judge is waiting for you. Tell him——"

"It's not nadin' any advice, I am. I'll till him a story that'll do ye good. All the women shud stand togither for wan anither."

"Do not forget to tell the Judge what I said about him, Mrs. Sharkey."

"I'll not, Mrs. Lavosse."

Mrs. Sharkey hurriedly put on her black silk and crossed the street to Celestine's parlor, where she saluted the Judge with becoming deference. He answered by saying, "Mrs. Sharkey, I suppose?"

"That's me name, Judge, an' what was it ye wantid wid me? If it's anythin' about a coort I don't want to stay, sure. I'm afeard av thim. Me husbin'—rest his sowl!—got in wid a coort wanst an'——"

"You are in no danger, Mrs. Sharkey."

"An' it was jist the death av him. He worrit an' worrit till——"

"Mrs. Sharkey, be seated. What do you know of the marriage engagement of Mrs. Lavosse?"

"Judge, me room where I slipt was jist aff the parlor, on the same side, like the pianna, there."

"Where and when was this, Mrs. Sharkey?"

"Last summer, at Genavy Lake, sure."

"What was your mission there?"

"Mishin, is it? That's wan av thim words I cud niver talk wid."

"What were you there for?"

"For a rist, sure. Me two houses——"

"Was Mrs. Lavosse with you?"

"She was. She was that sorrerful and lonelysome that I told her if she didn't be doin' somethin' she'd waste away, an' I tuk her wid me for company, an' she's that sweet, an' purty, an' good, that——"

"What did you see or hear?"

"About the ingagemint, is it, Judge?"

"About the engagement, certainly."

"He scart her, Judge, a-spakin' till her whin she was layin' down a-lukin' at the yat, and thin he said he was sorry, an' that he was a-livin' in Chicago, an' was doin' a big business, an' he talked till her that nice, she said she'd fergive him. I thought he was a gintleman, Judge—if I didn't, he shouldn't come in me house—an' thin he wantid to be wid her all av the time, in the moonshine, an' ivery place, an' he axed her to go wid him to the balls, an' on the yat, but she wouldn't go aff alone wid him anywhere, she's that particular, but said he cud come till the cottage an' talk wid her in the parlor, an' me bidroom was jist aff here, like the pianna, there."

"Well, Mrs. Sharkey, proceed."

"That's anither av thim words. She said ye was that eddicated, may be I cudn't talk wid ye."

"Go on, finish your story."

"An' it was a little house, an' a little parlor, an' a little bidroom, an' I cudn't help the hearin' av it."

"At the first call, what transpired?"

"I belave I know what that manes. They didn't nothin', Judge. He jist talked wid her, an' he talked that nice an' eddicated, an' I thought he niver wud git done wid it; 'twas twilve a-clock, sure, whin he wint away, an' he said to her, he said, 'Mrs. Lavosse, yer that plisint ye'd make life short till a man.' Thim's the very words."

"And the next visit?"

"Jist like the first wan, an' five or six av them. Thin after that, whin he'd be spakin' wid her, he didn't say 'Mrs. Lavosse,' he said 'Celestine.'"

"Well?"

"Well, purty soon, wan night, about three wakes, it was, he said till her, wud she be his? an' she said till him, scart like, she didn't know if she'd be lovin' him that much, an' thin he begun a-teasin' av her, an' tellin' av her about sich a nice home, an' all av thim things; she said she'd think av it, and tell him the nixt time he'd be a-comin'; an' the next marnin' she told me av it, and she says, 'Mrs. Sharkey, shall I?' an' I says, 'He's a rich man, and can take care av ye nice; av coorse ye shall.' Thin she said she

didn't care so much about riches, but she'd like a home; an' I says, 'Have it that way, thin; but take him.' Wasn't that sinsible, Judge?"

"Go on, Mrs. Sharkey."

"Whin he come, the very next avenin', and she told him yes, she wud, he called her lovely, an' darlin', an angils, and thim langwidges, an' if anybuddy had been a-callin' me thim names, I'd be flyin' away, if he didn't hold me; but she didn't say wan word, but jist cried, an' he tuk her in his arms and called her thim lovin' names, an' wint to kissin' av her in the face, an' in the hair, an' a-huggin av her, till me brith was all gone away wid lookin' at it."

"Was your door open, Mrs. Sharkey?"

"Judge, if ye cud see sich a thing but the wanst in yer life, I'm thinkin' ye'd be holdin' the door aff a trifle."

The Judge laughed in the minor chords, which soon merged into a fierce asthmatic struggle that changed the color of the blood in his face and neck to a deep purple. Upon partial recovery, he said to her, between his gasps for breath, "Anything more?"

"Sure, it's hersilf can till ye the rist av it, an' I know she trusts ye an is a-likin' av ye, 'cause whin she got the paper tellin' about yer wife, that ye lost, she was that sorrerful for ye, an' said ye was sich a nice man, an' said she wished she was there to console wid ye, 'cause ye was sich a frind to her father, that she

was almost a-lovin' av ye. She's that sweet an' good, I'm a-lovin' av her mesilf, an' I'm hopin' ye'll git justice for her."

Mrs. Sharkey returned to Celestine and hurriedly gave her a condensed history of the interview with Judge Worthington, not forgetting the hints given him regarding the deep interest manifested by Celestine upon the occasion of his bereavement, and after commenting upon his personal peculiarities, added:

"He's a-likin' the ould wine I let ye take for him to drink while he's stayin' wid ye. He tuk three glasses whin I was a-talkin' wid him, an' he stopped it in his mouth to taste av it, as me husbin'—rest his soul!—did wid the ould whisky whin he was a drinkin' av it. An' the coff he has—he'll not be lastin' long wid it."

As Celestine entered her parlor and received the greeting of Judge Worthington, she was assured by his kindly manner that Mrs. Sharkey had not only impressed him with the justice of her demands in "Case Number 10,001," but had also strengthened his belief in her integrity, and she thought of his assuring words after she was seated, "Celestine, I am satisfied," as a repetition of previous information. She sat before him awaiting his further suggestions regarding her affairs, but he remained silent, and she saw by a side glance that he was again looking in-

tently at her as if to read a story that might be traced upon her face and drapery.

She drew the letters and memorandums from her pocket, changed her position and placed her foot upon the low footstool, the toe of her slipper pressing gently against the foot of Judge Worthington, and began to read as if absorbed, keeping her eyes constantly upon the papers in her lap. She read the papers through, then looked at the slipper on the footstool with an intensity of thought that traced its lines upon her face. Suddenly as if an emotion of joy had taken possession of her being, her confiding smile flashed its enticements against the gaslight. She saw by the motions of the form within her vision that Judge Worthington was leaning far forward in the easy chair, and with the smile still in the glory of its fascination, she raised her eyes to his. In the flushed face, the bated breath and the devouring eyes, she read the story of her victory. As her name came quavering from his lips she leaned towards him in response to words that were to follow.

Her name was the only word that came. The asthmatic cough had seized upon him, the purple shade crept over his face and neck as he pressed back in the easy chair, and the convulsions of the spasm shook his heavy form. Celestine hastened to his relief, stood behind the easy chair and held his head against her bosom, wiped away the gathering

drops upon his forehead with her perfumed handkerchief, and cooled his face with her feather fan until his recovery, then adjusted his disarranged neckerchief and waistcoat, poured a full glass of wine and pressed it to his lips. A smile of gratitude covered his face as she held his head upon her arm and smoothed back the silver hair from his forehead. He caught the soft hand and reverently kissed it. It lingered upon his lips without resistance. Inspired by its touch, the dying spark of love in his heart kindled afresh, and as she gently drew his face against her bosom with the arm beneath his head, his voice quavered her name. He looked into her face for encouragement and held the coming words upon his tongue, but the soft brown eyes told no story. He dropped the hand which he had pressed to his lips, turned his head away from her, and intermingled with the sigh that came as if driven from his chest by giant sorrows she heard the whispered words that age repeats and re-repeats in hopeless tones, "Would I were younger!"

Celestine bent over him, kissed him upon his forehead, and in a low voice said to him, "Love knows not age."

He turned in his chair, put his arms about her, drawing her face to his, and kissed her lips with choking pressure. As she drew away from him her hand sought the table's edge for support, and the

smile upon her face had yielded to an ashen pallor. She made excuses, went to the dressing room and stood before the glass arranging her hair and drapery until the flush of color came back; then she returned with a smile upon her face, which he imagined was lighted by love.

As she sat before him again in the low bamboo chair, he looked upon her with bewildered and wandering eyes, exclaiming, "Is all this true? Would you be my wife?"

With becoming hesitation, Celestine answered, "If you should ask me, Judge Worthington. I can love you because you are good—because I trust in you."

"Did you not love the other when you promised to be his wife?" His eager face bore the light of a hope that she might make answer which would still the fear that came upon him as she drew away from his embrace by the easy chair.

"I was poor, Judge Worthington. I wanted a home where I could rest in safety from the temptations of the world. He never asked me if I loved him. You cannot know a woman's heart. I never thought that you might ask me to be your wife."

She bent forward and rested her head upon his knee, and as he stroked her fine brown hair, he said in a pleading voice, "Forgive me, Celestine, I know your truthfulness. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Judge Worthington—your loving wife."

As she rested in his arms and felt his kisses upon her lips, the warm blood again left her face, and the pallor came upon it more chilling than before.

The hour was late, and after making an appointment for the morrow afternoon, he said to her, "This case must be dismissed. Our reputation must not be imperiled for the money that you might get."

Celestine answered, "All that I am or have is yours to direct," and gave him a good-night kiss.

As he reached the landing outside, she heard the echoes of an asthmatic cough. A glorious smile covered her face.

On the forenoon of the morrow, "Case Number 10,001" was stricken from the docket of the Superior Court. Had it reached a trial the *Court Journal* would have said:

"Case Number 10,001. Celestine Lavosse *vs.* Leslie Montford. Breach of Promise of Marriage. Damages: $25,000. Plaintiff's Attorney: Worthington."

* * *

Celestine sat upon the bamboo chair awaiting the arrival of Judge Worthington, in accordance with his afternoon appointment. She had drawn the curtains of her parlor to the measure of a subdued light and placed her chair near by a window and within the bright path traced along the carpet by the sun's rays filtering through a yellow satin shade. She had

sought among her wardrobe and found a dainty school dress of simple pattern and harmonious colors. Its skirt was partially covered in front with a neat embroidered apron of white, with ruffled pockets and broad lace edges. Around her neck was a plain white collar standing within the neckband of her dress and secured in front by a golden button with a large garnet centre stone. The solitaire lay in its velvet bed upon the dresser in the sleeping room. At her feet a silken ball rolled back and forth, sometimes whirling about as she drew upon its thread to weave the meshes of an embroidery that lay on her lap. The yellow light mingled with her fine brown hair and reflected golden flashes from its ripples as she gently moved to the rhythm of her needle, and her glorious smile beamed in creamy tints as pleasant thoughts passed through her mind. She sat, a poem of enticement, and he who came within her presence might see a maid, a matron, or an angel, as she might wish to direct his thoughts.

To a rap upon her door, she responded, "Come;" still keeping her seat and plying the needle in the embroidery. As Judge Worthington entered the room, a smile came upon her face as a beacon of welcome.

The tongue falters with the joy of meeting a long-absent child; the eyes sparkle upon the sudden gain of unearned gold; but no child stills the faltering

tongue, and no mine of gold illuminates the eye, as the possession of youth and beauty to the eye and tongue of age. With his eyes fixed upon her, he walked slowly and silently to her side. She arose, and as his arms came about her and his kiss upon her lips, she returned his embrace and no pallor came upon her face.

He sat again in the chair with cushioned arms and told her of his action in "Case Number 10,001," then explained his views regarding the proper course to pursue in their future movements. He spoke of his age, of his need for companionship, of the probable opposition of his children to their marriage, and said that the engagement should be kept a secret until afterwards, which time he hoped that she might appoint not further than ten days, as within this time he could return home and quietly make arrangements for her presence.

Celestine said, "Whatever you decide upon has my approval, but I should be protected against all possible happenings, either from the unfriendliness of your children or among the uncertainties of the future. I pray that it may be many years, Judge Worthington, but you will go before me, and if I bear your name through my life, which I shall do, I should be secure in home and position that I may honorably do so."

"Celestine——" the asthmatic cough again seized

him. She went to his side and lovingly ministered to his comfort and smoothed the white hairs back from his temples after the spasm had spent its force. If he had intended opposition to her suggestions, the touch of the soft hand and the warm breath upon his face as she kissed his cheek, had driven it from his thoughts.

When he fully recovered he said to her, "I will provide for you beyond your expectations. The homestead shall be yours, with an endowment sufficient for the uses of luxury."

Her victory was complete. When he left her to return to his home and prepare for their marriage, he had given her assurances as follows: His home to be her own; an endowment of fifty thousand dollars; besides, her dower, when he died, would be large, for Judge Worthington was a very rich man. He would send money immediately upon his arrival at home, ample to purchase a sufficient wardrobe, and would return to her within ten days; then a quiet wedding and a bridal tour.

Judge Worthington had drunk often, during this interview, of the old wine provided by Celestine, and as its effects deepened his generosity expanded, until the world, if it were his, would be an offering to the beautiful woman who said she loved him. There is a folly deeper than that of age—the folly of wine.

Within this poison is the subtle chemistry of delusion.

* * *

"A letter containing a draft for one thousand dollars!" This was Celestine's thought the second day after Judge Worthington's departure for home, as she sat by her window watching for the postman to appear upon his morning rounds.

As she enumerated her needs, the figures seemed to shrink among the folds of a bridal gown. She had heard her future husband speak of large amounts that were to be hers; a home, thirty thousand; an endowment, fifty thousand; a dower soon, perhaps a hundred thousand, for Judge Worthington was a very rich man. As her thoughts brought to her mind satins and yellow laces, linens and skillful embroidery, the draft in the expected letter disappeared in a bewilderment of costly fabrics wrought into dainty garments. She sighed deeply as she thought of the larger figures.

The postman came around the corner above, crossed the street diagonally and walked directly towards her. She ran to the landing of the floor below and opened the outside door to meet him. He shook his head and passed on. He would come again at eleven. She drew the curtains of her parlor to soften the light, and reclined on the crimson lounge. The larger figures again came to her

thoughts, and trooping after them came cushioned carriages, blooded horses with shining harness and elastic step, servants and dainty dishes, luxurious carpets yielding to the sinking foot, gorgeous furnishments and beds of luxury, homage from neighbors and passers-by, envy from women and admiration from men. She closed her eyes and dwelt upon the scene. The drowsy summer air crept under the drawn curtains and fanned her to sleep.

To sleep! Perhaps the angel of purity comes to all in sleep and whispers words in the ear that find a lodgment in the soul, and will some time drive away the thoughts of sin and cleanse its chambers for her abode. Her room is sacred while she sleeps.

The postman turned the corner at eleven and passed down the street upon the other side. He had no letter with a draft. He came again at four, and Celestine went upon the street to meet him. As he looked over the letters for the block and found none for her, he saw a shadow come upon her face that was something of fear and then of pain. She walked across the street and up the steps to the landing before Mrs. Sharkey's door; then turned and watched the postman as he went from house to house. He turned into another street; still she stood on the landing and looked at the corner where he had turned.

A carrier came down the walk throwing his rolled papers here and there, in the porches and on the land-

ings of his customers. Impelled by mistaken aim, the one for Mrs. Sharkey struck Celestine's hand and roused her to the action of the world. With manly apology the boy ran up the steps to the landing, raised the paper and placed it in her hand. She gave him no word, but turned and passed through the hall to Mrs. Sharkey's room and threw the paper into her lap.

As the paper always came during Mrs. Sharkey's leisure hour it was her custom to lie upon a lounge and read it. This day, being weary from work and heat, she soon fell asleep after reading the local news, the murders and accidents, and the marriages and deaths. Celestine took up the paper which had fallen to the floor and listlessly scanned the pages. Suddenly she dropped it and sprang to Mrs. Sharkey's side, calling her name as one imploring help. Mrs. Sharkey raised herself upon her elbow, overcome by the great Chicago fear, and exclaimed, "Sure, what's the matter? Is it a fire?"

"No! no! Mrs. Sharkey; he is dead! he is dead!"

Celestine threw herself into the rocking-chair and covered her face with her hands. Mrs. Sharkey looked at her in astonishment, and said in a gentle voice:

"Sure, Mrs. Lavosse, ye must be a-likin' av him. I niver see ye sheddin' the tear but this wanst. Who's dead?"

"Oh, Mrs. Sharkey, Judge Worthington!"

"Ye can git anither leyer, sure, an' what's the difference?"

"We were to be married next week. Oh, Mrs. Sharkey! This will kill me!"

"Married, is it! The howly saints! Is that what ye was a-doin'? Ye'll not be dyin' wid it, nayther."

Mrs. Sharkey modified her opinion as Celestine's head fell over the arm of the rocking-chair, an ashen pallor creeping over her face, and sprang to her side, raised the limp form in her arms, and laid it on the lounge. After much rubbing of hands, patting and shaking, the color returned to the face, the eyelids lifted, and Mrs. Sharkey seated herself in the rocking-chair, and gazed at her long and earnestly, without speaking; then rousing from the reverie she took the paper from the floor and began a search for the cause of Celestine's demonstrations, repeating in a low whisper as she glanced from column to column, "Worthington, Worthington. Here it is, sure!" She carefully read and re-read the paragraph that had brought the first tears to a woman's eyes:

"*Special to the* ———. ———, July 12th, 1873.

"Judge Worthington, of this city, died suddenly last evening, of asthmatic suffocation, a few hours after his return from Chicago, where he had spent several days in the interest of a client to whom he gave his services because of family acquaintance. As

he had been at leisure for many years, it is supposed that the labor incident to the case, together with the fatigue of the journey, proved too great a strain upon his weakened powers of endurance.

"He was seventy-six years of age, and has been a resident of this county during the past thirty years. He was at one time actively engaged in the practice of law, and was upon the bench for several years. A fortunate investment in land at an early day, near the then suburbs of the city, subsequently brought him great wealth. He leaves a large estate, at least of the value of five hundred thousand dollars, which, by the terms of his will, is equally divided among his three children."

"An' ye won't git any av it. Is that what ye'r a-faintin' an' a-cryin' about, Mrs. Lavosse? Niver mind, ye've got the hould on the ither wan."

At this remark, Celestine arose to a sitting posture and stamped her foot upon the floor, exclaiming, "I've been a fool!"

"Mebbe ye have, Mrs. Lavosse. I've not been wid ye all av the time. What is it ye've been doin'?"

"He wanted me to marry him, and he said that the suit would hurt our reputation, and he had money enough for me without that, and he went and dismissed the suit, and he was my attorney, and he is dead, and I shall never get any money from him, and

my money is all spent. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"What will ye do? Ye'r not eddicated, Mrs. Lavosse, not highly eddicated; an' ye'r not good—I mane, not very good—an' ye can't git yer livin' thim ways; but ye'r smart, 'specially whin somebuddy's along wid ye to help; an' ye'r a nice-lookin' woman, Mrs. Lavosse, an' so long as min drink wine an' whisky, an' sich stuff, ye naden't be worryin'."

Celestine made no answer, and Mrs. Sharkey continued:

"An' he wanted ye that bad, an' ye let him git away from ye an' go home widout marryin' ye—an' him wid that coff! Tin words, if ye'd said em', an' wan or two kisses, an' thim foor bottles av ould wine in his stumic', wud sint him for the minister, an' thin he cud go home an' stay there if he'd be wantin' to, an' thin ye cud lit go av the ither wan, or not, as ye'd be thinkin' bist."

As Celestine contemplated the lost opportunities for shrewd action, as suggested by Mrs. Sharkey, she felt no inclination to continue a conversation which was not likely to strengthen that lady's esteem for her. She put on her hat and went to her own rooms.

Mrs. Sharkey looked at her as she crossed the street, and reflected:

"Sure, some folks kin be jist as foolish widout

wine as some ithers be wid it, or me name's not Norah Sharkey."

On the first day of the ensuing month, Mrs. Sharkey called upon Celestine at her rooms in the second story opposite, and after a cool salutation, said to her, "It's not a-comin' fer rint I am, Mrs. Lavosse, but I want me rooms, an' it's some ither place ye must be findin'."

"But, Mrs. Sharkey, I have been here three years. I have always paid you promptly and will do so hereafter."

"It's quiet ye've been, Mrs. Lavosse, thim three years, excipt av late. It's complaints I've had, Mrs. Lavosse, from me ither roomers, wid ye a-diggin' at the pianna, an' singin' thim songs, an' the callers a-laffin' an' a-talkin'. It's wantin' me rooms I am."

"What can I do with my furniture, Mrs. Sharkey?"

"Do ye mane the rid lounge, an' the springy chair, an' the willy rocker, an' the futstule, an' the pianna? All the rist is me own, I'm thinkin'. I'll give ye the clushter back fer what belongs to yersilf in the rooms."

Without hesitation Celestine accepted this offer, took the ring from Mrs. Sharkey, put it on her finger and closed her hand tightly upon it.

In the late afternoon of the next day an expressman stopped by the curb of the house opposite Mrs. Sharkey's, made several trips up the stairs and brought down baggage, which he placed upon his

wagon. When he had finished there were three large trunks, two smaller ones, and two satchels.

A well-dressed city gentleman passing by upon the sidewalk heard a woman who stood on the landing give directions to the expressman. He heard the name of the street, but not the number. He noticed the load upon the wagon and then glanced at the woman. He judged by the numerous trunks and satchels that she possessed an ample wardrobe; by the absence of a carriage, that her future residence was only an easy walking distance; by her dress, which was too showy for street wear, that she courted observation. As she perceived his attention, a suggestive smile flashed over her face. He knew that she was of the fallen classes.

The following morning a piano mover stopped his car by the curb and showed to Mrs. Sharkey a contract for rental, signed "Celestine Folsom." His helpers brought a piano down the stairs, placed it in the car and drove away. Mrs. Sharkey stood in Celestine's parlor and enumerated upon her fingers:

"Fer the clushter I have wan rid lounge; wan springy chair; wan willy rocker; wan futstule; no pianna. Sure, she's sharper than I thot she was."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ideality is the reality of aspiration. To what thought conceives the soul may attain; else, there is no Heaven.



THERE is a love that tints the cheek with the carmine of desire; that heaves the bosom with the sighs of emotion; that sways the body to the rhythm of impulse, and lights the eye with the glow of passion. It is born amid the flashes of a smile. Its life is an ecstasy and then a pain; a trust and then a doubt; a worship and then a scorn. Its winding-sheet is the folds of a wrinkle. Its dirge is the echo of the wedding march of its devotees.

There is a love that halts by the portals of the mind awaiting an answer to its summons; that presents credentials of its worthiness when admitted to the vestibule; that enters the library of thought and

reads the teachings of its volumes, then goes to the inner chambers of approval, near by the soul. Its life is a pleasure and then a joy ; a faith and then a fruition ; a hope and then a certainty. It never dies.

The cousin of the second season, now fourth, stood before a large mirror in a dressing-room of John Haldon's new home, and adjusted her positions to the direction of the chaperon who stood at the farther side of the room, and made comments of approval or criticism as she noted gracefulness of action or defects in pose. The debutante, now in her third season, sat upon a velvet rocker, pressing the toe of her white satin slipper against the carpet to hold her chair from motion as she gazed with admiration upon the richly dressed figure before the mirror. Sometimes, when the chaperon was silent for an instant, she made remarks upon a coming event, the anticipated pleasures of which brought a glow upon her face, and a dancing light in her eyes.

" To be sure," she said, " every one admitted that such a thing might happen, but I thought, and so did the rest of the girls, that their sentiments towards each other were only those of friendship, perhaps strengthened to a great respect by long association and knowledge of character. We never supposed that they loved each other, not really loved, and the girls all said that she had loved one man, and when a woman once loves——"

"Yes, my dear," interrupted the chaperon, "what you were about to say is doubtless true, in the event of her having really loved; but we have sometimes known of a case in which a girl thought herself deeply in love, and afterwards discovered that her sentiments were but the result of an admiration for the face and form of a man."

The younger lady pushed the toe of her slipper against the carpet and rocked vigorously, looking steadily at the drapery of the cousin before the mirror while the chaperon was re-arranging the folds and laces. She soon regained her composure as thoughts of the coming event came and drove away memories of her own past experiences, which had evidently been of an impulsive sort, and again steadied the rocker, exclaiming as she did so:

"And there was no engagement! Even cousin—who is her cherished friend—never knew of it until last week, when she was invited to act as first bridesmaid, and we received our invitation to the wedding upon the same day. Think of it! no receptions; no congratulations; no farewell teas. An evening appointed for the marriage; then the marriage. Not the least little bit of romance."

"Romance!" exclaimed the cousin. "Since I have been in society I have seen many things, and have almost come to believe that romance is but the maiden name of repentance. As for an engagement,

it is often a bond that compels a girl, upon her honor, to do a dishonorable thing; as when, during the intimacy of an engagement, she discovers qualities in the one to whom she has promised herself which lower her respect for him and bring a fear of the future to take the place of that perfect trust which should possess the one who places herself and all that she can hope for in this life at the direction and control of another. She would recede, but society gossips and exclaims against her. The bond says, 'Marry him,' and she taints her soul as she rests her hand in his and promises to love and honor him."

The younger lady rocked and reflected, a look of bewilderment coming upon her face as if the thoughts expressed by the cousin were at variance with her own opinions and their deeper meaning somewhat beyond her comprehension. That her reflections brought no clear light to her mind upon the subject was evident, as she soon ceased the motions of the rocker with her toe and anxiously inquired:

"No romance? No engagement? In what pleasant anticipations may a young lady indulge herself?"

The chaperon, who had now completed the arrangement of the cousin's drapery to her satisfaction, answered:

"In the anticipation of a pleasant life companionship, if, instead of the froth of romance, she partakes deeply of the substance of reality; and if, instead of

an indulgence in the raptures of an engagement, she employs that time in the analysis of her own character and that of her possible husband, to know if they are both mentally and morally capable of supplying the needs of that companionship. When her clear thought, unswayed by romance, can decide in favor of a marriage, then an engagement is but a shortening of the real pleasure of life, and she may appoint the nuptials upon the day in which she can soonest call her friends together to witness them. My child, a thoughtful girl is a queen, who keeps her royal self to herself until a worthy king comes. When he comes, and her unbiased quest recognizes him, then is the marriage feast already spread. Of such are they who await the first bridesmaid. Let us go to them."

A trembling, blushing maiden, who reaches her hand to him who rules the principality of flowers and sylvan shades which her fancy has painted upon the landscape of the future. A love-stricken youth, who takes the hand of a fairy with rapturous expectancy that she will plant the flowers and grow the sylvan shades which his fancy has painted upon the waste places of this principality.

These love! the lower love that sickens when they pass the rose-strewn borders of their enchanted land and see beyond bare plains that wait the hand of toil and brain of thought to grow their verdure

and find their hidden streams. These halt and look upon each other with reproachful eyes. Love dies, and in his place is a wraith that sometimes comes to hours of ease in shining draperies, which change to somber robes in days of toil and hide beneath their folds the closet skeleton.

A thoughtful, earnest woman who rests her hand in that of one who, by the actions of his youthful days, has shown to her the certain pleasures which await her in his life companionship. A man, untainted by the evils of the lower associations with men, clasps the hand of her who he knows will be his helper to the better places of life.

These love! the higher love that purifies in the sunlight of joys; that meets the duties of life and strengthens with their accomplishment; that stands within the shadows of sorrow and deepens as it mourns. This goes with them to the end of life. Perhaps it enters the soul and lives beyond. It is worthy.

Standing serenely in the light of this higher love were they who joined their hands beneath a canopy of flowers in the parlor of the Haldon home and made the vows that always bind and sometimes unite. The seal of approval was placed upon their bonds.

Josephine Morton approved. She had searched the history of her young husband and found therein

no lines of shame. Recorded on its pages were no scenes of rioting or folly. Among its chapters she read the story of chaste pleasures and earnest work.

Horace Morton approved. He had held himself aloof from the unnatural associations of men with men. His mother's voice had greater charms in leisure hours than the eloquence of the banquet table or conversation of the club. He knew himself to be a fit companion of purity, a rightful guest to rest within her chambers.

John Haldon approved. His days of dread and shame were ended. He felt that over his daughter's head there gathered no cloud holding within its inky folds a shaft to pierce her soul as one had pierced the soul of her mother, who now stood beside him and gave approval with tears of joy.

Judge Heron gave his approval, as amid his congratulations were heard the words, "You have found the truth."

The chaperon approved. Experienced in social life, she had seen the nuptial couch strewn with flowers and the mother's bed upholstered with thorns. She knew the cause. It was not offered to these guests.

The first bridesmaid approved, as she gave to Josephine her wish for happiness, with a hope that her own future might show the same clear light, and as she glanced towards the groom's best man a radi-

ance came upon her face that seemed to be of faith.

The debutante absorbed the sentiment from those around her, and offered a silent prayer that she might be given strength of mind to choose in wisdom.

The guests departed, and the hush of a starlit night fell as a mantle around the abiding-place of a deathless love.

JUDGE HERON'S NARRATIVE.

Two years after the marriage of Josephine Haldon and Dr. Horace Morton, I was called to the bedside of an invalid friend, whose home was on Michigan avenue, near Sixteenth street. I spent a portion of the night with him, and at the hour of one I left his bedside, went upon the street and walked towards my home. My course lay through the business section of the city, as that home was north of the river, near by John Haldon's. At Twelfth, I turned to State street, and as I went towards the centre, strains of music filled the night air, meeting me with louder welcome as I walked. Far down the sidewalk, around the gas-lights upon its edge, I saw men and women walking about, sometimes entering the doors where great streams of light poured out across the street. Anon a carriage or a cab rolled over the pavement, leaving its load to swell the throng upon the sidewalk, or turning into a side street disappeared in its shades. Approaching nearer, I heard shouts and broken frag-

ments of song; men's voices bearing oaths and ribald sentences; women's voices in shrill words of familiar recognition and vulgar phrase, mingling with the music of competing instruments: here a piano; there a harp; yonder a violin; across the street a brass-band in an enclosure filled with tables and stunted evergreens, and called a garden. Coming among the people I paused and looked about me.

Will the people of the Asylum forgive me for holding in my mind a comparison to them? This was only for a moment.

A woman swept by me in search of a rival, dropping from her tongue foul expletives of revenge. The woman at the Asylum tears the hair of her sister patient, and a moment afterwards covers her head with tears. This one had murder in her soul. Two men came rushing from the garden and engaged in combat upon the street. The sight of blood brought thirst for more, and a mangled face looked upwards to the gaslight with the gaze of insensibility as the other still rained blows upon it with hands and feet. The man at the Asylum strikes a sudden blow, then mourns and strives to bind the wound he has made. These had within their hearts the brutality of torture. The man and woman of the Asylum drink no poison. The blood of these was filled with it.

Of the lower classes! were they? I saw among

them the daughter of a schoolmate, the son of a wealthy neighbor, the widow of a gentleman, and the husband of a Christian woman. There passed in at the open doors, through the streams of light, merchants and salesmen, clerks and artisans, city and county officials, women of former social rank, and girls whose mothers were good women; all afflicted with a positive insanity; a mania for a drug.

As I passed on, I reflected that the people of the Asylum were confined and protected from the results of a mania, which they might gratify in their delusions, and that they were attended by those who were not afflicted. I knew from my study of chemistry and physiology that the belief in the benefits of alcohol as a drink was a delusion; that after a little indulgence a mania was developed; and why should not the ones who are afflicted with this mania be protected from its gratifications and results by those who are untainted?

As I reached ——— street, a few doors below the corner, I noticed a small gathering of men upon its sidewalk, who seemed to be in controversy with a party in a carriage, the top of which had been lowered at either end. Recognizing the voice of a business acquaintance, I turned, went near the group and stood within the entrance of a building near by. Among those upon the sidewalk was my acquaintance, who had a large interest in a wholesale dry-

goods house, and beside him, engaged in conversation with two men in the carriage, was a member of a firm prominent in the wholesale clothing trade. Between these two upon the sidewalk and those in the carriage there was evidently a difference of opinion regarding future procedure, for the younger man, who sat on the front seat and facing towards my place of observation, said in a loud voice :

"You gentlemen can go home if you wish, but we are going to see the rest of it."

As he said this, he seemed to lose his balance somewhat and extended his hand towards the arm of the seat to aid himself in regaining it. That he had miscalculated the length of the seat was evident, as his hand went some distance above the point at which it was aimed and grasped the air beyond, while his head and shoulders fell with much force against the intended support. The older man, upon the rear seat, assisted him to a proper position, but with much awkwardness ; and the tall hat of the younger man, which the older one had endeavored to smooth and adjust, was still indented as he pressed it heavily upon its owner's head in a reverse position, at the same time saying :

"That we are, and if you ever come to Burlington, I'll take you to a temperance meeting, and that will make things even."

The Clothing-man removed the hat, placed it in its

proper position, and said, somewhat contemptuously:

"You have got enough now, and you don't seem to stand it very well, either. You had best go in here and take something with us, then go to a hotel and take a rest."

"Sir," said the younger man, with evident anger, "when did you acquire the right to direct my conduct or to judge of my capacity for enjoyment? Besides, this place is closed. It is a decent place and is never open after twelve o'clock."

"And it's the fun we are after, and not the drink," said the older man on the back seat. "We can get the drink anywhere, even at Burlington, and we can't have a good time every day—not at Burlington."

"No trouble to get in here," said the Dry-goods man. "There are lights in the private rooms, and the alley door is always open; at least, I have never found it closed. Isn't that so, Officer?" speaking to a roundsman who stood near by taking a mild interest in the proceedings.

The roundsman answered, "They ain't any doubt of it, sir. It's open till the gentlemen in the rooms is done with their playin', which the same is most generally mornin', after I quit."

"Well, this may be true," said the younger man in the carriage, "but our disposition is to go elsewhere. We would be pleased to enjoy your company, but as we cannot agree we should part in

friendship. Officer, go up the alley and tell the barkeeper to bring a large bottle of Pommery Sec to a party outside."

A silver dollar thrown from the carriage struck the sidewalk near the roundsman's feet, which that person speedily captured and put into his pocket. Hastily turning, he disappeared in the darkness of the alley, and soon returned, saying, "All right, gentlemen," and started up the street to finish his round.

The party awaited the coming of the barkeeper. In the meantime, the younger man in the carriage became profuse in his apologies to the Clothing-man for the hasty speech in response to his advice; steadied himself upon the side of the carriage and reached his hand over the edge of the sidewalk to take the grasp of renewed friendship. As he did so, his balance again deserted him and he fell with his body across the narrow space between the carriage and the curb. With the assistance of the man from Burlington, aided by efforts from those upon the sidewalk, he was restored to a proper position.

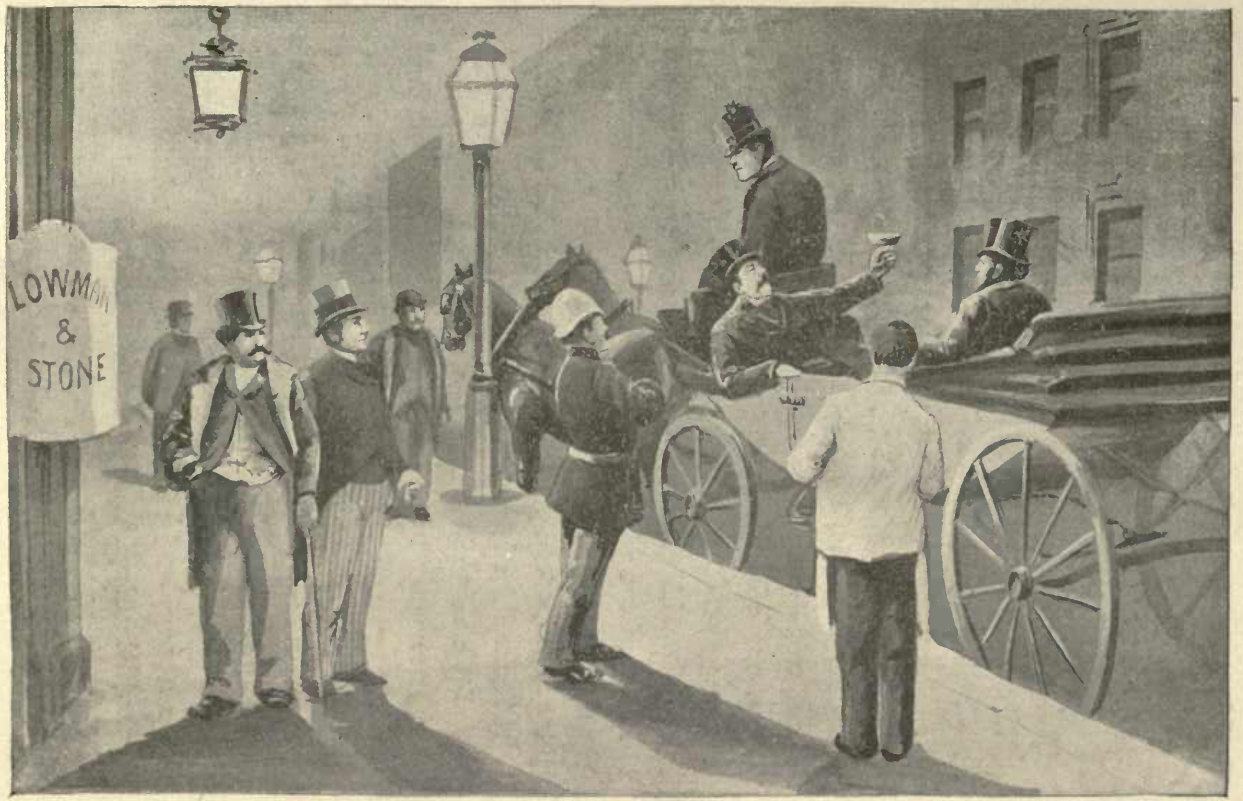
Soon the barkeeper came from the door bearing a large bottle of champagne and four glasses upon a silver tray. When he had uncorked the wine he poured it out and gave a glass to the Dry-goods-man, one to the Clothing-man, next carefully handed one to the man from Burlington, and then laid his tray upon the sidewalk, put a foot inside the carriage and

held the fourth glass to the lips of the younger man, saying, "Allow me." The younger man put his hand against the bottom of the glass and immediately drained it. The others sipped leisurely, meanwhile talking with the barkeeper, who afterwards, by the order of the Clothing-man, brought a glass of whisky to the driver of the carriage. As the barkeeper waited the convenience of the driver, the younger man laid his head heavily against the cushioned back of his seat, his tall hat rolled to his lap, and his eyes closed as if in sleep.

The barkeeper exclaimed, "He's done up!" and taking the glass from the hand of the driver, went back to his place within.

A police sergeant, passing by upon his round of inspection, looked at the sleeping man in the carriage, smiled and kept on his way. The older man on the rear seat said, "If we were in Burlington, we'd all be arrested," and scrambled out of the carriage to the sidewalk. The driver stepped inside his carriage, laid the younger man along the seat, placed a lap-robe under his head and arranged his feet comfortably upon the rear seat, then hastily drew the canopy of his carriage together with either hand, lowered the side curtains and stepped upon the sidewalk, closing the door, and looked enquiringly at the three companions.

"He is dead drunk," said the Clothing-man.



"IF WE WERE IN BURLINGTON WE'D ALL BE ARRESTED."

"He can't stand it with older men," said the man from Burlington, who had grasped the arm of the Clothing-man to steady himself. "He's not seasoned."

"Where shall we send him?" said the Dry-goods man. "Not home, surely—his mother is an invalid; not to his club—he would never hear the last of it."

"Not to a hotel," said the driver. "We'd have to carry him to his room, and the papers might get a-hold of it. I know where he'd say go, if he could talk."

"Well, Tom," said the Clothing-man to the driver, "we all know you. You take good care of him. We will go home;" and taking the arm of the man from Burlington, they went down the sidewalk and crossed the street to that gentleman's hotel. Tom climbed to his seat, turned his horses and drove into State street.

As the Dry-goods-man passed me, walking alone, he chanced to turn his head in my direction and recognized me. With profuse apology he excused his presence upon the street at that late hour, and as we walked to State street, he said:

"My business interests compel me to actions of which I cannot approve, in a man of my age, and our method of entertaining customers is among them. I shall soon assign this to a younger man."

I stood upon the corner of the curb and reflected upon the deeper meaning of this remark. I then

asked him of the two who were in the carriage, and he answered:

"The older gentleman is a retail merchant from Burlington, and the other is 'The Junior Partner' of the wholesale house of 'Montford & Son.'"

He left me to go to his home, which was in an opposite direction to mine. I stood upon the curb and watched the carriage as it drove down State street. By the dim light of a gas lamp upon the corner, I saw it turn and disappear in Hubbard Court.

I crossed to the opposite side of the street, towards my home, stopped and looked back to the place where the carriage had stood. All was still and the sidewalk empty. The great gilt letters above reflected the light from the hotel windows and read, "Lowman & Stone."

* * *

Influenced by accordant companionship, there comes to the pure soul a consciousness that is not conveyed by the material senses; a knowledge of things not seen; the harmonies of a language not heard. In this language there are no words of faith or hope; no sentences of doubt or prayer. In the volumes of this knowledge there are no arguments nor proofs; no questions nor inferences. It is a consciousness of truth conveyed by a celestial sense; the lowest, perhaps, and the only one penetrating the earth-

encumbered soul. With this illumination that soul comprehends a love which first envelops its approved companion, expands as it strengthens, embracing the earthly family, and when the hour comes that higher celestial senses yield their harmonies, this love takes to itself all who are consonant with its purity. In the harmonies of these higher senses there is no touch of a lover's hand and no sound of a bridegroom's voice. A true marriage is but the first embrace of a love that will some time enfold all equal intelligences.

* * *

In a later year it was my good fortune to be a frequent and welcome visitor to the home of Horace and Josephine Morton. This home was erected upon a quiet residence street, fronting one of the most attractive parks of the city, commanding also a view of the driveways leading thereto, and of the lake beyond. It seemed as if retiring to the edge of the deeper shade bordering a lawn dotted with evergreen shrubbery and traced by winding walks.

There was a something which drew me towards that home, and often in lonely hours, my heart sick with the companionship of a bustling city, I would think of the flood of peace coming over me as I entered its borders and took a seat within its portals. Then would I hasten to its enchantment. Was this the child, then a girl of five, who met me upon the

walk one summer day and placed her hand in mine with gleeful welcome? She plucked the flowers from the wayside lawn and arranged their colors in blended harmony, telling me, meanwhile, of their beauties and their meaning. As she led me upon the porch I felt the coarser things of life drawing away from me, while in their places came the refining memories of childhood hours. She called the mother, who gave me greeting and attended me to her parlors, which held within their adornments an ineffable sense of home. Her discerning hand had wrought among pleasing tints and placed relating colors on vase and canvas, on antique wood and soft upholstery. Her daily thought had given inspiration to all the furnishments, which seemed to say, "Mother and child are here, but they await another." As she sat before me in animated conversation, sentences bearing a loving thought of that other mingled with her observations upon literature, society and events, while from her steadfast eyes there shone upon me a light of purity and truthfulness that cleansed my heart from worldly impulse and fitted me to sit within her presence. The child drew near to her and placed its head against her bosom.

Were these the cause of my enchantment?

Or was it he whose hastening footsteps came along the walk and drew them both with joyous movements to the vestibule? The summer air poured through

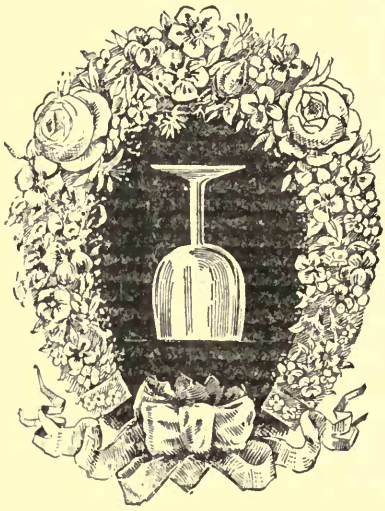
the opened door and wafted to the silent parlors the words that bind the souls of men with links eternal. He took my hand and in the grasp I felt the magnet stream of fellowship. In his clear eyes and manful face I saw the sincerity that childhood trusts.

We went upon the porch and sat within its shades. The throngs of Sunday afternoon poured through the driveways in glistening equipage filled with sombre dress, gay colors and swaying parasol. They spread among the parkways and formed a maze of changing tints that softened in the shadow of foliage or deepened in the light, as with a slower pace they came within the perfumed air that lingered on its way across the banks of flowers. The shimmering blue beyond touched the eastward sky and bore upon its waves a fleet of white sails that leaned against the full sunlight and broke its yielding rays, which fell in flashing fragments upon the rolling foam below. No word was spoken as our eyes drank in the beauty of the scene. The child reclined against her mother's side and held the flowers, culled from the lawn, in the hand that rested on her lap. A gentle exclamation of loving words, holding in their endearing utterance the names of father and mother, drew my attention to the group.

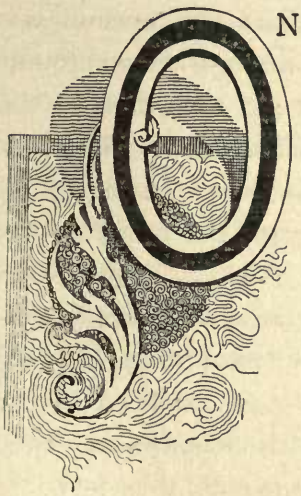
Here was my enchantment!

Over the head of their child, the eyes of father and mother met in a silent communion. Beaming

from his, I saw a light that with its strength would dim the lustre of faith to darkness, while over her face there gathered a radiance more glorious than the illumination of hope. I knew that a celestial sense was pouring its truths into their souls. As the child turned her face upward toward the mother's her lips parted as if in awe of something she could not know; her hand loosed its grasp around the flowers, and they rolled in spreading course along her mother's drapery and fell in a crescent about her feet; an oriole flashed its gorgeous plumage across an angle of the porch, and, as if from his wings, I felt the harmonies of that sense enter my being and almost touch *my* soul—almost.



JUDGE HERON'S INVESTIGATIONS.



N my last visit to the Asylum I had expressed a desire for a further study of insanity, and in accordance with an invitation by Doctor Peters, I afterwards called upon him and was given an escort to show me through the eastern buildings, where the violent and demented inmates were confined.

Immediately upon entering one of these buildings I was conscious that I was among a people differing from those whom I had met upon my former visits, although I had as yet seen none of them. Straps and other restraining apparatus hung upon the walls of the attendants' rooms; heavy solid doors, in the place of lattices, closed some of the ward rooms, from behind which I heard muffled shouts and the droning of delirious song. Through the corridors floated humming

echoes as if from swarms of sobs and groans, and the air was filled with mingled odors of sickness and fierce exertions.

The attendant said to me that I could not go among these as I had done among those in the western building, for they might attack me, and that no information could be gained from their conversation, as it was limited to shouts and meaningless speech; but that I could look through the window at those in the yard and could see the others in the closed rooms, and he would tell me all that he knew about them. He opened the door of a room, and near its center stood a man dressed in a heavy canvas suit made as one garment. A heavy leather strap was around his waist, and his arms were firmly fastened to it on either side with broad straps secured by strong iron buckles. He paid no heed to our attentions, but continued with his violent movements. He threw his head from side to side, then forwards and backwards, with a jerk that suggested spinal dislocation; and then whirled it around as if to wrench it from his body; then raised his shoulders and arms as far as his straps would permit, and threw them downwards with a force that strained the heavy leather belt.

This he continued until his exertions tired my sight, and I expected to see him drop to the floor in exhaustion; but he started again with the throwing

of his head, and then the swinging, then the plunging of his arms and shoulders, which he repeated until I could look at him no longer. The muscles of his shoulders and his neck stood out in bunches and thick ropes; the blood of physical health showed red upon his face, illuminating a deep scar across his temple.

The attendant said, "He was an architect, who fell through the elevator shaft of a building that he had constructed; and when his wound was healed he was sent to this Asylum, since which time there has been no change in his condition. He never sleeps, not as we know sleep, but falls upon the floor when his body is exhausted by his violence, and when his strength returns, he again begins his violent routine. During the night the attendants can hear him through the door; hear the jerking of his head, and the resounding thud upon his belt and straps."

"No spells of reason?" The attendant told me that he had no spells of any kind; that he was a maniac; and, in common with others of that class, was uniform in his action.

Another door was opened, and the man within ran to a corner of the room; crouched down and covered his face with his arms; shouted in tones of terror; trembled, and uttered broken sentences that seemed like gasps of prayer; then turned and tried to push his head through the corner of the room.

The attendant said, "He sleeps but little. I have never been informed of the cause of his insanity. Sometimes, when he sleeps, he will suddenly awake and sit upright in his bed; then point with his hands and say, 'The fire! the fire! God help me out!' We assume from this, that he was made insane through fright. He never has spells."

We looked in at a latticed door. A man who sat on a low stool, pointed to the ceiling with his right hand, and with his left pushed away the clouds which seemed to be constantly gathering before his sight. Soon, both hands were busy with the clouds, pushing them upwards, sidewise, and away in front. Then he would gaze in rapture upon the sight revealed, and point, and indicate the scenes. Then he would repeat his motions, and follow them through in the same routine as before.

The attendant said, "When he eats, he keeps away the clouds and points with one hand, and puts his food to his mouth with the other. His motions are constant, and his rest as trances of exhaustion. He has been here ten years—ever since his wife was killed in a railroad accident and mutilated before his eyes, while he escaped unhurt. He is always the same. He has no spells."

In another room, a man was stretched upon a bed, a mattress of straw, without motion or the power to hear.

The attendant said, "During several years he was in the other building. When he came here he did not appear to be insane, and was very intelligent. He would occasionally have spells of melancholy, that grew in intensity and duration, until they met together, and his life is now a blank. He will shed tears without manifesting other indications of sorrow. Occasionally, one in his condition, who has been subject to spells, will regain his reason as he is about to die, and speak as a sane person. The others all die in the darkness of Dementia.

The scene in the yard, where some were exercising, was a multiplied exhibition of like character to those in the rooms, modified by less violent demonstrations; and only those had spells who were brought from the western building because of violence.

I observed that among the maniacs and lunatics there was no action along the line of national characteristics, but that their demonstrations took similar forms when impelled by identical causes. I also found that, like those of our earlier civilization, they had no spells from the influence of the moon or otherwise, but their eyes and the movements of their bodies always suggested a fellowship with chains and straps, iron bedsteads and bolted doors. Within their souls there were no thrills of joy or pangs of sorrow. It was to them that the lexicon pointed and

called them madmen ; and to them the orator gave thought when he said, "Insanity is a living death."

I now could see a clear division between the action and character of those who had received their mental blows from enemies that were external, and those who suffered from the subtle thrusts of blades within. The darkness of Dementia was over the one; the light of Reason shone through the delusions of the other. Oblivion was the comfort of the one; fierce imaginations the rage of the other. Forgetfulness soothed the one; memory hissed in the ear of the other. One was a paradise of unconsciousness; the other a hell of thought.

As I stood by the window looking out upon the mass of crouching forms, swaying bodies and distorted faces, perplexing my mind for the reason of that which I saw, and had seen and heard in the western buildings, Doctor Peters came through the ward on his daily round of inspection and asked me if I felt myself wiser than before. Upon my assurance that wisdom had strayed into the thickets of perplexity and doubt, and I only knew that my former views were incorrect, he said, "Studious minds with broad conceptions of the truth will store away facts when found upon the path of their investigation, and patiently search for others that might have escaped their notice. New truths are being uncovered constantly, and new lights are being thrown

upon all the relations of universal things. What we before accepted as a finality we now know to be incomplete, and the conclusions but a primal advancement. It is amid the perplexities of unsatisfied thought that the brightest jewels of truth are found, and he who doubts is the discoverer. Experience and facilities for observation would aid you to correct conclusions, and when my duties are performed I will come to your help with a few suggestions regarding causes."

While he was away I looked upon those before me, as a whole, comparing them with the multitude in the western buildings, and the lines of dissimilarity grew broader. I was not surprised, when he returned, that he should say, "The deeper study is among the others. In the most of these, cause and effect are interlined in the history of their action; the paralysis of the intellect can be traced to injuries, frights, and agonies of sorrow. Like causes will make an animal insane, but no animal was ever affected as are the people in the western building. These are a hundred; those a thousand. Let us go through the wards and enclosures to observe them as a whole."

The wards were nearly empty. A few who were old or ailing were about the corridors, and those who were in their spells of delusion were locked in their rooms. Some were about the grounds, and those who were not trustworthy were in the enclosures.

Doctor Peters led the way into one of the enclosures, and as I hesitated to follow, he assured me that I would be perfectly safe; but I was somewhat disturbed when the first man whom we met raised his hands over my head and shouted the six horrible words that troubled Haldon in his delirium, and I looked for the skeleton arms and intertwining lizards. The Doctor asked him who it was that he wished such harm, and he said, everybody—his father and his mother—no, not his mother, but everybody else who had given him whisky and sent him to such a place as this. The Doctor said that this was his mania; that he would repeat the prayer as long as he had life; and in the coming years the words that cursed the ones who encouraged others to drink would go up hourly from that Asylum, sometimes a prayer, sometimes a curse, "God send their souls to hell!" and that our conclusions might sustain him in the justice of his pleadings.

Doctor Peters said, "In a search for cause we must be guided by effect, not upon the individual, as it might be obscured by special demonstrations confined to personality; but upon the whole, or perhaps, with greater satisfaction in this case, upon groups; and, as they better serve the purpose of my argument, we will study those along the line of nationalities.

"That this argument may be clearer as we pass

along, I will now state the proposition which my thought and experience supports. Leaving out of mind the few whom you saw in the eastern building, whose presence there we concede to be occasioned by external causes; and holding in consideration the thousand who are before us, walking upon the path of delusion, I say of them, Alcohol is the great insanity creator; fierce and unrelenting in its direct, and subtle and persistent in its hereditary action.

"Bereft of the restraining powers of the mind all would be insane, and the instant that alcohol touches the brain the robbery begins. That its direct action is insanity needs little argument. Ask the financier who puts it into his mouth, then wastes his gold in foolish ventures. Ask the lawyer who seeks its stimulating powers, then covers himself with the confusion of delusive controversy. Ask the gentleman who wakes the echoes of the night with a lunatic's song borne by the breath of wine. Ask the boon companion who killed his friend, as a maniac would, without a cause. Ask the inebriate who trembles with fear at the delusions of blood and serpents, and hears the howling demons and the whispering spirits of the Asylum. Then ask those around us, within these grounds, and they will all tell you that they are brothers in the household of mania.

"Those who are afflicted with mania, produced by the direct action of alcohol, may recover a partial

control of their mentalities. I say partial, because the machinery of the mind does not again move with the freedom of perfection, but assumes the movements of an injured body that recovers to the performance of the functions that sustain life, without the buoyancy of growth and perfect health. Those to whom the blight of alcohol has come through the generations before them, and fastened upon the body depraved tastes and trembling nerves, and upon the mind the intermittent throbbings of delusion, are the ones to whom the darkness of annihilation were a blessing ; and those are here about you, the victims of heredity.

"An awful thought, you say. This cannot be. This is not truth.

"Here, I ask you, if all things pertaining to the man are not transmitted from his ancestors? His form, his nerves, his brain, his diseases and his strength ; his desires and his habits : his tendencies and his peculiarities ; and everything that is of the man, in like condition as his parents ; and is any one living wholly responsible for what he is, either in form or action ?

"The ways of the insane from internal causes are the ways of the man under the influence of alcohol ; even when the insane person has never tasted it.

"Lest you should apply the reverse of this proposition, I will hold you to its direction by saying,

that no tribe or nation, from the oldest history to the present day, which has not used alcohol as a beverage, nor opiates as a habit, ever had among its people, Monomania, Melancholia, or any of their kindred nervous insanities.

"It is not my purpose to fortify my argument with extracts or quotations from sacred books, but in the Bible of the Jews we find a history that in its narrative records the daily life and action of tribes and nations, of communities and families, and of men and women; that allows nothing of interest to escape, either in its mental, moral, or natural gleanings. We find that no drunken people were mentioned until the days of Noah, and his drunkenness was thought a shame.

"The inference is that the tribes of Moses used wine as a table luxury, as in his rules for sacrifices he directs the use of a hin of oil and half a hin of wine. We see that in his time the inordinate use of wine was condemned, as it is to the end of the history; and its abuse was no doubt spreading, but as yet there was no mention of insanity, and Moses dealt with every possible relation of life and spoke of those in bondage and in prisons.

"Further down, in Deuteronomy, we find that the stubborn son was a glutton and a drunkard; that he was condemned to be stoned to death; and the mother of Samson was commanded to drink no wine

or strong drink that her child might be perfect in strength. This recognizes not only the injury of alcohol, but also that its weakness will be inherited. As yet we see no mention of insanity as a state of being. Further on we find that the insane and hereditary effects of alcohol are being noticed.

"Isaiah says, 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands. Therefore My people are gone into captivity because they have no knowledge.' And, 'Woe to them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust.'

"Isaiah not only condemns the use of wine and strong drink as a means of stimulation, but refers to insane actions of the most positive nature, and through him the Lord says, 'I will choose their delusions and bring their fears upon them.' These are the first intimations that we find in the Jewish history of the knowledge of insanity from internal causes.

"That the dire effects of alcohol were appreciated by these ancient people may be inferred by the story of the Rechabite that he and his children would not drink wine, and the Lord commended it by saying, 'Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man

to stand before Me forever.' In all this we find an element that Moses knew not of, and of which Solomon, with a knowledge of all the earth, made no mention, because it had not yet appeared to either of them; and we can safely infer that the abuse of alcohol was not common until after they had passed away; that when it spread to be an evil the writers of the time noted its action upon the man, his reason, and his heredity.

"Let us notice the North American Indian. We have known of him four hundred years; have been intimately acquainted with him two hundred. We came into his domains and built Insane Asylums all around him. Did he have use for them? Not until within this century. Why does he use them now?

"He could be made insane, when first we knew him, by blows upon the head; for after a terrible battle, a warrior left the trail and wandered into a settlement, not knowing where he was, and frightened women with his soulless stare, and noticed not his enemies, the men—who took him to their jail and searched for causes for his insanity and found a cavity upon his skull where a bullet had plowed its way. They kept him there for years, until he died. No monomaniacal Indian came to keep him company, and no hysteric squaw. He died alone, although his tribe filled the adjacent forest and numbered thousands.

"The Indian knew not alcohol until we gave it to him and bade him drink. Neither had he known of the insanity that lurks within; but now he wanders from his reservations, knocks at the doors of our Asylums, and has his delusions and his spells, the same as the man whose ancestors cursed his race with the drink that kills the mind.

"The Aztec architect designed no Asylums for the insane; neither did the Aztec fill himself with alcohol. Some of his tribes exist to-day, whose minds are peaceful and serene—his children and their grandchildren; but they use no wine; while others mingled their blood with the Spaniard, and drank with him, and now, behind the latticed doors, we see the ugly traces and hear the murderous tones of Mexico's aguardiente.

"We will now contemplate, separately, the German, the American, the French, and the Scandinavians around us, and study their characteristic insanities and delusions, leaving out of sight the erratic movements of individuals, but charging our minds with the impressions of the class; and then we will go into my office and discuss the reasons why they are unlike in action although similar in affliction."

* * *

"Judging from these, and from those whom you have seen in their spells of greater delusion, you decide that the German insanity develops quietness

and melancholy; the American, combativeness and noise; the French, excitement and caprice; and the Scandinavian, stupidity and cataleptic rest;* and I will show to you where all of these demonstrations agree perfectly with the action of their national drinks upon an untainted individual of any nation.

"The earlier Teutons had no monomaniacs and their wives were not hysteric nor melancholy. Their posterity brewed beer and drank it as a beverage. Let us follow its action.

"The proportion of alcohol was small, and vast quantities were needed to produce stimulation. It diluted the gastric juices; weakened their powers; clogged the digestive organs with unassimilated food, which irritated the nerves that centre in the stomach; these reflected their disturbed action upon the brain and carried there the complaints of every organ that suffered for the nourishment of the undigested food. The brain brooded over their woes with the melancholy helplessness of the dyspeptic; its sorrows became chronic and were transmitted to its posterity as a part of their inheritance. Germans are here, and they act precisely as their ancestors did under the baneful influence of beer.

"Melancholy is a German characteristic, you say, and I deny this. Those who are uncontaminated by hereditary taint are cheerful, joyous, full of song and

* See Chapter XII of the story.

laughter; with mind and soul attuned to music and the dance. Melancholy dwells with beer and ale. You find its haunts in Britain, where it gathers around the pewter cups of ale. You find the Briton here, who helps to swell the sorrow of Melancholia.

"The melancholy Dane drank beer; and Ophelia was a Danish daughter.

"The stomach and the brain are in active sympathy; and the nerves become depressed from carrying messages of distress that are constant in their complaints; Melancholia takes possession of the being as a property, and transmits sorrow to its inheritors, with all the titles that it has acquired.

"The American is a genial soul, and peaceable; patient and slow to resent an injury; calm and reflective. This, when he stands with an untainted manhood. His ancient ancestors had no insane, except from hurts, or frights, or scenes of sorrow; nothing that comes from within. His fathers rotted grain, and distilled their decaying sugars, then rectified the product and drank it, under different names. We will call it Whisky, and determine its action.

"Its direct attack is upon the liver, which it inflames; it prevents the proper action of the bile, that is diverted from natural uses and poured into the blood, which carries the acrid product, mingled with whisky, directly to the brain. The nerves resent the intrusion, savagely protest, and stimulate the motive

forces to expulsion. The drinker fortifies the enemy and sends it new recruits; then the enraged nerves retire the mental leaders and assume command. With impulsive movements they impel the forces to useless combats and unreasoning strife; they clench the hands to strike, and attune the voice to rage. This is all repeated until the nervous warfare becomes a state of being; then the passions send the insanity of whisky to the brain and nerves of posterity.

"Some of them who come here and strike, and curse, and see the serpents and demons that he saw in his drunkenness, have never tasted his whisky, but they are the children of his sons and daughters; his ways are theirs; his impulses are their insanities; and his deliriums are their delusions.

"The Irish act precisely like them. Their drink is whisky.

"The Frenchman's wine goes quickly to the blood and seeks the brain. The willing nerves sip the enchanting stimulant and carry its excitement in flashes to every muscle in the body. Its strength is soon expended, and the enamored nerves plead for repetition. He drinks again and often. With his blood on fire, his brain confounded, and his elated nerves quivering with excitement, he gives to futurity the insanity of wine.

"His children walk along the corridors of the

Asylum with nervous menaces that mean no harm; with excited speech that bears no malice; with flashing eyes that never threaten, and imitate their fathers as they reveled.

"Again you disagree with me and say, 'France is excitable.' This has a seeming of truth, but the tribes from which they are descended were not thus. May not a thing that changes nerve action and transmits defective brains to posterity, spread its influence to everything pertaining to a people and make them as another race—an evolution from the vineyard?

"And Scandinavia? Beer and wine were as water, and whisky weak to the taste. Her sons took alcohol and unrectified spirits and drank to drunkenness.

"The alcohol attacked the brain, as do all liquors in other countries, but a strange variance came with its effects. As the Norwegian multiplied his drinks, his tongue grew quiet; another, and his eyes were fixed in his head; and then the muscles of his face grew rigid. With stiffened arm he took the last deep draught; and later, sat or lay as if a man of stone, or as if frozen by the winds of Iceland.

"What touched his muscles? His heart beat strong and his pulse was full, but he was like a dead man. A something in the unrectified fire had put its arms around his sinews, as well as around his brain and nerves, and held them in rigidity.

"They live in our country now, and do not drink the alcohol or the unrectified spirits of their fathers; but when they come to the Asylum, their spells reflect the drunken scenes in distant Norway; the quiet tongue, the staring eyes, the rigid muscles, and the cataleptic rest.

"Is this a national characteristic?

"The stamp of the drink of their ancestors is upon the insane of all people, as plain to be seen as the inscription upon the coin of their country; and the insanity of the Asylum is the inherited insanity of the bar-room.

"What of the spells? those higher strains along the dirges of delusion.

"The moon! What subtle fluid lies in the depths of its frozen chasms, throwing vapor into space to cloud the minds of men and intoxicate their thoughts? The idea is folly and reflects insanity. The moon casts her feeble light around the room; the unsteady brain sees forms, and ghostly garments, among the lights and shades; and fear or vengeance takes possession of the man, who rends the air with screams or curses. A bonfire just without his window would have the same effect. In total darkness he is quiet.

"If qualities are hereditary, their peculiarities and variations will be transmitted with them.

"The son of the Japanese acrobat steps from the

cradle to the slack-rope and waves his fan to the measure of equilibrium. He climbs the swaying bamboo; stands upon the top and fans himself in unconcern. His ancestral tribe were gymnasts; from them he inherited his supple muscles and his steady nerves; and with these, came their tendency to special action—the swinging of the rope and the swaying of the bamboo. The movements of his brain are regular and in accord with nerve-action. His fathers used neither alcohol nor opiates; and just as their brains acted, with all the shades of variation from those of other men, so does his.

"Let us enquire of our ancestors regarding their methods in the use of alcoholic drinks.

"They tell us that at the first it was used to emphasize the triumph of their victories; that after their feasts the women went from the table that the revelers might be free to drink the quantities that bring a fierce hilarity. Then they drank to unconsciousness, and found themselves, in the morning, scattered about the floor. Some were killed and others injured by the insane vigor of their rioting. They tell us that they did not use it daily; that there were no saloons that mixed the morning dram or drew the evening draught; but that they met together occasionally and drank until they were filled.

"Their sons inherited their tastes and soon began to drink daily; but always, when they met together

in boon companionship, would rival their fathers in their excesses; then refrain awhile, and then indulge upon another meeting. The inebriate of our times follows in their footsteps. His desires impel him to excesses; then he controls himself and drinks in moderation; and now the clamoring nerves demand their stimulant, the body and the mind consent, and soon he reels amid the mazes of delirium.

"And the moderate drinker—he with the conceit of self-control mingling with the breath of indulgence and shining in his dulled eyes—finds that his desires swell and demand gratification; that he has his spells of intemperance, and then the lull, when his mind believes itself safe from the dementia of alcohol.

"The whole history of the effect of drink upon the body, the nerves, and the brain, is one of ebbs and flows, as a tide upon the seashore; and the quiet and the spells of the people who pace the corridors and sit in the groves of the Asylums, are only features of an hereditary whole.

"This is my first conclusion: That the insane from violent causes can be found among every nation and tribe of the earth; and even among the brute creation; and that their demonstrations are identical.

"This is my second conclusion: That the insanity which develops from within, and is indicated by spells and delusions, can only be found among the people whose ancestry have used alcohol or opiates; and

that the mental and nervous action of their different forms places an hereditary stamp upon the individual sufferer.

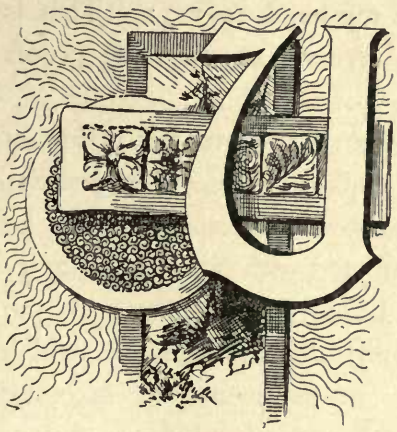
"This suggests that insanity is a disease, which develops along the same lines of action that distinguish all hereditary diseases — consumption, for instance—and applies itself in the same erratic manner; perhaps by afflicting one of a family in this generation, while the others escape, and perhaps seizing upon several in the next. In this Asylum are a father and his son, two brothers, a brother and a sister, two sisters and their brother; and cases are not rare in which every individual of a generation has been affected, while the evil is spreading with a rapidity that bears upon its flight the horrors of an earthly hell."

I went away with food for thought.

JUDGE HERON'S INVESTIGATIONS.

Continued.

High walls, enclosing space where men are walking, thinking, talking, weeping, shouting, praying and blaspheming.



UPON this fair earth there is a spot which holds within its boundaries the sum of human miseries. No thoughts so dread that they find not here a lodgment in the brains of men; no words so loathsome that they find not here a voice; no curse so fearful that it finds not here a tongue to utter; no prayer so agonizing that it finds not here a soul to repeat.

All the repulsive creations of hallucination are here thrown upon the sight; all the sounds of discord are forced upon the ear. The Asylum for the Insane!

I had written Doctor Peters to know if there was

other evidence tending to prove the truth of his conclusions regarding the relation of alcohol to insanity, and he had answered by an invitation to spend a day with him in the Asylum for the purpose of further observation. In accordance with this invitation I reached the Asylum at an early hour, and while the Doctor was absent upon his morning round of inspection and attendance, I read from a slip of paper which he had placed in my hand, saying: "This is my further conclusion. We will examine the proofs upon my return."

The paper said: "The history of the action of alcohol upon the mind embraces a record of peculiar delusions and hallucinations. This action can be traced among those afflicted with inherited insanity by these peculiarities, bearing an identity with the action of a disease called delirium-tremens, which indicates the delusion of loathsome or creeping things, demons, skeletons, and other hideous forms; horrible situations, fearful surroundings, or sorrowful emotions; and this action is distinguished from that of all other insanities by these special and characteristic demonstrations. 'I will choose their delusions and bring their fears upon them.'"

Upon his return he put upon his memorandum several names, with dates and accompanying remarks, which he took from an indexed book that bore the evidence of much use, and afterwards passed out at

the door, inviting me to follow. He led the way to a little cottage upon the grounds that had at one time served the purpose of a gardener's home and afterwards that of a workshop, in which were articles needing repair, workmen's benches, painters' and tinners' tools.

A German workman, of intelligent air and pleasant face, was engaged at one of the benches constructing tinners'-ware of the kinds in use about the Asylum, and as we led him into conversation he talked as one well versed in matters of ordinary thought; showed to us the articles which he had wrought, and referred with pride to their serviceable appearance. Soon I became the object of his fixed attention, and as he looked into my face I saw his eyes filling with tears.

Ignoring the Doctor's presence, and with the overflowing tears streaming down his cheeks, he told the story of his delusions:

"I am wasting away and soon must die. In all the food they give to me I find a poison and cannot eat; white powders, green drugs and poison drops they put in meat and bread and soup. I cannot go from here. All around, in the woods and on the hills, they have stationed men to bring me back should I attempt to go away. The attendants meet together and conspire and talk of means to end my life. Everywhere I go I find the poisonous things prepared for me. The Doctor has it for me. My

blood is filled with poison that he has given me. Now, you have come. Your pockets are filled with some that is stronger and more deadly than the others. I know that you will kill me. I have only a few more hours to live. Have mercy and leave me until to-morrow." He held his hands before his face as if in prayer. I went out at the door to save him further agony, and Doctor Peters followed. Referring to his memorandum book, he said, " His insanity came upon him when he was thirty-eight. He is now fifty-four and his case is hopeless. His father and his grandfather were brewers in ———, Germany, who drank freely of their product, and he has within his brain the melancholy inheritance of beer."

We went to one who stood by the wall of the western building, repeating his cry to passers-by, "Tickets to hell, one-fifty each."

Doctor Peters asked him by what authority he offered these, and he answered, " The devil himself; the oldest one of them all." Then, turning to me, he said, " There's plenty of them, Mister, a million or more. Buy a ticket. I must sell one every day, or he will come and take me back. A dollar goes to him and fifty cents to me. Buy a ticket. You need not pay me now ; I will give you thirty days. You start next June."

I took a ticket from him, then he wrote my name

upon a brown paper, folded in book form, which he carried under his arm.

Doctor Peters asked him to relate to me the story of his engagement in this service. We sat upon a bench beside the building, and with earnest gestures he related his experience. These words are his: "Mister, 'twas next day after election. He come to me and said, 'I want some wood,' and I see by his looks that I'd have to go, 'cause he struck his fork in the floor and it sizzled; yes, sir, sizzled, and I heard it; and his tail swung around and threw off sparks; yes, sir, threw off sparks, all over the room; and I said I'd go, and I went. He showed me a big hole in the ground, and he said, 'Put it in there;' then he went away; then I said, maybe I won't. When I turned around there were three little ones. They didn't say anything, but looked at me—their tails throwing fire—and I said, maybe I will. I went and got the oxen and the big wagon, and I drew eighty-three cords; yes, sir, eighty-three cords of four-foot wood; and the three little ones went to the woods with me, and when I was piling the wood on the wagon they sat on a log and they set it a-fire; yes, sir, set it a-fire in three places. When I threw the wood into that hole it didn't strike bottom, just kept going down, and I drew eighty-three cords. When I was standing on the top, throwing off the last load, the three little ones pushed the wagon, and the wood,

and the oxen, and me, into the hole, and we kept going, and the little ones flying around us like birds; yes, sir, like birds; their tails throwing fire; I thought if I'd jump up I wouldn't strike hard, and I jumped and struck in the sand; yes, sir, hot sand, up to my neck, and I couldn't get out. Then a million came—like the three little ones—I couldn't tell them apart; and then the sparks flew like a snow-storm; yes, sir, a hot snow-storm, with the wind blowing hard, and it burned my face, and they crawled into the sand all around me—a half a million of them—and stuck their forks into me, and they sizzled; yes, sir, sizzled, and I could smell it. 'Twas getting hot, and I was getting thirsty. The big one came up out of the sand. I asked him if I could have some whisky, and he said, 'You can.' He had a cup like a thimble, and I said, 'That isn't enough'; and the cup began to grow and got as big as a pail; yes, sir, as big as a pail, and bursted, and the whisky went into the sand; yes, sir, into the sand, and I could smell it; and he went away, and they all went away.

"A big god came and asked me if I wanted to get out, and I said, 'I don't like the climate; I wish you would get me out;' and he took me by the hair and pulled me out of the sand, and he said, 'Come on;' yes, sir, he said, 'Come on, where it's cooler;' and he took me up by a long road, and he showed me where

he lived, and said, 'You can see the trees, and the flowers, and the women, but you can't stay, 'cause I want you to go back and sell tickets for heaven;' and I said, 'I don't want to go back; I like the climate;' but he said, 'You must,' and I said, 'If I must, send me to ———, Missouri, eighty-three miles from St. Louis,' and he said, 'That's all right,' and he give me tickets and I went; and I'd just got there when the big one and the three little ones came, and he said, 'I won't have it that way. You go to Illinois and sell tickets for hell, one-fifty each, and one a day, or I'll call for you;' and he struck his fork in the ground, and it sizzled—yes, sir, sizzled—and I heard it, and his tail swung round and throwed fire—yes, sir, throwed fire—and burned the grass; and I went, and he comes every month for his money."

Doctor Peters said, "He was committed to this Asylum soon after an attack of delirium-tremens, from which he passed into a monomaniacal state, which indicated in its demonstrations all the impressions made upon his senses by the delirium of drink. In a year he had apparently recovered and was discharged. Soon he was returned to us, again with the tickets for sale, he having visited a friendly saloon-keeper who gave him several drinks of whisky. The indications of his disease now comprehend both the direct and inherited effect of alcohol. These cases are hopeless."

We went from him to another, who had built a rude arbor of poles and cotton sacking across the angle of the fences which enclosed the Asylum grounds. This he occupied as a retreat during the pleasant days. He was not averse to the presence of visitors and was easily led to tell the story of his hallucinations, which he directed to Doctor Peters in these words: "Doctor, you think I'm crazy, but if a man sees things and tells about 'em presizerly as he sees 'em he can't be an idyot, can he? and I can tell you all about it. I was born in Yorkshire, thirty miles from Sheffield, and I came to Massachusetts when I was seven years old, with my father and my mother. He worked in a factory and she worked in a factory. I went to school. My father made trouble with my mother when she drank so much gin that she couldn't work, and he called her names and said her mother was an old gin-drinker, too. Doctor, it's the best drink in the world; and I run away and got to Wisconsin, among the lumber, and I staid there thirty years, then went down to Chicago, and they said I was crazy. Doctor, if a man sees things and tells about 'em presizerly as he sees 'em he can't be an idyot, can he? and first I knew I was in a ship sailing seventeen miles an hour, and it went by Labrador and Esquador, and Esquemo. It cut through icebergs and it shaved off the ends of islands; it went through the Baffing sea, the Polar sea, the great

Johanner sea, and struck into a great unknown petrified ocean. It was so cold that it froze ice back to water; and a whale started for the ship. Doctor, when a man sees things and tells about 'em presizerly as he sees 'em, he can't be an idyot, can he?

"The whale was just six hundred and sixty miles long, and he was after me, but he couldn't swallow me, 'cause the sun was just by the meridian, on the pole, and threw my shadow fourteen thousand miles beyond the earth, and he couldn't get that down. He raised the frills around his neck, Elizabethean frills like the old-fashioned women in pictures, and he fluttered the ruffles along his back, running to within a mile of his tail—ruffles like women's skirts, six hundred and fifty miles long and ten feet high—and drove his head against the ship, and shook thirteen sailors off the yards, and they sunk to the bottom. I could see 'em gasping for breath, and then he went away. Doctor, if a man sees things and tells about 'em presizerly as he sees 'em, he can't be an idyot, can he? He come back, and the dragon couldn't swim, and lay along his back, among the ruffles, six hundred and fifty-nine miles long, and six feet through; his head was fourteen feet wide and his mouth was just that long. I knew he was after me. He wound himself round and round the ship and all about the sails, till I couldn't throw a shadow; then he laid his head on the deck in front of me and opened his mouth.

Doctor, if a man sees things and tells about 'em presizerly as he sees 'em, he can't be an idyot, can he? His teeth were gangs of saws, and they laid in lengthways, and sideways and crossways, and everyways, and filled his mouth clear down his throat, and he started for me, and I ketched up a fifty gallon barrel of mess pork and threw it into his mouth, and he shut down on it. When he tasted it he got mad and squeezed the ship with his coils, and couldn't smash it. He squeezed it so hard that he broke himself into a million pieces, and it was so cold that he turned to water and run all over the deck, and I had to swim; and then the ship started for Chicago, seventeen thousand miles an hour. Doctor, you think I'm crazy, but if a man sees things and tells about 'em presizerly as he sees 'em, he can't be an idyot, can he?"

This ended his narative, and he could not be persuaded to continue.

Said the Doctor, after referring to his memorandum, "He was forty years of age when committed here. His insanity has all the indications of heredity and his afflictions are but variations from the usual horrors which invariably accompany the insanity of drink. His mother and his grandmother gave him the curse of gin. He never suffered from an attack of delirium-tremens, but when his insanity developed its serpent broke upon his vision.

"We will now visit another of whose hallucinations you can only give a hint. Were you to write his story, the loathsome pages would not be read."

We entered the hospital ward and went to the room of a man who was seated on an invalid's chair, and who, as he saw me, began his every-day appeal, "Take me away where I can sleep in a house. Every night they take me to the cemetery and lay me among the dead; the new dead; the dead last year; the old dead; the skeletons; and they rise up and come to me——"

Doctor Peters referred to his memorandum and said, "His history and that of his father we know. His father was committed to the ——— Asylum, Massachusetts, at the age of fifty-five, for insanity caused by the direct effects of rum. The son, who is before you, has a mania for rum and was drunk with it several times before the age of ten. From the age of eighteen to twenty-five he drank rum incessantly, but never had delirium-tremens. During the year in which he was twenty-five he began to run into the neighbors' houses at night to escape from the dead men, and this action sent him here. They come to him every night, and will do so while he lives. There is no hope for his recovery."

The Doctor rapped at the door of another, who opened it and cordially invited us to enter and be seated upon his bed. In answer to a question

regarding his health, he answered, "I'm all right to-day;" and when asked for his story, he freely and intelligently gave it.

"I am by birth a Dane, and came to America at the age of fourteen to avoid the military requirements of my country. My sister lived in Chicago, and through her influence I obtained employment in a small grocery. In after years I was employed in a larger one on the corner of Division and ——— streets. When I was twenty-five my sister made a visit to our old home to see our mother and bring her here, our father having died and left her alone, as we were the only children. Soon I received a letter from my mother telling me that my sister was insane. As my mother was possessed of property sufficient for their needs, she was to be cared for at home, as she was not violent, except at periods of short duration, when she saw horrible forms in her room. I held a good position and decided to remain in Chicago. I had no thought of insanity coming to me, as none had ever been known in the families of either my father or my mother, and I had supposed that the fatigue of the journey and the sudden joy of meeting with our mother had brought it upon my sister. When I was twenty-eight, about two weeks before my intended marriage, I came home late from a visit to my intended wife, and as I entered my room I saw through the darkness a dead girl, the

face that of one who was my schoolmate, standing by my bed, her hand upon my pillow. It was not hallucination, sir; I saw the outlines of her form and the movements of the white garments that were wrapped around her as she stepped from the bed to a table in the centre of the room and laid her head upon it. Soon she raised it, and turning, walked out at the window. In a fascination of terror I went to the window and looked out to see if she would return, but saw no signs of her. I heard the rumbling of the Milwaukee night express, and suddenly, over the roofs of the neighboring buildings, I saw its head-light rushing directly towards me. I ran from the window, fearing to be crushed by the train, but as it came near, it turned as on a curve and stopped. There were only two men on board. They stepped from a car and sat beside a table that suddenly appeared upon the roof beneath my window, and took books from their pockets and began to write. They were dressed in black. One had the face of a dead man, and one the face of Satan as I had seen it pictured. They sat and wrote. An awful fear came over me and I ran into the hall shouting for help. When others came and lighted the gas, I looked again, out at the window, and through the dim moonlight I saw only bare roofs and chimney tops. They told me that I had been dreaming, and went away. I dared not sleep, but walked about the room

until the time for work, then went to my place in the store.

"That evening I went early to bed, as my strength was almost exhausted. In the night I awoke. The dead girl lay by my side, asleep, her hand upon the pillow by my face. I sprang over her to the floor, and as I did so, a great light flashed through the window. Again the Milwaukee night express rumbled over the roofs, the Satan and the dead man stepped from the train, sat by the table, and wrote in their books. Again I ran to the hall and called for help. The next day I was taken to the court; the next, here. Sometimes, it may be for a month, I will not see them; then I awake and find her lying by my side; troops of headless women, like empty garments standing erect, glide by us; the headlight comes over the walls; yonder, the train curves by my window; the Satan and the dead man in black step from it, sit by the table and write.

"My father was possessed of a comfortable property, and my mother married him because of this, when she was eighteen and he was forty-two. I never saw my father sober. My mother told my sister that he reeled as he came into the bridal chamber, and was never free from the influence of drink during their married life."

"And he is here; his only sister in Denmark; and both insane from the inherited effects of alcohol,"

was the Doctor's remark as we went away from him.

We went to another, who was seated upon a bench in the corridors of a ward, and as we approached, he turned his sullen face towards us and scowled. With a few flattering words, he was led to a cheerful conversation. His mental condition was such that he could not give a history of his hallucinations, without the aid of leading questions to steady his thoughts. These the Doctor propounded, and this is the result:

"I am, sur. I'm an Irishman till I was twinty-foor. I did, sur; I went till Ameriky. Sure, lots av it. Potheen. The gallin in foor days; onct in a fwhile two. They did, sur, all av thim. My grandfather made it in the shanty. Frim spuds, sure. Harrers, is it? minny av thim. Some av the time the nights. Down the sixth ward; thin in the landin'; thin after me, in me room. Not ivery night. The wanst in a fwhile. Yes, sur, two wakes, or thra wakes. Shnakes! divil a shnake. Min, sur. Min wid the cows' harns, and the boornin' toongs, an' the huffs, an' the fire in the wan eye. They do, sur. They tear up me shkin wid the lang harns, an' the boornin' toongs lappin' me blud. Git aff frim thim, is it? They do, sur, be howldin' me down wid the huffs, ontil the bed, and the wan eye lookin' in me face, and the harns a tearin' me shkin, and the toongs a lappin' an' a boornin'."

The memorandum said that he was committed to

the Asylum at the age of forty-two; and that he was now fifty-six.

We stood near a room closed by a solid door, and soon the man inside began to speak rapidly, and continued for ten minutes, sometimes imploring, sometimes expostulating, and then praying. What he said would fill a chapter. This is only a portion:

"What makes you come here with your buzzing, buzzing, this pleasant day, when the sun is shining and the birds are singing in the trees by the windows, and keep me from enjoying the little time I have to stay in life? I've done nothing to you, that you should come to me every day with your buzzing, and buzzing, and stand in the middle of my room waiting to jump on me and carry me away when I am not looking. I'll not look out of the window and give you the chance that you are waiting for. Don't come nearer to me; this day the sun shines bright and the air is still and the birds sing. The day that I must go with you the clouds will be as black as you are, and the lightning as red as your eyes, and the thunder so loud that I cannot hear your buzzing, buzzing, when you come in, and then you can come upon me when I'm not looking, and take me with you. This is not the day. Go away! Go away! Don't come so near me, and reach out your hands for me! I must not go when the sun is shining and the birds are singing. Let me stay. O, you that

are the ruler of all the earth, and all things in the earth, and all places under the earth, and have your home in the dark places, where the black clouds roll out and no one can see the mighty hosts and the terrible armies that are waiting to hear your buzzing, and buzzing, and know that they can go out and conquer the rest of the worlds and the stars. O, you that are more mighty than all the other things in all the universe, and have the millions and billions whom you have taken before, and have little use for a poor man, who prays to you that he may stay where the sun shines and the birds sing until that day when the clouds shall be as black as you are, and the lightning as red as your eyes; I implore you to go away and not put your hands upon me this day, and I will praise you and worship you——"

The Doctor suddenly opened the door. Before us sat a man leaning far back in his chair, with his hands clasped before him, and great drops of perspiration rolling down from his forehead and over his face.

"Whom are you talking to?" said the Doctor.

His hands dropped; he sought his kerchief, and wiped away the perspiration, saying, "It is he, sir."

"Who is, he?" asked the Doctor.

"The demon, sir," said the patient.

Upon being requested to describe him and tell of his actions, he said, "Didn't you see him when you

opened the door? He stood right over me, his ten hands raised to take me away with him. When you came in he made a spring and went out through the ventilator," pointing to the ventilating aperture near the ceiling, "and stopped buzzing. He comes to me almost every day up through the floor. I can hear him buzzing like a bumble-bee; that is his talk; that is all he ever says. I know by the way he looks at me and uses his hands, that he wishes to take me away, but I talk to him and pray, then he goes away; but some dark day, as dark as he is, he will take me. He is like a black horse with a demon's head and eyes; he has long black hair; ten long arms with black hands; he is all black except his eyes—they are red—and he grows blacker every year."

The memorandum said, "Fourteen years."

The Doctor said, "The frightful imagery of alcohol. His father was a heavy drinker, and so was he."

He then opened the door of a room from which the iron bedstead and its mattress had been removed and a pile of blankets substituted in their place. As we entered, the man within excitedly removed his coat and began to beat the floor with it, and then, seemingly about to be overwhelmed by myriads of forms with which he was battling, began to stamp heavily with both feet, with all the movements of killing living things and grinding them under his feet. Suddenly, upon looking towards the window,

a great fear came upon his face, and he ran to the corner of the room, trembling and rapidly exclaiming, "Oo—Oo—Oo! Oo—Oo—Oo! Ah—Ah—Ah! Ah—Ah—Ah! Take it away! take it away! Take it away! Save me! save me! save me!" then plunged into the pile of blankets, wrapping them closely around himself. Hardly had he done so, when he broke into muffled shouts. "Help—help—help! He's around me! he's around me! he's around me!" and throwing the blankets from himself, he sprang to the middle of the room, making all the motions of one uncoiling a huge serpent from his neck and body, at the same time grinding with his heels and trampling the smaller ones upon the floor.

The movements of his agony and despair could only be compared to those of a sane man if thrown into a pit containing millions of rattlesnakes, and a monster anaconda coiling about him.

The Doctor said, "These were his demonstrations when he came to us, two months ago, and their continuance has been constant to this time, except at intervals of exhaustion caused by his struggles with the snakes. His previous history and that of his descent are well known to us. He inherited a mania for whisky, and strengthened it by excesses. The serpent forms came to his vision at the age of thirty-two with a persistency and vividness that gives to

his insanity all the seeming of a chronic alcoholic delirium."

A shriek of terror came from behind the door, which the Doctor had closed when we stepped from the room, and as he opened it again we saw the man bending forwards as if with his hands around the neck of the anaconda, and striving to withdraw his head from the serpent's mouth.

As the Doctor opened the door of an adjoining room, we saw a man who sat upon his bed and kept his hands in constant motion, pushing away objects which seemed to be gathering around him, sometimes in front, then by his side or over his head; at the same time talking in an undertone varied by an occasional pious exclamation.

Doctor Peters said to me, "This is the most awful case of mental suffering that ever came within my observation. Were he not engaged with his delusions and hallucinations, he would take a rational notice of everything transpiring around him, and if he can be induced to forget them for an instant, he will give intelligent answers to any question that you may propound. His agony is constant, as you may see by the expressions of his face and eyes, and he has the double affliction of Acute Melancholia, and the most horrible hallucinations of Mania. I have obtained his history from himself, a few words at a time, by patient questioning. He was born in

Denmark and is now forty-two years of age. His occupation was that of a sailor upon the North Sea during his early life; later, upon American waters, he was first mate of a ship sailing between Baltimore and San Francisco. Before he engaged upon the American vessel, he tells me, he drank beer freely, and alcohol occasionally, as did his father and his other relatives, who were all seamen. On the American vessel he drank whisky only; this, to the extent of spending his surplus earnings for it and its consequent debaucheries. He is of a kindly nature, and although of a powerful physique, as you see, and constantly beset by his troubles, has never offered harm to any one. In addition to the hallucinations of sight, which include fiends and poisons, he has a mental delusion that when he becomes a perfect Christian he may convert the fiends who come about him, and they will then cease their efforts to drug or poison him. He has been with us three years and four months, and has not been free from his terrible mental suffering an hour of that time, except in sleep. When he awakes the fiends are with him; they poison him and go away; in a moment he sees them in the distance, coming to him again; they close around him, and in intermitting trooping, go and come until he again falls asleep. Sit beside him, upon the other side of his bed, and you will hear a portion of his story."

From his mutterings and imploring exclamations, I gathered the sense of the following:

"O, God! within my sight and thronging space beyond, there come towards me hideous fiends, with demon shouts, their hair outstreaming on the air behind in waves of molten steel. They come! My God! Upon their breasts, encircled by reptile folds, the skulls of men; dry crumbling horrors, dug from desert sands and dropping o'er the ground white flakes as slaking lime; a breast-plate dread, foreshadowing death. God help! In either hand an open jar that wastes on air the fume of drugs and odors of disease. Upon their lips a flecking foam; among their teeth the grinding spasms of hydrophobia. The eyes! God forgive! I die! Behind the glowing orbs that stand upon the cheek, their sockets fill with forms of hate and murderous mien that glower upon me from the burning rims. They close around me! Push them away! O, God! Upon my head one tears with gnashing teeth. My blood with poison fills, my brain with sicknesses, and chloroform. O, God! make me a Christian. I must not die! They are gone! I rest. My prayer was heard. O, God! It makes no difference! Within my sight and thronging space beyond, there come towards me hideous fiends, with demon shouts——" I went away from him.

The Doctor said, "The intermissions between the

departure and the return of the fiends are never of more than five minutes duration. He sometimes varies his speech with longer prayers."

Doctor Peters then suggested that we visit the female department of the Asylum. As we walked towards it he gave me the history of a case of delirium-tremens which he had witnessed, the subject being a woman of education and former good social position. The pen that writes these lines can find no words within its fountain to describe the horrors of this scene; but a history of her hallucinations afterwards, during her insanity, may be given as she related it, with a reservation of the more repulsive portions: "He brings me a hundred every morning when I am dressed for the day. He turns them loose upon me and they crawl into my bosom, up my sleeves, in my pockets and among my skirts. It takes me until night to get them off. When I catch one I throw it from me, then it goes away. Here is one, now, crawling from my sleeve; it is a little one; and here a large one from my bosom."

She made the movements of taking a tiny snake between her thumb and forefinger and throwing it with force against the wall of her room; then with the other hand she grasped the larger one about the neck and slowly drew its folds from her bodice to the length of her arm; then turning, threw it through the open door into the corridor. She soon became

quiet and engaged with us in a cheerful conversation. In a few moments a tiny snake crawled over her wrist; the thumb and finger threw it against the wall; then the other hand grasped a monster that came from the folds of her dress. Heart-sick, I turned away and left the room. He who brought them to her in the morning cannot be described.

In an adjoining ward we found a lady seated upon an easy chair, within an alcove of the corridor, sewing and humming the air of an evangelist's song. She greeted the Doctor pleasantly as we came to her side, and in response to his request related the action of sights and sounds that came during her occasional spells: "You may think that it's a notion, but it isn't. He came to me first when I was sitting in the parlor. I saw him come up the steps in front of the house; I heard him open the door and walk through the hallway into the parlor. He passed so near to me that he touched my dress, then sat on the lounge in the corner of the room. He was the handsomest man I ever saw. He sat a moment and then he said, 'I want you to go away from here.' You may think that it's a notion, but it isn't. I heard him say it, and then his face began to glow, and it got like fire. His black clothes turned to red and his hair to flame, and then he said, 'Go to the inebriates' home.' I did drink the whisky. I could not keep from it. If I thought of it, I would go

miles through rain or snow to get it. I loved it when I was a child. My mother said that my grandfather marked me with a whisky taste. You may think that it's a notion, but it isn't. I could drink pure whisky when I was a baby, and I would let you kill me to-night if you would give me all that I could drink to-day. I did as he told me and went to the inebriates' home. In a week the handsome man came and sat in my room, his elbows upon the table, and he looked at me. Soon his face began to glow, his clothes turned red, and the flame shot up from his head. He said to me, 'I want you to go away from here.' You may think that it's a notion, but it isn't. I heard him say it, and the next morning he sent some men to bring me here, among the crazy people, and Miss —— and Mrs. —— keep me here, because he has told them that if I get away he will come to them. I had been here about a week when the handsome man came down the corridor of this ward and sat beside me, upon my bed, in the night. His face began to glow, his clothes turned red, and the flames from his hair made the room lighter than day; and he said to me, 'I want you to stay here.' You may think that it's a notion, but it isn't. I heard him say it, and he sat there nearly all night looking at me. I know that I must stay here always, though there is nothing the matter with me, because he says I must. He watches me and often comes to see

that I am here. He never speaks to me now, but comes to the end of the corridor, yonder, where you see the lattices, and looks down the ward to see if I am here. When he sees me his face glows and gets like fire, his black clothes turn to red, and his hair stands up in a flame. You may think that it's a notion, but it isn't. I see him."

As we went away from her, the Doctor said, "I need not give her history. Her own story comprehends it."

Referring to his memorandum, he said, "Let us visit others." I assured him that this was enough; that not for the wealth of the city would I carry in my memory other stories of woe traced from a poison put into the mouths of men which forced upon women the inheritance of sorrow and loathsome delusions. As we walked towards his office he said, "These are but examples of a uniform whole. Wherever you find delusions or hallucinations of devils, dragons, creeping things, horrible animals, fearful surroundings, sorrowful situations, and others of the nature of these, you will find a history of drink, either in the subject or his ancestors within the sixth generation, and from one-half to three-fourths of the inmates of Asylums have this class of affliction."

"'I never drank,' says a monomaniac who has the

periodical hallucinations of creeping things. 'Neither did my father.'

"Possibly not; but what of *his* father and his grandfather? You will discover the alcoholic source of his affliction somewhere, just so surely as that you may find the negro who tinged the finger-tips of the octoroon's child with the dusky blood of Africa.

"The delusions caused by the action of the lighter alcoholic preparations incline towards sorrows, persecutions, vivid and gross imaginings, and suicide.

"Those who are afflicted with the insanities developed from other causes have other and distinctive delusions, among which are those of extraordinary accomplishments; high social position; the conceit of profound knowledge, of philosophy, business or religion; night visits by former companions, angels, children or fairies, and others of similar character."

We had arrived at the Doctor's office, where he bade me good-bye, intimating that his duties were the cause of this abrupt termination of our conversation. As I passed by the Supervisor's office, I saw a man seated near him upon a bench, who was almost covered with straps and ropes, and who had just been brought in from a carriage by two deputy sheriffs. The man was shouting vengeful words to forms that seemed to be gathering around him. The Asylum attendants took him up and carried him to the receiving ward. I asked the Supervisor

the place of his commitment, and he said, "The City." I then asked him the cause. He looked at me as to one propounding needless questions, and curtly answered, "Whisky."

I went away. As I passed out of the grounds I stood by the gate and looked back towards the Asylum. Along the driveway I traced the windings of a Serpent, that had come from the City, crawled by the long row of elms, and entered at the arched opening beneath the statue of Mercy.



* * *

THE story of the Saloon breaks upon the troubled air.

The father tells it, his face quivering with grief. The wife tells it, with choking sobs and streaming tears. The son tells it in the county jail; repeats it behind the prison walls; shouts it along the corridors of the Asylum. The daughter tells it in the tenement of want; whispers it in the wards of the alms-house; sings it in the den of shame, to the music of the wine-glass.

The mother tells it upon her bended knees.

They are telling it to you.

* * *

ALCOHOLIC INHERITANCE.

Compilations from the Writings of Physiologists, Physicians, and Experts in the Treatment of Insanity.

"Hear me to the end, and then decide against me if you will."

IN all the study leading to strengthening of argument and confirmation of conclusions, as found in those chapters of "The Junior Partners" relating to the direct and hereditary action of alcohol upon the mental powers, no words of greater force can be found than are embodied in the works of Huxley and Youmans, Bucknill and Tuke, Dr. Maudsley, Dr. Ray, Dr. S. G. Howe, and Esquirol, all recognized authorities of the very highest rank: from which is selected the following.

"The mind has its states of health and vigor, of debility and disease, like the body, and these states are influenced by definite causes in the former case as well as in the latter. Mental philosophy, as commonly understood, explains to us the operation of

thought and feeling as we discover them in the working of our own minds, and takes little account of the part played by the corporeal system in the control of these processes. But, if we would understand the conditions of mental health, and the nature and causes of mental impairment, the body must at once be taken into account. The study of mental phenomena in their corporeal relations thus becomes the business of the physiologist. He sees that the mind is not only dependent upon the body, but that the two have close and powerful reactions; states of body determining conditions of mind, and states of mind influencing conditions of body. Nature presents the problem, not of mind separate, but of mind and body bound up in a living unity, and the physiologist must take the question as he finds it.

"It is now universally admitted that the brain is the grand nervous centre of thought and feeling, the material instrument of the mind, and that all mental actions are accompanied and conditioned by physiological actions. From the high complexity of composition of nervous matter, it is extremely unstable and prone to change. The brain is therefore not only—like all other parts of the body—subject to the double metamorphosis of waste and repair, but the transformations take place in this organ with more rapidity than in any other part of the system. Upon these changes the mental operations are vitally depend-

ent, and if in any way interfered with, there is a disturbance of the intellectual processes. If the cerebral circulation is lowered, mental activity is diminished; if accelerated, the mind's action is exalted. Various substances introduced into the blood-stream alter the course of thought, some affecting it one way and some another; but each, through its specific action, producing characteristic physiological effects. Inflammation of the brain induces delirium, while different diseases of the organ, or perversions of the blood circulating through it, give rise to various forms of insanity.

"It is important to note, not only that mind and body are both governed by laws, but that they are to a great extent governed by the same laws. Whatever improves the physical qualities of the brain, improves also the mind; whatever deteriorates the brain impairs the mind. They have a common development, are equally increased in vigor, capacity, and power, by systematic and judicious exercise, and are alike injured by deficient or excessive effort. The brain is exhausted by thinking, as much as the muscles by acting, and, like the exhausted muscles, it requires time for the restoration of vigor through nutritive repair. As thus the mind is dependent upon the conditions of the brain, while the brain is controlled by the bodily system, we see how impossible it is to deal with the mental powers in a practi-

cal way, without taking the material organization into account.

"Those who habitually think of the mind as a separate entity, merely existing in some vague way with the body, will naturally look upon mental derangements as disorders of this entity, diseases of an abstraction. But this view has proved misleading and injurious in the extreme. So long as maladies of the mind were regarded as demoniac possessions, or as 'fermentations taking place in a spiritual essence,' all rational causality was excluded, and the arts of relief and prevention were impossible. When, however, it became established that mind depends upon definite physiological conditions, there was no escape from the conclusion that physiological perversions are causes of mental derangement. Fair weather and foul equally depend upon the laws of meteorology; health and disease equally depend upon the laws of animal life. As mental health is dependent upon due nutrition, stimulation, and repose of the brain, mental disease is to be regarded as resulting from the interruption or disturbance of those conditions.

"In showing that mental weakness is a concomitant of bodily debility, and mental aberration a consequence of bodily disorder, the physiologist lays the sure foundation of a practical Mental Hygiene, the province of which is to consider the various

causes which disturb the harmony and impair the vigor of mental actions.

"Taking note of the multiplied forms and degrees of disturbance and degeneracy to which the mental nature of man is subject, it traces them to their causes, and discloses the extent to which they are avoidable. As bodily and mental health depend to a great degree upon the same conditions, all that can be said concerning the sanitary influences which affect the corporeal system has likewise its bearing upon health of mind. But the mental aspects of the case are so generally overlooked as to demand a special consideration.

"As the organ of the mind is the most delicate and complex of all parts of the living system, while its manifestations are so varied as to comprehend the whole circle of human thought and feeling, it is natural to suppose that the causes of mental impairment will be complex and varied in an equal degree. These causes are usually regarded as two-fold—moral and physical. Another division is into predisposing and exciting causes.

"The predisposing causes are such as act remotely, or by slow degrees, to undermine the mental health; while exciting causes are those untoward events which immediately precede the breaking down of the mind. It is a common error to assign some shock or calamity as the efficient and adequate cause of an insane out-

break, whereas the real causality lies further back, and the occurrence in question is only the occasion of its development. The germ of insanity may have been deeply latent in the constitution, and a long train of influences may have been at work to impair the cerebral vigor, while some event, perhaps of slight importance in itself, serves to bring on the final catastrophe. When it is said that a person has become insane through disappointment or religious excitement, we are not to suppose that this is the whole statement; the question arises: How is it that others in quite similar circumstances are unaffected? The human mind is not so constituted as to snap by a sudden strain, like cast iron; insanity produced by the action of a single cause is of the rarest occurrence. Only by a 'conspiracy of conditions,' internal and external, proximate and remote, is the fabric of the reason usually overthrown.

"We will first notice the immediate physiological actions by which health of mind is destroyed, and this will prepare us to understand how the remoter causes of mental impairment take effect.

"If the mind is dependent upon the brain, it follows that each act of the mind has its physical conditions, and the conditioning must of course be in accordance with the structure of the organ. The mental mechanism consists essentially of millions of cells and fibers, the former of which are the gene-

rators and the latter the transmitters of force. In thinking and feeling, these are called into exercise, and, according to its intensity, exhausted; while their function power is restored by nutritive assimilation. The structure of the parts being perfect, mental coherency, energy, and health, depend upon their perfect nutrition. It is here, in the disturbance of the nutritive operations of the brain, that most of the causes of mental impairment take effect.

"We attribute a large share of mental diseases to pathological conditions of the brain, whose most prominent characteristic is defective nutrition of the organ. In a large proportion of cases this deficient nutrition is manifested after death in an actual shrinking of the brain, a shrinking which is co-extensive with the duration and the degree of the loss of mental power. This loss of power marks all instances of cerebral decay, and is consequently a condition of most chronic cases of excitement.

"The effect of impaired nutrition is, to produce derangements of structure, and these take many forms in the various cases of cerebral disease. The microscope has done much to elucidate the pathological changes of the brain, but such is the marvelous delicacy of the organ that microscopists are still intensely occupied in making out the subtle details of its normal structure. Many physical indications of nervous disorder no doubt remain to be discovered;

but, from the peculiar complexity and difficulty of the case, a large amount of infirmity of nerve-element will probably never be detected by physical means. Nutrition results from a relation between the nerve-tissue and the blood; the causes of its perversions are therefore to be sought in various disturbances of the circulation, as well as in the nerve-element itself.

"Nutrition is dependent upon the supply of blood; in the brain, perhaps, more closely than in any other organ. The gray substance of the cerebral convolutions, which are devoted to the higher mental operations, is richly supplied with minute blood-vessels which impart to the cells the material of their renewal, and remove the waste products of their activity. The quantity and quality of the blood they transmit must, therefore, exert a determining influence over the functions and health of the organ. As mental action depends upon the interchange taking place between the blood-capillaries and the nerve-cells, it follows that increased excitation and interaction of ideas is accompanied by increasing interchange and demand for more blood, and plethora of the capillaries gives rise to increased mental excitement. If this heightened activity is prolonged beyond due limits, and especially if the brain is weakly organized, a state of morbid congestion is induced, and over-stimulation is followed by stagna-

tion of ideas, emotional depression, and irritability. The stagnation of the cerebral currents and imperfect removal of noxious products, with the irregularities of excitement and depression which are the result of frequent brain congestion, produce defective nutrition, which tends to impair the soundness of the organ.

"Anæmia, or bloodlessness, the opposite state of congestion, produces similar mental effects. Insufficiency of healthy blood, whether caused by its actual loss from the system, or by poverty and dilution of the fluid through any of the numerous anti-hygienic influences, by impairing the nutritive powers, enfeebles the organ and powerfully predisposes to insanity.

"The blood itself may not reach its proper growth and development by reason of some defect in the function of the glands that minister to its formation; or, carrying the cause still farther back, by reason of wretched conditions of life; there is, in consequence, a defective nutrition generally, as in scrofulous persons; and the nervous system shares in the general delicacy of constitution; so that, though quickly impressible and lively in reaction, it is irritable, feeble, and easily exhausted. Poverty of blood, it can admit of no doubt, plays the same weighty part in the production of insanity as it does in the production of other nervous diseases, such as hysteria, chorea, neuralgia, and even epilepsy.

"Although the blood is a compound of wondrous complexity, and undergoing incessant changes by active influx and drainage, yet in health its constitution is preserved in such exquisite balance that the cerebral engine of thought and emotion is kept in harmonious action. This harmony is disturbed, not only by excess or deficiency of the vital stream, but in a marked degree by the presence in it of various impurities. Every grade of mental disease, from the mildest depression to the fury of delirium, may be produced by the accumulation in the blood of the waste matter of the tissues. The presence in the blood, for example, of unexcreted bile, so affects the nervous substance as to engender the gloomiest feelings, from which the individual cannot free himself, although he knows that the cause of his depression is not in the actual condition of external circumstances, but is internal and of a transient nature. But it only requires the prolonged action of this cause to carry this morbid state of nerve-element to that further stage of degeneration which shall result in the genuine melancholia of insanity.

"Various substances introduced into the blood, as opium, hasheesh, belladonna, take effect upon the brain, each perverting the mental functions in a manner peculiar to itself. Ingested* alcohol produces an artificial insanity, in which the various types of men-

* Put into the stomach.

tal diseases are distinctly manifested. Its first effect is a gentle stimulation and a mental excitement, such as often precedes an outbreak of mania. This is followed by a rapid flow of ideas, an incoherence of thought and speech, and an excitement of the passions, which disclose automatic disturbance and diminished voluntary control, as in delirium from other causes. A condition of depression and maudlin melancholy succeeds, as convulsion passes into paralysis—the last scene of all being one of dementia and stupor.

"But independent of the quantity or quality of the blood supplied to the brain, that organ is liable to certain conditions of exhaustion and nutritive degeneracy to an extent far greater than the other organs of the body. These other organs have various means of escape from overtasking; if they cannot increase their power so as to endure the burden imposed, they can refuse to act, or throw the excess of labor upon some other part. Overworking the stomach destroys appetite, and the task is no longer imposed. If the muscular system is worked beyond its power, it does not break down, but the excessive strain is thrown upon the nervous system, which receives the injury. The overtasked lungs throw part of their burden upon the skin and liver, and the overworked liver is relieved by the kidneys. But the economy of the organism affords the brain no

vicarious relief; if overburdened it must suffer alone. Excessive exertion of the brain produces an excitement which, instead of ceasing, is augmented by the very debility which it causes. The exhaustion continues the overwork, which again increases the exhaustion. The degeneration of nerve-element thus proceeds at a rapid rate of increase, which results in permanent perversion and degradation of the mental functions.

"To the physiologist the question of healthy mental activity resolves itself into that of the soundness of nerve-element, and of vigorousness and completeness of nutrition; while mental impairment is seen to result from instability of the nerve-structures, consequent upon defective nutrition. In this view, therefore, all causes, physical or moral, intermediate or remote, which influence the nutritive operations of the system, have a bearing, more or less direct, upon mental conditions and character.

"We will now pass to some of the remoter influences by which mental health is impaired.

"The living constitution is powerfully influenced by many slow-working agencies. The causes of mental deterioration produce effects in time, and through successive generations. Hereditary transmission thus becomes a leading factor in the problem of mental impairment, and accounts for many of the agencies by which it is produced.

"Bodily defects and diseases are transmissible. Consumption, gout, asthma, cancer, scrofula, apoplexy, unsoundness of teeth, and even long sight, short sight, and squinting, are liable to be inherited. Of course these diseases are not transmitted in all cases of their occurrence, nor do they always pass directly from parent to offspring; one or two generations may be skipped, and the malady appear in the distant descendants. Hence, strictly speaking, it is not the disease that is hereditary, but a predisposition to it, which may be either neutralized and disappear, remain dormant, or break out, according to circumstances.

"There is, perhaps, no form of constitutional defect more markedly hereditary than morbidities of the nervous system. Esquirol observes that, of all diseases, insanity is the most hereditary. The proportion of cases in which this malady is ascribed to predisposition has been variously estimated at from one-fourth to nine-tenths; probably at least one-half of all these cases of diseases have this origin.

"The common notion, that insanity is inherited only when madness in a parent re-appears as madness in the child, is a most serious error. That which is transmitted is nervous infirmity, which may assume an endless variety of forms. Parental nervous defects may issue in one member of the family, in unbalanced character, which is manifested in vio-

lent outbreaks of passion and unaccountable impulses, while another may go smoothly through life without exhibiting a trace of it, and a third will break down into mania upon some trying occasion. As features are modified by descent, so are diseases, and none assume so wide a diversity of aspect as those of the nervous system.

"If, instead of limiting attention to the individual, we scan the organic evolution and decay of a family—processes which, as in the organism, are sometimes going on simultaneously—then it is made sufficiently evident how close are the fundamental relations of nervous diseases; how artificial the divisions between them may sometimes appear. Epilepsy in the parent may become insanity in the offspring, or insanity in the parent, epilepsy in the child; and chorea or convulsions in the child may be the consequence of great nervous irritability—natural or accidental—in the mother. In families in which there is a strong disposition to insanity, it is not uncommon to find one member afflicted with one form of nervous disease, and another, with another; one suffers, perhaps, from epilepsy, another with neuralgia, a third may commit suicide, and a fourth become maniacal. General paralysis is a disease which is usually the result of continual excesses of one sort or another; but it may unquestionably occur without any marked excesses, and when it does, there will mostly be

discoverable an hereditary taint in the individual.

"How the running down of stock through the loss of vital power, by hereditary influences, should swell the ranks of the dependent classes, or those incapable of self-support, is obvious; but this cause is equally powerful in re-enforcing the dangerous classes who fill our jails and prisons. Immoral training and vicious associations are undoubtedly among the potent agencies by which these are educated for a career of vice and crime, but a co-operating cause of far greater power is low organization or defective cerebral endowment. They begin life with a nervous system incapable of the higher controlling functions. The children of paupers generally inherit a lack of bodily and mental vigor, while the offspring of criminals have transmitted to them a disturbed balance of constitution—an activity of certain propensities, with a congenital weakness of the restraining sentiments.

"There is a common opinion that in classes and individuals of low organization the purely animal appetites are apt to be fierce and ungovernable, but it is not so; on the contrary, as a general rule, the whole nature is let down and enfeebled; and persons in this condition are docile and easily governed. Sometimes, indeed, there is fearful activity of the animal nature in persons of low organization, which impels them to commit shocking outrages; but these

are exceptional cases, and the passions are usually the consequences of drink and insanity, rather than intensity of nature. As a rule, in the classes marked by low and degenerate organization, the animal instincts and impulses are not stronger than in the others. On the contrary, the classes of higher bodily organization and vigor have more fire and potency, even of animal appetites, and their superiority comes, not from lack of impulse, but from greater activity and power of the restraining faculties of reflection and of conscience.

"In the light of these facts, the causes of mental impairments acquire a new and startling significance. The various agencies which are adverse to health not only shorten the duration of life, but they degrade its quality, while deteriorated life involves debilitated intellect and perverted moral powers. The general causes of impaired health, the whole array of bad physical conditions, by undermining the bodily vigor and lowering the nutritive operations, become powerful and extensive causes of mental impairment, and stand in close relation to the evils and vices of society. Their baneful influence, however, is not measured by their immediate effects upon the individual; their power is multiplied by transmission, for they inflict upon his posterity the curse of a bad descent. Evil habits and bad conditions of life may not in the first case reach the extent

of mental derangement, but they so impair the vital stamina that their victim bequeaths to his children enfeebled and degenerated nervous organizations, which are incapable of withstanding the strains and shocks of social experience. The lowered vitality and perverted nutrition of the parent becomes feeble-mindedness in the offspring.

"Hence, for the moral and intellectual elevation of the race, we are to look not exclusively to education, but to whatever tends to improve the bodily constitution, and especially the qualities of the brain. In our schemes of philanthropy we are apt to deal with men as if they could be moulded to any desirable purpose, provided only the right instrumentalities are used, ignoring altogether the fact that there is a physical organ in the case, whose original endowments must limit very strictly the range of our moral appliances. But, while we are bringing to bear upon them all the kindly influences of learning and religion, let us not overlook those physical agencies which determine the efficacy of the brain as the material instrument of the mind."

Inebriety a Disease.

THE physician who is engaged in general practice has scant opportunity to study cases of insanity or alcoholism, for the reason, that upon the active development of the one the patient is removed to the Insane Asylum, and the sufferer from the other seldom acknowledges his affliction, and repels all endeavors tending to an amelioration of his condition until he becomes maudlin, or a so-called criminal, when he is placed by law in confinement, sent by his friends to inebriate retreats, or dies unexpectedly from the attack of some acute disease or chronic disorder which has been unobserved in the general degradation of his condition.

To those who study and practice upon special phases of mental disorder, should we apply for better information. For this enlightenment the following selected compilation from contributions to the "Alienist and Neurologist" (a quarterly journal of scientific, clinical, and forensic psychiatry and neurology; published in St. Louis, Mo.) by T. D. Crothers,

M. D., Superintendent of Walnut Lodge, Hartford, Conn.; T. L. Wright, M. D., Bellefontaine, Ohio; J. L. Hallam, M. D., Centralia, Ills., is presented.

"When the different phases of delirium noted in inebriety are studied as particular stages of the disease, one is amazed at the new realm of pathological and psychological facts which appear. Why certain forms of delirium should be regarded as a special disease, called delirium-tremens, and exempt the person from responsibility in law, is a mystery. Why this particular stage has been so carefully studied, and all the early stages of the case have been dismissed with the remark, that this or that form of alcohol has been used to excess, is equally strange. No special study of the delirium of typhoid or other fevers would indicate the nature and character of the real disease. Hence, all study of delirium-tremens, or other forms of delirium coming from the use of alcohol, are worthless and misleading, unless they are combined as chapters in the history of the case.

"In all cases there are distinct premonitory stages, degrees of delirium and hallucinations, that can and should be recognized; groups of causes that retard or accelerate the progress of the case; 'switch points' where recognition and treatment will stay or cut short the march of the disease. Nerve-taints and heredities, nutrient perversions, degenerations of

both brain and organism, and an almost infinite variety of external and internal causes, enter into the history of the case, and point to a future state of delirium-tremens, dementia, idiocy, epilepsy, and almost every form of paralysis and insanity.

"The absence of any of these facts is fatal to the value of the history of the case. Attention is called to some of these early stages of delirium that are unrecognized in practice at present. In a class of persons who use alcohol to excess at times, and are not regarded as inebriates, these masked deliriums are often prominent. Thus, in case of a quiet, methodical business man, who at times drank to excess, then abstained for indefinite intervals, during and after his drinking would manifest intense and unusual activity in business. He would take an inventory of stock, balance his books, look over all his securities, and exhibit great suspicion of being cheated. In a few days he would settle down to former habits of business. These deliriums always came on when using spirits; and while his judgment seemed unimpaired on other matters, his desire to increase his business and protect himself from loss absorbed every other consideration. In the second case, a lawyer who drank wine steadily, and only occasionally to excess, would at long intervals have what his friends termed, not inappropriately, 'a horse mania.' In this he would go from place to place

trying to buy fast horses. He did not purchase, but tested many horses, and talked a great deal of their merits and demerits. When free from spirits he never manifested any taste for horses, rarely ever rode behind one, and was never seen on a race-track. This delirium lasted for a few days, and at no time did he seem unconscious of his acts and surroundings, and said, in explanation of his strange conduct, that he could not help it, and he really wanted a horse at this time, but could not be suited. In a third case, a farmer who usually drank to excess on all holidays and special occasions would have a delirium to adopt small infants. He had no children and seemed to dislike them at any other time. He would in this state drive about the country and talk and act quite rational, visiting families who had small babes, and talk at great length about adopting them as his own. In the fourth case, a physician who at irregular intervals drank to excess, at the close of his drinking period became an enthusiastic musician, buying various horns and spending hours in practice. This lasted two or three days and absorbed every thought and motion; then it was dropped and only taken up again when another drinking paroxysm came on. A fifth case was that of an inventor, a man of excellent judgment and well read in science and mechanics. He drank steadily, and at long intervals he would have delirious dreams of perpetual motion, and shut

himself up for days, working on models to demonstrate the idea. In another case, a drinking man, who at times was greatly intoxicated, would recover with profound convictions of speedy death. This delirium would last two or three days, during which he would make great efforts to settle his business and bid good-bye to his friends. These cases were not considered inebriates or weak-minded, but only odd at times. These so-called oddities were so many symptoms of a grave disease.

"There is a large class of so-called moderate drinkers—persons who are not known to use spirits to any excess—that at times show great changes of conduct and character, often attributed to weak will and vice, or some state of exhaustion from over-work. These are likewise cases of masked deliriums, heretofore unknown and unrecognized. A man of reputation and character, who drinks at home regularly, suddenly disappears for two or three days, then returns much prostrated and remains temperate for a long time. During this time he is engaged in excesses foreign to his character. He is never intoxicated, and at such times seldom drinks, and seems quite clear in mind. This delirium was sudden in both onset and termination, and did not appear during two years of total abstinence. A few months after he began to use spirits it came on again. A second case is that of a quiet, retiring physician, who uses spirits irregu-

larly, in moderation. Suddenly he would develop a religious delirium, pray and exhort in public, then relapse to his old retiring habits. These states were free from any other unusual act or conduct, and only explained as impulses which he could not and did not wish to control. A third case was that of a very careful, methodical business man, who rarely went away from home, and lived a life free from all excesses. For ten years he had used spirits at meals, and for any disorder or illness. Suddenly he became very restless, would drop all business and go away traveling for two or three days. He seemed to have no plan or purpose, only saying that 'he wished to go about a little.' These deliriums of travel increased, and, by the advice of physicians, he went to Europe, and came back much worse. Finally, he became insane, and died in the Asylum. A fourth case illustrates a large class who are not understood. A business man living methodically, and in the best surroundings, using spirits on the table and at night, and in comparative great moderation, suddenly finds that he cannot sleep well, and is filled with strong suspicions that he is being cheated. In a short time this passes away, but returns with greater intensity. A council of physicians advise travel and rest; from this he returns worse than before. Finally a pronounced delirium comes on, and he is sent to an Insane Asylum. He is discharged, improved, but his

mental health is permanently impaired. Had his physicians recognized this incipient delirium, and its real cause—alcohol—his recovery could have been made permanent. A similar case was that of an office lawyer, who lived an almost ideal life of regularity and quietness. From the advice of a friend he began to use spirits at meals and at bed-time. Two years later he had short periods of intense melancholy and fear of death. He thought his property was insecure and his mind was filled with omens of coming disaster. A council of physicians advised travel and change, but his family physician, finding that he inherited an alcoholic taint, urged the giving up of all spirits. The latter counsel was taken and he recovered.

"These strange, unrecognized deliriums appear in sudden changes of character and conduct, exhibiting strange instability of mind and purpose, and extreme credulity or skepticism. A man of excellent judgment will be duped by the most apparent frauds. He will exhibit confidence where he should not, and suspicion without any occasion. He will have impressive dreams and act upon them, and will become an investigator of spirit phenomena. Another class suddenly have political ambition for office, and, if wealthy, are the dupes of designing people. It may be safely said, that when a moderate (so-called) or excessive user of spirits suddenly exhibits great

changes of conduct, motive or character, he is laboring under a delirium.

"In some cases of delirium-tremens, where the early history has been ascertained, the exact form of the delirium has been outlined long before. Thus, a man who, after and during a drinking excess, has dreams of injury, and nightmares of some horrid object persecuting him, or who conceives that his best friends are plotting his ruin, will, by and by, suffer from a pronounced attack of delirium-tremens. When these deliriums are only eccentricities of conduct, acts of unusual character and strange mental impulses, the same or worse stages of disease are sure to follow. As in sleep, these obscure deliriums seem to unmask and reveal something of the degeneration going on in the central brain regions. They may be traced in some cases to certain mental states and surroundings, whose impress has been fixed on the brain in the past. In the same way certain hereditary impulses are started into activity and grow up unexplainable, unless they are traced back to the ancestors. Often the strange hallucinations of sight and hearing, associated with delirium, have a physical causation that can be realized. *Certain forms of alcoholic drinks seem to cause particular kinds of cell degenerations with special mental phenomena.*

"These and other facts are supported by clinical studies and histories of cases. The practical fact

most prominent is, that delirium-tremens, or any other form of delirium, will be literally unknown unless its etiology is studied with as much care as its symptomatology. Another fact appears that, when it is ascertained the patient uses spirits, either in excess or in moderation, all forms of brain and nerve perversions may be expected. Also, states of altered conduct and character, of short durations, are often masked deliriums and stages of disease, the study and treatment of which gives promise of success that grows less as the case goes on. A great deal is to be done in this field before all the facts and phenomena of delirium following the use of alcohol will be understood. The recognition of inebriety as a disease, and its transfer from the realms of morals and religion to that of medical and scientific investigation, will open the door into the field of the greatest practical interest.

"The inebriate rarely, if ever, comes under medical care until he has reached a chronic stage of the disease. He is considered in this anterior period willful and wicked, and treated by moral suasion, the pledge and prayer, and punished by law, perhaps, all without relief. At last he comes to the Asylum and under medical care. Five, ten or fifteen years of the toxic use of alcohol have gone by, the patient is a continuous or periodic inebriate, has tried every moral means and failed, and yet his faith in his abil-

ity to stop at will is unshaken. He comes to the Asylum, in his own estimation, not from any inability to abstain on his part, but for some minor affection, and to gratify others who misapprehend his case. Thus at the start he gives evidence of mental derangement. When his case is studied, most decided marks of both physical and mental degeneration appear. Congestions, and disturbances of heart, liver, stomach, skin, and other organs, and alterations of the higher functions noted in change of character, conduct, motions, dispositions and emotions, are clearly apparent. The pronounced character of these symptoms of degradation, with the history of their duration, point to a chronic stage that is present. When these symptoms are noted and carefully grouped, they become the starting point from which the march of the disease can be traced backwards to its origin. Notwithstanding the difficulties of a search down through the realm where every event or phase was supposed to come from wickedness, the great number and variety of acts that point to the regular order of progress, and distinct stages in the case, show clearly that inebriety, like all other diseases, follows a progressive line of dissolution from a certain origin, and developed down to chronicity and death.

"It will be understood by all who have experience in these cases, that heredity is the largest and most

prominent factor in the causation—a heredity that dates back to inebriate, insane, idiotic, epileptic or consumptive parentage. An entailment of degeneration that is likely to develop into any one of these diseases, depending upon some unknown determining cause; also that inebriety is surely one of this family group, and likely to come from or merge back into any one of them. In a study of cases of inebriety, running back into the earliest incipient stages, many and very prominent symptoms appear which may be put down as pathognomic, and may be divided into two groups—one, noted before any spirits are used; the other, coming on after alcohol has been used. These are only outline divisions, and point to periods that may extend over years, or be limited to a few weeks. The first may be termed the pre-alcoholic stage, and the second the post-alcoholic period. Probably the latter stage is more prominent and traceable, yet both are physiological and pathological periods that have never been studied from this point of view before. It should be remembered that in nearly all these cases a pronounced heredity is present. In these stages a number of prominent symptoms appear and increase up to a certain point, where inebriety is generally recognized; then they change and are lost in other and more distinct signs of progressive degeneration. Thus, a child at puberty, or later, at full manhood, will develop an unstable

brain and nerve organism easily exhausted, associated with a capricious appetite for foods and drink. This will go on increasing with varied and complex nervous states, then inebriety will at once manifest itself unmistakeably, and rapidly pass to chronic stages. Or these symptoms of brain instability and nutrient delusions and derangements may appear in previously healthy men, following illness, injury, or mental shock, such as sorrow, grief, loss and suffering.

"In many cases the history of the incipient stages showed mental disturbances in relation to food and drinks. In some cases delusions with regard to care of the body, and sudden impulsive ambitions to outstrip others in strength or grace or beauty; or morbid fears of death, or delusion as to the power of remedies, and the possibilities of foods and drinks to perpetuate life and keep away disease were found present in clergymen and literary men in many instances, which ended in inebriety.

"Morbid appetites and unusual tastes, in youth and early manhood, are very strong hints of inebriety, which may go on or be checked by unknown causes. The early history of many cases points to great mental activity before inebriety began, in addition to these nutritive delusions which have been described. One case is that of a merchant, who, from being a very quiet man, after the appearance of food delusions, seemed to have a delirium of work, which lasted over a year,

then merged into inebriety. In another case an unusual desire to be noted was associated with his delirious food impulses. Thus, the more accurately the early history of the inebriate is traced, the clearer the evidence of a progressive order of symptoms appears before spirits are used, and the subject assumes a sudden and enormous expansion, as this new realm of psychological forces is seen and comprehended.

"In the second, or post-alcoholic stage, the symptoms of inebriety, after alcohol is used, are recognized more generally. In this class the so-called moderate drinker is prominent. Where he is studied carefully his condition and symptoms are only found to vary from the chronic case in degree. The delusion of power to stop at will is noted in the chronic inebriate and the moderate drinker. A certain number of moderate drinkers continue in this state a life-time, and suppose it is owing to superior will-power that they do not become chronic cases.

"Literally, it is the absence of some particular exciting cause. As in small-pox, a certain number of cases who are exposed do not take the disease. A certain number of cases with symptoms of incipient phthisis never go on to full development; so the moderate drinker transmits to the next generation a disease that is sure to appear in some of the allied

neuroses.* The symptoms of this stage of moderate drinking vary widely, but all are signs of change or breaking down. Delusions of foods and drinks, of strength, of superior character, conduct, motives, and a steady failure of the higher functions, seen in little things—emotional changes, states of exultation and depression, great pride in dress and surroundings, or the total absence of it. In brief, the history of the moderate drinker reflects nearly all the various delusions and degenerations of the chronic inebriate. The skilled psychologist can trace these in outline in the stage of the moderate use of spirits. In America this stage of moderate drinking is short; the slightest strain or great drain on the nervous system, and he is a chronic case, or dies of some intercurrent affection.

"Another class of cases has been profoundly intoxicated or poisoned by alcohol, then abstained for an indefinite time, and finally become inebriates. This period is full of hints and signs of oncoming inebriety. This class has peculiar interest, because many prominent temperance workers come from it, and not a few preachers, lawyers and literary men are found in this shadowy border-land of disease. When these cases come under observation, a new continent

*Neurosis—A nervous affection or disease. An affection of the nervous system occurring without any material agent producing it; without any inflammation or any other constant structural change which can be detected in the nervous centers.

of psychological facts appears. The following are illustrations: A ———, a distinguished temperance lecturer, used alcohol to great excess for two years, then abstained for twelve years, becoming famous in the lecture field. He drank again. From a study of this interval of sobriety, it was found to be marked with symptoms of progressive degeneration, that of necessity would develop into inebriety or some one of the family group. Prominent was the almost sublime delusion in his strength to resist all temptation to use spirits again; his constantly increasing egotism, and alternate activity and indolence. For days he would be plunged into deepest depression, unless on the lecture stand, when he would appear in the highest spirits. Then he would be in a state of great mental exaltation. He was at times very avaricious, then generous, and all his character seemed to become more uncertain. His habits grew uncertain. He was full of delusions of the care of his body, of food, of drink, clothing and sleep, and steadily lost faith in the value of honesty or respect for his word. At times he would borrow money and refuse to pay. He recovered and went back to the lecture stand, but he was a chronic inebriate with but little hope for the future. B———, a man of forty, drank to intoxication, and then continued in moderation for several months, and abstained. Gradually he gave up his work (that of a merchant) and became a lay preacher.

He exhibited great egotism and desire for notoriety; would sacrifice everything for an opportunity to preach. His private life was full of petty selfishness and dishonest dealings, grasping, tyrannical, and changeable impulses. All this was foreign to his usual manner and conduct. He became an inebriate after an interval of sobriety lasting eight years, and remained so until death. In both these cases the first intoxication had started a train of defects that continued on through the free interval of sobriety, and could have been recognized by the medical examiner. The incipient stage in these cases cannot be mistaken, and the careful observer will find in many circles men of talent and prominence who have all the symptoms of approaching inebriety, or even inebriety itself, while they do not use spirits.

"In the periodical inebriates and the irregular, impulsive, reasoning drinkers, there are always many and varied symptoms which show the march of dissolution and the approach of the drink paroxysm with more or less certainty. Those who are engaged in treating inebriates can anticipate the return of the drink craving by symptoms that are fixed and unchanging. So expert do they become in certain cases as to be able, days in advance, to predict the drink storm. This study of early symptoms in inebriety must of necessity be only an outline, for the reason that the inquiry was begun in the fully devel-

oped cases and carried back to the early stages, depending on the memory of the patient and friends. When these statements were generally uniform and consistent with the later progress of the case, they were put on record as entitled to confidence. In this way outline forms of a distinct stage of inebriety have appeared, heretofore unknown except as a period of great wickedness. This incipient stage may be briefly noted as one in which the higher brain centres gradually lose the power of performing their higher and more complex functions. Various nervous states and forms, with food and nutrient delusions, produce exhaustion, which alcohol quickly relieves. The injury and change is in the brain centres, in most cases depending upon some inherited defect in cell growth, or special diathesis, and starting into activity from unknown causes. Beginning long before alcohol is used, and accelerated into chronic stages by this drug, or kindled into activity by the first use, it becomes the disease of inebriety characterized by an insane and maniacal impulse for relief from the nameless agony of the degenerated nerve centres. Practically, the recognition of this incipient stage of inebriety opens up a field of possibilities for the cure and prevention, of the greatest importance. As an illustration, the wild, impulsive, irritable boy, who seems to have no control of himself, and goes about almost lawless; who is sent to sea, or to the

army, workhouse or prison, and comes back later a chronic drunkard — might have been saved if the physician had been called in and recognized in these symptoms,approaching inebriety. The young man just entering business or a profession, who has eccentricities of food, clothing, or conduct, which excite ridicule, and ostracise him from the sympathy and friendship of others, becomes an inebriate. Had these symptoms been recognized, and he placed under treatment, this would have been prevented. Or, take a more common illustration: The overworked business or professional man who finds all his previous habits, motives and character changing, who has food delusions, and who is recommended bitters and spirits by the non-expert physician, and soon after finds that he cannot stop the use of stimulants, and is an inebriate; or the still more dangerous practice of traveling abroad in the wine countries of Europe, by men who have all these symptoms of nerve and brain degeneration, with nutrient disturbance of both mind and body, the result of which, in most cases, is to develop inebriety.

"The advice to travel is often fatal to this rapidly increasing class of sufferers. All these cases should come under careful examination by the physicians; the hereditary and mental and psychical hints of the present should be weighed as carefully as the state of the heart or the nutrition of the body. Those cases

should be understood, the 'danger signals' recognized, and treatment based on them. The history points out stages where the prevention and cure would have been an easy matter; but later, a degree of degeneration has come on, in which little can be done that is permanent. To one who studies these cases carefully, comes the most profound conviction of disease following a regular order of progress from its origin to the termination, over the same roads and bridges, with the same symptoms that can be seen and traced; stages of beginning and progress when medical skill and art are potent and available for cure and restoration, and later stages where little can be done except to house the patient and keep him from injuring others. To call attention to these early incipient stages of inebriety, to explore and map out the boundaries, is the pioneer work in the great unexplored 'dark continent' for scientific men of to-day.

"The study of inebriety reveals a well-marked disease passing through various stages, traceable by many and complex signs and symptoms. The incipient stage seen before spirits are used, is marked by dietetic delusions and other symptoms of nerve and brain irritability, all of which seem to depend on heredity or some obscure injury to the brain and nerve centers. A group of symptoms can be found in most cases that may be termed pathognomonic and

will be seen in the later stages fully developed. These early symptoms appear after the first use of alcohol, and in some cases go on to full development, or are held in abeyance by some unknown force. Practically, the recognition and study of this stage opens up a field of prevention and cure that will attract great attention at an early day.

"In this brief glance of the subject, it will be seen that states of intoxication are found in inebriates and defectives that are positive inheritances. The organism has received a positive, permanent impression, from which it never recovers; an inherited predisposition to this form of defect. Undoubtedly, conditions of heredity control and govern this condition. It will be clear, from this outline-grouping of facts: First, that symptoms of alcoholic poisoning cannot be trusted as evidence of the immediate use of alcohol; second, that the excessive use of alcohol leaves a permanent defect or impress on the brain, which will go down to the future with great certainty, and can be traced back to the injury from the toxic action of alcohol. In brief, the range of facts that open up from this point is truly bewildering, and their discovery, and the laws which govern them, is the great future realm of investigation.

"This is the field into which specialists press forward with increasing enthusiasm, confident that behind all this mystery of drink-craving will be found

a majestic order of forces; also, with equal confidence, that not far away, inebriety and its evils will be understood, treated and prevented, as positively as any other disease."

* * *

"These unfortunate persons are generally those who are originally in some way constitutionally defective, or those who inherit an unstable, nervous constitution of drunken, neurotic or insane ancestors. As such they should not be regarded in the light of voluntary offenders or hardened criminals, but as sick and diseased individuals who are in need of humane and considerate treatment, and who are, perhaps, susceptible to recovery from the disordered condition, and to restoration and cure of the infirmity. The cause of this present condition—whether intemperate indulgence of vicious propensities, or any other reason—is not now a subject for consideration. The mental and physical requirements of the patient are to be chiefly regarded. Dr. Bodington, at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, said: 'For my part I look upon all habitual drinking as a disease, and I would boldly call it dipsomania.' And the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates takes the broad ground that 'Intemperance is a disease.'

"Here, our greatest need in the proper care of these unfortunates becomes strikingly manifest. We

have continually in our midst a class of patients of deficient will-power, or nervous force, or principle, as we may choose to call it, who become the subjects of public care, and are daily becoming such in increasing numbers. Their existence as a class has been recognized, and their needs partially expressed, but in all our broad land there is not an institution or establishment properly adapted to their reception, or remedial or curative treatment, or for their care if incurable.

"The fact that they are frequently, and indeed generally, brought to our notice through the commission of some act which calls for the intervention of the civil law, should not blind our eyes to the equally evident fact that accountability may be more or less deficient, or entirely wanting, in the subject of the misdemeanor, and that he is in just this degree incapable of the commission of crime, or amenable to its penalties."

* * *

"There is a limit to the nervous capacity of dealing with the intangible essences of mind and spirit. There is a point among the imperceptible agencies concerned in the operations of living, beyond which the legitimate authority of the nervous system cannot go. While the greater number of men possess an even and controllable sensibility of nerve, adapted to the conditions of a uniform and subordinate life,

still there are many who are ruled by a nervous system so acute and over-sensitive, that they are continually on the rack of uncertainty and discontent.

"It is true, the intensity of such a nervous system may be the means, at times, of perceiving things and their relationships, which are imperceptible to common minds. The highest achievements of literature, of deeds, fall to the lot of minds like these —those who feel keenly, write clearly, and speak grandly. But the lowest depths of anxiety and despair are not unknown to these bright minds. Sometimes the imagination is elevated into a sphere of grandeur, of nobility, and of the most exalted sublimity; anon, it 'falls like a falling star' into regions of gloom—melancholic, suicidal. All minds are subject to moods and periodicities, but the acutely sensitive mind is peculiarly subject to them. To a mental and physical organism thus tried and tossed upon the ocean of time, how alluring, how welcome is a haven of rest!

"Sometimes by mere chance, and again, perhaps, with a purpose, the alcoholic cup finds its way to the lips of the man with unstable and quivering nerves. Instantly the exalted sensibilities of the nervous system are allayed. Forebodings cease to disquiet, and a pleasing sense of repose tranquilizes the body and comforts the spirits. The paralyzing influence of alcohol relieves the grievous worry of the whole

being. A first experience of this kind is like a pleasing revelation. The mind revels in bright imaginings without a single pang of distress. The galling sense of responsibility and the dread of impending but undefined evils are removed. Mental work is easy and agreeable. Happy thoughts and grand ideas throng upon the imagination in endless succession, and everything appears clear and beautiful. It is not strange, when alcohol produces such effects as these, upon a mind naturally given up to trouble and unrest, that a resort should be had to its soothing influences, not only with frequency, but with determination. And if this were all, alcohol would seem to be a friend, indeed.

"It will be observed that, while the real object of the occasional drinker is to secure the supposed improvement of some special quality of body or mind, the object of the periodical drunkard is to obtain rest; repose of mind and body. He seeks, in fact, the paralysis of alcohol to quiet the perturbations of a sleepless nerve activity. Therefore, he drinks for the sake of drunkenness; for the sake of whatever there is in it that will act as a sedative to his nervous irritability. It has been said that inebriety is a crave of overwhelming power for intoxication—not intoxicating liquors. This may be an inheritance.

"It is true that certain traits and conditions of body and nerve are transmitted, in some degree,

from ancestry to posterity. The conditions of nervous constitutions which find relief in alcohol, may, through heredity, become the conditions of a similar constitution in posterity. The conclusion is, that whatever affords rest to the nerve instability in the progenitor, will also afford relief to a like nervous condition in his offspring. In this sense, the alcoholic appetite may be called hereditary. Alcoholic indulgence is a potent factor in producing both functional and structural degeneration in the nervous constitution, and to say that alcoholic proclivity is inheritable, is not wholly wrong. That the status of nerve energy, the data of nervous manifestations, are often derived from ancestry, not only in the matter of impulsive drunkenness, but in many other particulars, must be apparent to honest and capable observation.

"Any very slight singularity of position or arrangement among the cells of the brain, is probably conducive to singular habits. A gentleman, when in the days of his childhood, had an inveterate habit of chewing his finger nails, and it was only after he was compelled to use his hands in employments that were incompatible with this bad habit, that he could relinquish it. A considerable number of his posterity have the same habit up to eight or ten years of age, and it seems impossible to break them of it by any effort of their own.

"There is a peculiarity about the drinking disposition of the impulsive inebriate. His potations are only limited by the bounds of physical endurance. Alcibiades, among the ancients, was a spasmodic inebriate. His impetuous and impulsive act of throwing himself before the wheels of a moving wagon, while he was yet a youth, in order to secure a trifling demand, was only of a piece with the long train of desperate and impulsive movements which characterized much of his life, both drunken and sober. It is a common threat of a certain spasmodic drinker, that he will cast himself beneath the wheels of a passing locomotive in case he is checked in some unreasonable conduct. It is by no means sure that, in a spirit of drunken and insane bravado, he would not carry out his threat. The obstacles imposed by the paralysis of alcohol upon the right exercise of both the intellectual and moral faculties, are really surprising."

* * *

Who is the spasmodic drunkard, and what are his natural associations and relationships?

In answering these questions, the testimony of authorities that are unimpeachable will be relied on exclusively.

The distinguished writer and thinker, Dr. Louis D. Mason, states the proposition: "Alcoholism in progenitors will produce physical and mental degeneration in their descendants, such as epilepsy, chorea,

paralysis, imbecility, insanity, and idiocy; and the laws which regulate these degenerative changes, are similar to those that govern degenerative changes from other inherited causes.

"It is to these laws, governing the degenerative processes, that attention is solicited. From them the inference will be that spasmodic drunkenness is a member of the family of insane neuroses. That is, one of the characteristic freaks of insanity, just as epilepsy, chorea, some forms of neuralgia, and imbecility, are members of one and the same insane family connection. It will be observed that the insane neuroses are classified together by the best authorities, and that spasmodic drunkenness is named as one of them."

Dr. Blanchford says: 'The particular character of mania depends upon the character of the individual. A person may at one time be melancholic, and at another maniacal. But the same form of insane demonstration may frequently be seen in successive generations, as suicidal mania and hereditary drunkenness."

Dr. D. H. Tuke enquires: "When mental disease is transmitted, does the same form of insanity descend? Very frequently this appears to be the case. Of drunkenness the cases are so common that it is not necessary to detail any example."

"Not one of the transmitted wrongs," says Dr.

B. W. Richardson, "is more certainly passed on to those yet unborn, than the wrongs which are inflicted by the use of alcohol."

Dr. Parrish remarks: "Some persons are born with an alcoholic diathesis. It is the internal craving for liquors for their intoxicating effect, that constitutes the disease, and not the drunkenness."

"This distinction is a sound one. The disease is inward; the symptom, the drunkenness, is external; and drunkenness, the crave for intoxication materialized, is a symptom of more than one pathological state. The fact is, the original trouble causing the alcoholic crave, is no longer operating alone. While it remains the same, there are associated with it new complications, which also demand the alcoholic excitement. The increasing demand for alcohol is, therefore, indicative of additional morbid changes in the constitution, not of additional strength in the original appetite. The reckless manner of drinking favors the production of physical changes in the bodily structure; and these, being degenerative, instinctively require a more frequent resort to alcoholic influences in order to keep up, temporarily, the failing powers of important organs. It is in consequence of such facts as these, and of certain functional disabilities following their establishment, that the casual drinker may be transformed into the habitual drinker; and the periodical inebriate is

almost sure to undergo a similar transformation and become a chronic inebriate.

"It has been said, that the impulse to drink is more urgent in some persons than in others. In opinions respecting responsibility for crime, this should be taken into consideration. The strength of the impulse may be measured, not only by the facts in issue, but more particularly by the history of the besetment; as, whether ancestry was truly insane, and the like. This will also measure the resisting capacity, a very important matter in the question. For it is impossible to conceive that a man is truly sane who is beset with a proclivity that his judgment and will cannot control."

* * *

What shall be done with the inebriate?

"Although the alienists have pretty clearly defined the mental status of the chronic inebriate, yet their views have not been generally adopted by our profession; and the legal profession, with a few honorable exceptions, still hold to the belief that drunkenness is not a symptom of a diseased brain, but a wilful violation of statutory and moral law. The answer to the above question must come clear and emphatic from the medical profession. No fine spun theories of legal or moral ethies have yet explained that overpowering crave for alcohol, which is always manifested by the chronic inebriate."

Attention is called to the fact that the words of the learned expert, here quoted, have no reference to moral questions involved with the use of alcohol, but apply to the man as one mentally diseased.

"But the most important question to be determined by our profession is this: Do the cell changes which occur in the brain of the drunkard, become fixed to such a degree as to be transmitted in his offspring? This is the most important field of investigation. The present drunkards will soon pass away; but few live to old age. But the number is increasing from year to year. What—if anything—can be done to arrest this increase?

"Notwithstanding prominent alienists, neurologists and physicians, by patient, earnest investigation, have arrived at apparently sound conclusions, relative to the hereditary transmission of alcoholic diathesis, yet more light is required to produce a unanimous belief in its truth, and to convince the legal profession, and the people, that the chronic inebriate is of unsound mind, and that his offspring does inherit an abnormal nervous diathesis, which may manifest itself in drunkenness, insanity, or some other form of brain and nerve disturbance.

"Whenever the medical profession are a unit on this grave question, the victory over prejudice, born of ignorance, is assured, and the drunkard will be

placed under proper treatment, or the causes which produce the disease will be removed.

"There are only two methods of arriving at correct conclusions on any scientific truth; the first is by our own individual investigation; the second, by the investigation of others.

"As a general proposition, when the opportunities are favorable, our own individual investigation gives the most satisfactory results. Therefore, I would suggest that each physician investigate for himself the subject of inebriety in all its bearings upon the inebriate and his offspring.

"The field is wide, the material abundant; the opportunities, unfortunately for humanity, are to be found in every community, and the labor will be comparatively light.

"This form of cumulative information will have an important bearing on the future, and may serve as a basis for a more united action.

"To illustrate my meaning more fully, permit me to give a few cases which I have studied with little labor and tax upon my time.

"A., an habitual drunkard, died in the prime of life. Two children were born during the period of his inebriety; one died at the age of thirty, of apoplexy, and the other is now in an insane asylum.

"B. was a periodic inebriate, naturally of good constitution and business qualifications. He had

three sons, all temperate and steady in habits while young. One died early of consumption, although there was no family history of disease on either side of the descent. A second died of some obscure disease in which the neurotic element was strongly marked; and the third, at the age of forty-five, became a confirmed sot, with strong homicidal tendencies.

"C. was for many years a confirmed sot. He had three sons. The youngest had the neurotic temperament strongly marked; was restless, vacillating, easily excited, passionate, and an impulsive drinker. The second, at the age of forty-five, became a periodic drinker, and is now hopelessly bound by an insatiable crave for intoxicating drink.

"D., a man of good brain, had accumulated a fair competency, and, by slow degrees, had become an inebriate. He had three sons, all nervous and irritable, and subject to uncontrollable fits of anger on the slightest cause. One died early from nervous affection; the second, at the age of thirty, filled a drunkard's grave, and the third is now a hard and constant drinker.

"E. had a large family; was one of the finest mechanics I ever knew; of intellectual development far above the average. He early fell a victim to intemperance. Out of a family of nine children, all but the eldest were of low moral and intellectual development; some died early of convulsions; others,

still living, are wanderers on the face of the earth, continually begging for whisky or the money with which to purchase it.

"These are but a few cases taken at random from many of like nature, which have come under my own personal observation during a professional life extending over a period of well-nigh forty years.

"In taking these five families and comparing them with five families under like circumstances, where there was no drunkenness in their history, direct or remote, the contrast is startling and worthy of careful study.

"If the experience of you, my brethren, harmonizes with that of myself, the question, 'What shall be done with the inebriate?' is easily solved. Either remove the drunkard from the liquor, or place the liquor beyond the reach of the drunkard. The former cannot be done; the latter must be done, if we would escape the opprobrium that we are fast becoming a nation of drunkards.

"Many honest, but ignorant, efforts have been made to reclaim the drunkard. So far all have signally failed to arrest the onward march of that terrible disease which fills the land with mourning, and our cemeteries with dishonored graves. If drunkenness is a disease let us boldly proclaim it. If the disease of the father is visited upon his children and his children's children, let us write

so plainly that judge and jury, prosecutor and defender, the learned and the ignorant, may read and understand."

AUTHOR'S COMMENTS.

It would seem a superfluous labor to place any further argument before the man to convince him, that by the use of alcoholic drinks he not only reduces his own capabilities for the promotion of mental and moral health, but also endows his family, and through them the coming race, with weaknesses which tend towards mental and moral dementia.

One other illustration of the powerful action of unassimilative substances upon the mental organism, will be of interest.

In the Insane Asylums of California are many Chinese, and the greater proportion of these are afflicted with the insanity that develops from within, and which is the result of hereditary tendencies. Almost without exception, these people in their demonstrations reveal the action of opium as it is noticed in the habitual user; a peaceful quiet, a com-

panionship with self; a disregard of surroundings, and a somnolency of passions. Bearing always in mind that no opium is allowed them, and that they are never under its direct influence, the inference that their insanity is the result of ancestral excesses in the use of this drug, assumes the strength of a positive knowledge.

The attendant who finds his time and patience fully employed in the care of fifteen of other nationalities, would gladly exchange places with the more fortunate one who cares for forty patients in a Chinese ward.

* * *

Regarding the illusive appearance of colors, the hallucination of sounds and their investment of objects, loathsome and otherwise, as delineated in the delirium-tremens scene—assurance is here given that the writer's imagination was allowed no privileges, but that in this scene are embodied the actual experiences of three subjects who hold in their memory the vivid horrors of the action of alcohol upon the sensory organs, subjectively. To them, these appearances were real. To aid the reader to a better appreciation of this scene, it should be said, that the three experiences are isolated between the strokes of the clock, but blended into one by the distraction of sounds and colors, and Haldon's insane delusion of weapon and fiend.

For the further interest and information of the reader, regarding the action of illusion, delusion or hallucination upon the subject, not only in delirium, but through the whole history of insane demonstrations, the following is presented—found in Huxley and Youmans' Physiology:

"There are no delusions of the senses; phenomena of this kind are not uncommonly called delusion of the senses, but there is no such thing as a fictitious, or delusive sensation. A sensation must exist to be a sensation; and, if it exists, it is real, and not delusive. But the judgment we form respecting the causes and conditions of the sensations of which we are aware, are very often delusive enough; and such judgments may be brought about in the domains of every sense, either by artificial combinations of sensations, or by the influence of unusual conditions of the body itself. The latter give rise to what are called subjective sensations.

"Among subjective sensations within the domain of touch, are the feelings of creeping and pricking of the skin, which are not uncommon in certain states of the circulation. The subjective evil smells, and bad tastes, which accompany some diseases, are probably due to similar disturbances in the circulation of the sensory organs of smell and taste.

"Many persons are liable to what may be called auditory spectra—music of various degrees of complexity sounding in their ears, without any external cause, while they are wide awake; and every one must have been startled, at times, by the extreme distinctness with which thoughts have embodied themselves in apparent voices.

"The most wonderful exemplifications of subjective sensations, however, are afforded by the organ of sight.

"Any one who has witnessed the sufferings of a man laboring under delirium-tremens (a disease produced by excessive drinking), from the marvelous distinctness of his vision, which sometimes takes the forms of devils, sometimes of creeping animals, but always of something fearful or loathsome, will not doubt the intensity of subjective sensations in the domain of vision.

"What the senses testify is neither more nor less than the fact of their own affection. As to the cause of that affection they really say nothing, but leave the mind to form its own judgment on the matter."

* * *

A woman's privilege it is, to reserve herself from alliances that may accomplish the degradation of her own higher moralities, and the mental and physical inferiority of her children. The danger of trans-

mitting insanity to her posterity by a union with one who is addicted to the use of nerve-stimulants, is not the only consideration to which she should give attention.*

Look about you—this applies to all latitudes and longitudes where men use alcohol as a beverage—and note the action of this nerve-taint in the homes.

You will see nervous and hysteric women, melancholy and irritable school girls, pale faces, inferior and unsymmetrical bodies, with weak and perverted mentalities; and these, in growing numbers. Your remoter maternal ancestors were not thus.

In the offices, in the stores, in the shops, upon the street, and upon the farms, you will see men and boys with weak brain power and sluggish thought; with inferior physical forms and vigor; with strange fancies leading to delusive conclusions; nervous impulses tending to excesses; all these, men and women, bearing upon their conditions the hereditary stamp of the great nerve-destroyer; all these, men and women, sojourning in the border-land of insanity.

Woman! aid not in the perpetuation of such as these. Civilization has nearly reached the altitude

*The same agency which produces inherited insanity, produces also inherited nervous irregularities, insomnia, irritability, instability of mental and physical action, and inferiority of mind and body.

where tardy justice will clothe you with the political power to end this mighty evil. Until that time protect your womanhood as best you may. Withhold yourself from him who reveals the effect of drink, direct or inherited. Taste not, yourselves. That woman may drink wine, is the libertine's hope.

PUBLISHER'S COMMENTS.

We call attention to the fact that the concluding chapter of this book is not the expression of mere private opinion, but consists, in the main, of medical testimony.

PUBLISHER.



IF THIS BOOK SHOULD BE THE MEANS OF HOLDING ONE GENEROUS HEARTED YOUTH FROM THE DRINK THAT WILL DEGRADE HIS INTELLECT, OR ONE PURE MAIDEN FROM THE IMPULSE THAT MIGHT LEAD HER AND HER CHILDREN INTO A LIFE OF SORROW, THEN AM I REWARDED FOR MY EFFORT, A THOUSAND-FOLD.

Abel M. Rawson

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 090 056 3

